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GIFT OF

Mrs. H. W. Foote.

May 10, 1890.

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6. " Fading Leaf.
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THE LIBERAL.

"The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." — ISAIAH xxxii., 8.

THE liberal, it appears, is no novel product of modern times, but is as old as Isaiah. A grand old name it is, to be loved and honored.

Too often the word is regarded as equivalent to a spirit of license or indifference. The liberal is deemed an easy-going person, careless of right and truth, of low religious tone, who counts it of small consequence what a man believes or does, and, having no convictions or no heroic loyalty to them, echoes the reckless think as you please and do as you please sentiments of a lax morality. Hence, in their devotion to truth, many worthy persons repudiate the epithet *liberal* as unworthy of a Christian. In chemistry and mathematics, they say, we want exact truth and no compromise with falsehood. How then can a Christian tolerate error?

Let us not so misunderstand the noble word "liberal" as to pervert and degrade it into any loose concession to wrong thought or deed. Absolute truth and obedience to it is the one thing needful in politics and all social economy, in cultivating the land and sailing the sea. In every realm of practical affairs, it is success and salvation: it is health and life. No less essential is it in the domain of religion and spiritual destiny. The superiority of a cultivated Christian to a Hottentot is simply that of truth and its spiritual fruitage. If one's belief matters not, one might as well have been born a Buddhist as a Christian; and it was not worth while for Jesus to have lived. Indifference to belief is ignorance or disloy-

alty. Truth is the thought of God, the bread of life. No one values it more than does the genuine liberal.

Who, then, is the true liberal? and where shall we find him? Primarily, the original root word means *free;* hence, also what is broad and large. It is the reverse of all that is narrow, small, mean, bigoted, and selfish. Liberal supply is abundant supply; liberal giving is generous giving; liberal thinking is large and wide thinking. Freed from crippling bonds and hindrance, the liberal is one who fills out the capacities of his being, and grows to be large-minded and large-hearted. Liberal culture indicates acquaintance with many subjects, range of many fields and broad outlook into the universe, with superiority to the technicalities of one's special trade or calling. The liberal in politics believes in ideas, in progress, and a better future, believes in principles more than in precedents, cares more for party than for self-aggrandizement, and more for country than for party. So, in religion, the liberal is one who cares less for dogma and more for character, less for sect and more for the practical religion found at the heart of all sects, less for fences and more for the flowers and fruitage of the garden. His faith seizes the substance of all that is true and good; is not less, but larger than that of the creed that is popular, as it cherishes a generous trust in God's goodness and man's capability and promise, in the nobleness of this life and the blessedness of the next.

Thus, Paul declares the spirit superior to the letter, urges us to prove all things and hold fast that which is good, advocates liberty as a divine law of life, bids us stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. We therefore account him a champion liberal. Jesus commends truth-seeking; exclaims, Judge ye even of yourselves what is right; declares, The truth shall make you free; gives the practical test, By their fruits ye shall know them; forever sets righteous life and character above opinion; and so becomes the very chief of liberals.

Hence, we must discriminate between the ideal liberal who

has attained the large and fine spiritual fruitage that liberal principles ought to produce, and the actual liberal with his glib and easy-going professions, falling far short of the high demand. A liberal Christian ought to be the largest, noblest pattern of a Christian,—magnanimous, generous, earnest and devout, loyal and loving, sweet and true; in a word, a large-minded, large-hearted soul. The title, therefore, like that of *scholar* or *saint*, seems one not to be boastfully claimed, but to be reverently aspired to and faithfully sought, one not to be arrogantly assumed, but to be worthily won.

As we analyze the elements of Christian liberality, two central, cardinal principles dominate the realm of thought and life to produce the genuine liberal: namely, truth-seeking and character-building. His supreme aim is to find the truth and then to obey it, to know the word of God and do it.

1. Observe then these two principles, and their mutual bearings. Truth-seeking is to be put supreme over all opinion-holding. Not the assent to prescribed dogmas, but the spirit of search and of hospitality is the divine attitude of the soul. Not content with present knowledge, it reverently looks up in prayer for more. There has been much clamor for the *right* of private judgment; but are we faithful to the *duty* of it?

The liberal principle bids us trust our own eyes, and use them, to see all we can,—the more, the better; our creed not completed, but an open book wherein to write more as the days go on, and experience unfolds to deeper insight, broader outlook, and vaster range of vision. Stereotyped creed is too small and too dead. Should I go to your Technological School and ask for three dozen scientific statements on a sheet of note paper, to which I could sign my name and be accounted a scientist as accomplished as any other, my simplicity would excite a smile. The doors are flung open, and I am invited to come and study; glad if, after seventy years, I may rank with Agassiz and Darwin. Yet, if a boy or girl of fifteen seeks to join the church, it is expected that assent shall be made to a creed that settles, in a few dogmas, the

mysteries of life and death, of the soul, and of God. How preposterous thus to start a child at the same point of belief attained by the venerable student or saint! Should not the Church, like the University, fling open its doors, saying: The spirit of truth-seeking is supreme over all opinions. Come and study, and through your threescore years and ten learn ever more of the deep things of God?

This is not saying, "Think as you please," as though our thinking so could turn black into white or convert poison into good bread; but by all the solemn obligations of time and eternity find out what is true, and in doing so use your own eyes and see for yourself. No other can see for you. As well hope to see Europe by proxy as to see the kingdom of heaven by the statements that other men make for you. That truth only is yours which you see for yourself and vitalize by faithful living. If you fail to do this, as well expect to grow strong by asking another person to eat your bread for you.

During my early ministry at Chicago, Mr. Emerson made his first lecturing tour in the West. To a friend who asked him what he believed, his reply was, "I am a seeker." In thus taking the attitude of a liberal, Mr. Emerson's loyalty to truth was no less than was that of the noted preacher, Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who in a speech at Portland last winter repudiated the epithet "liberal" as unworthy of a Christian, to whom all error is hateful and intolerable. Surely, the doctor's zeal for truth is not to be condemned. But we may well and fitly condemn any man's conceit of imagining that in questions under controversy, where honest and good men differ from him, he holds the essential truth of God under his own personal charge and patronage. The old-fashioned dogmatism treated truth as a fort to be held, to be walled and ditched and fortified, to move away from which is treason. That might be well, if God's word had no more light to break out of it and we had found the ultimatum. But the spirit of the new time, as represented by Mr. Emerson, treats truth rather as a forward moving army invading the enemy's

country, the wilderness of ignorance, disloyal only if it stand still and make no advance. Our fathers talked of the Unitarian Position. A better thought is in the new phrase of the Unitarian Movement.

True freedom, then, is not, think as you please, as if, desiring to journey southward, the northern bound train will just as well carry you to your right destination; but trust your common sense, and use it for needful inquiry and guidance. Even if you once get into the wrong train, it will teach you better care next time. Better is liberty with occasional mistake than forever to be kept in the leading strings of babyhood, or to travel like dumb, driven cattle locked in for safety and seeing nothing on the way.

I urge the *duty* of truth-seeking along with its privilege. Freedom is an open door to go in and find pasture; but, if we neglect to go in and find good pasture, the door might as well have been locked. Colorado with open door invites us all to go thither and seek fortune. For those of us who prefer to stay at home and who decline the invitation, Colorado might as well have been sealed with Rocky Mountain barriers twenty thousand feet high. Only they who actually go thither are the freemen of Colorado. What avails the clamor for the right of free inquiry that flings open all the doors of the universe. If practically you and I forget or fail to inquire and seek and welcome the divine vision of God's Word for our souls, and feed ourselves on it and grow to larger manhood by it, our freedom is an empty name. We might as well have been rocked to sleep in the motherly arms of Rome. The faith of the Romanist is not that personal sight of truth that makes a soul large-minded. It is blind assent that sees nothing. It is the sleep of the soul weary of search. It is the vain effort to see by proxy the glory of the kingdom of God. True faith is not the blind confidence in present attainment that stops and refuses to go further. True faith is rather the trust and the personal sight that can be won only by freely using our faculties and climbing the hills of day. In claiming the privilege of free inquiry, we

also declare and urge the sacred duty of that reverent personal search that shall bring to the soul the largest vision of things divine.

2. Along with truth-seeking, the liberal esteems character-building the supreme interest of existence. Truth is to be built into a divine manhood and womanhood,— useless otherwise. Life is the test and measure of faith, the key of destiny. Right living is not the means and condition of salvation: it is salvation,—a saving from sin,— the essential saving every soul needs.

The value of truth, then, is seen in its spiritual fruitage,— the tree known by its fruit, not the fruit by the name of the tree. Not they who cry, Lord! Lord! but they who do the Father's will, find entrance to the kingdom. The gospel is not a creed statement of opinions to be believed, but a set of principles to be lived. The culminating and emphatic word of the Sermon on the Mount is that the sayings of Jesus are something to be done. They who do them build upon the everlasting rock: they who do them not build upon the sand. That the Church has ever arrayed itself upon other ground, building upon dogma, is a strange perversion of Jesus' teaching. The universal instinct approves the practical test that places the warm heart and faithful life as superior to icy and stony opinion, however correct. In spite of the perverse prejudices of bigots, the common sense judgments of mankind conform to the gospel principle, and go straight to the heart and life as the supreme and eternal measurement of manhood. The ecclesiastic bigot, in pulpit or pew, exclaims with holy horror: "How can he be a good man? How can God love him? He does not go to our church!" Meanwhile, the common sense of the people, primal as the instinct of childhood, knows a Christian by practical tests, as gold is known by weighing, sunlight and beauty by seeing, and good fruit by tasting. It weighs the man, it sees him, it tastes the quality of his life. What further test does it need? Instinctively, it declares that he is a Christian, simply, who one. The plea and protest of the liberal principle is that

this primal test of quality be accepted, and not perverted by fictitious ecclesiastical judgments.

Faith and life, then, must go together. Truth is important for right living, and faith to be seen by its fruitage in character. Except it make us better men and women, belief is a barren speculation. The popular contempt for theology is based on this principle. Liberality asks of every dogma, What is its spiritual power and utility? For instance, theology has declared belief in the Trinity essential. Essential for what? we ask. Does it make one more honest, loving, or devout? Does it make a woman more lovable to believe it or less womanly to doubt it? Would you trust a man who believes it any more readily than one who denies it? How, then, does it help manhood? Nay, it does not touch life. So has theology concerned itself with metaphysical controversies that are of no practical account. It has been a guess in the dark, where one man's guess is as good as another's, and neither of much worth. It has wandered into realms of speculation as barren and far away from life as the North Pole. What avails your chart of the frigid zone, whether open sea, granite rock, or everlasting ice? The need of mankind is a good chart for safe sailing among the dangerous rocks and shoals of practical life. Give us a theology that shall guide men to the divine kingdom of right living, and such creed we may fitly welcome and sign.

The liberal, therefore, by no means underrates the value of truth, but in religion, as in all other realms, subjects his theories to the crucible of experience, to the searching ordeal of practical working. He greets theology with the sharp, ringing challenge, Show your man! He counts character supreme, makes divine life the only essential, and all else superficial and subordinate. Good fences may be important for good gardening; but better is the choice fruit grown on the open prairie than inferior fruit in the most finely fenced up garden. Right theory is important to sail the ship; but the ship that comes into port proves her theory not fatally wrong. Good bread is the staff of life; but, if one thrives

on his own bread, we will not quarrel with him because not grown in our field, ground in our mill, and baked in our oven. John Wesley deemed the doctrine of the Trinity necessary to the Christian life. But he became acquainted with a devout and saintly John Firmin, who did not believe the Trinity. His theologic theory broke down before the practical test; and, welcoming the heretic to his heart, Wesley wrote himself down a liberal. So Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, was a loyal Methodist to the end of his days, and thought the Methodist creed and scheme the best one to convert men to righteous ways. But he knew many good men and women who did not believe his creed, and he loved them with all his heart. So he knew and loved Ralph Waldo Emerson. When asked what would become of Mr. Emerson after death, Father Taylor's theology logically responded, I cannot see that he has a saving faith. Then, his large heart says, "Dear, sweet, saintly soul, I cannot imagine what Satan would do with him."

Thus, the liberal, by no means indifferent to truth, but loyal to it as the most intense ecclesiastical bigot, seeks a creed that shall be a chart of right living, shows his faith by his works, demands that religious professions shall be measured by the manhood and womanhood they produce. He would carry religion down into the arena of daily affairs, and try it by the practical measurements of men and things. He deems that creed spurious or worthless that fails to make the temper sweet and the word as good as a bond. He asks for a religion that keeps one's hands clean and his heart pure, and in all the dealings of men counts one hundred cents to the dollar every time.

The liberal principle is not one of pale negations. It denies the false, only that it may more emphatically affirm the true. It supremely seeks affirmation. It freely eliminates error from truth, only that it may reach the central essence and substance. Through all statements and forms, it goes straight to the heart of the matter, and ever seeks the best. Through the domain of theology, it advances on that line.

The genuine liberal, therefore, believes not less, but more. Next to the New Testament, the best embodiment of the liberal principle, and the writings of Channing, so grandly affirmative, no book of our time, perhaps, has done more for the advancing liberality of the Church of America than one by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, called *Orthodoxy: Its Truths and Errors.* It runs the line of rational thought through the old creeds, shows on one side their errors, but more conspicuously brings to view the permanent and essential truth that underlies them. Thousands of men who occupy pulpits to-day have read it, and been led by it forward into larger light.

The liberal makes criticism appreciative rather than destructive. The denying spirit, chiefly occupied in tearing down the beliefs that other men build, destroying one's faith and giving him nothing better in its place, does not deserve the epithet "liberal." A fly on the dome of St. Peter's may discern the roughness, but the insect is not thereby proved a superior architect. There is an assumption of superiority in the name of advanced thought, which is only a microscopic fault-finding with the imperfections of the Christian Church, which does no more to give mankind a better religion than a fly improves upon the work of Michel Angelo. It is not impossible to detect limping lines or unmusical cadences in the poetry of Whittier. But, before we displace his ringing verse from the warm regard of the people, we must write better poetry. Let the critics of Christianity produce a better religion than that of the life and word of Jesus, and soon enough the world will leave his leadership and follow theirs. It may be necessary to fell the forest in order to plant wheat, but let the husbandman remember that planting wheat is his chief concern. The pioneer must clear away obstructions that the army may move forward, but moving forward is the vital purpose. So all reform and progress encounter hindrances that must be removed, which demand something to be done by a destructive criticism. But the liberal rests not with empty negation, but forever

strives to plant and build and move forward, and to replace evil with positive good.

In this spirit, the liberal treats all sacred themes. All truth belongs to God, is indeed the word of God. Upon the Bible, he freely and fearlessly pours the light of investigation, believing that nothing can fall that God meant to stand, and deeming it safe for all men to know what God deemed it safe to ordain. Relentlessly, he removes the incubus of that puerile superstition of verbal infallibility, which cannot stand before the light of advancing intelligence. He refuses to burden Jesus with responsibility for all the details of Old Testament literature, with the wars of Joshua, the imprecations of David, and the myth of Jonah and the whale. This monstrous assumption of verbal infallibility is never made by any writer of the Bible, and never existed in the Church for the first fifteen centuries. It is a modern heresy that crept into the Church in the day of Luther, falling back upon the letter of the Bible when he abandoned the infallibility of the Pope. Under its baleful shadow, superstitions and crimes take refuge, and fling their proof texts into the face of rational thought. Liberal criticism goes beneath the letter to the eternal substance, and brings into more emphatic prominence the real inspiration with which Moses led the Hebrews from bondage to freedom, with which David sang songs that still form our best expression of praise and aspiration, and with which Jesus preached and lived the pure faith of the gospel. Liberal thought places Jesus and his word and work upon that spiritual ground where he appeals to the rational judgments of men, and where he becomes religious leader and helper of mankind. And, when liberality has completed its work, it will only lift the Bible from the shadows of superstition that conceal its inspiring value, and give it deeper and loftier place in the intelligent thought and reverent regard of men.

In the same spirit, the liberal would make the best possible use of Sunday. He would emancipate the day from Sabbath superstitions which restrict and cripple and crush

the life out of it, as if a day ordained for the benefit of the Almighty, in which God is to be worshipped with vain adulation like an Oriental potentate by his prostrate subjects. Liberality declares the Sabbath made for man, not man for the Sabbath, a day for rest and renewal, for inspiration and helpfulness, worthily celebrated by all that quickens and kindles the better nature. The genuine liberal is not he who despises the day, and would degrade it to the common worldly level. Rather, he would glorify the day by crowding it with all best inspirations, by worship and prayer, by social communion and culture, opening not only the churches, but also libraries and art galleries, giving place for good music, cultivating social amenities along with religious devotion, and so enlarging and uplifting the day with all noblest uses, aspiring to render it a better day than the sun has yet shone upon.

Liberality discerns the essence of prayer in the spirit rather than the letter, accepts all forms, and is limited to no single form as essential. With the Quaker the liberal will pray in silence, with the Methodist in the fervor of extempore outpouring, or with the Episcopalian in devout phrases and forms that express the aspirations of ancient saints, enriched with usage and associations of good men and women of many a century. Appreciating all forms and wedded to no single one, its only essential is *to pray* in the spirit of the lines "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed."

The liberal seeks the best thought of God, desires to know all that can be known, and to believe the noblest word that can be said of him. If he doubts or denies the Trinity, it is as a fruitless speculation, and only to affirm that oneness of his spirit to which all creation bears witness in the unfolding testimonies of science. He denies that God is a hard, cruel tyrant of relentless despotism, only to bring nearer to our hearts Him whose best name is Love, who is Father and Friend to all souls forever.

If the liberal doubts and denies that Jesus is Deity, it is

only to emphasize the divine quality of his character, to show his aspiration, struggle, and virtue in the limitations of humanity, and, as he represents the principles and sentiments of the heavenly life in the common experience of mankind, to render him more truly a leader and a friend.

Liberality repudiates the dark scepticism of total depravity only that it may establish the more hopeful faith in man as a child of God, a child of promise and of hope, liable to slip and stumble and fall, but capable of standing erect, carrying divine burdens, and climbing celestial summits, a child worthy of divinest education and heir to an immortal destiny of blessing.

And the Church is found by the liberal principle neither in this sect nor in that exclusively, but seen as the great company of all true souls. The Church spiritual is the army of the living God, made up of all souls loyal to truth and right. That visible Church is forever the true Church that produces the best men and women.

The genuine liberal, then,—how shall we know him, and where shall we find him? In seeking him, we look for no ecclesiastical badge or passport. One may never have seen a college, yet gain liberal culture: another may worry through and fail to attain it. Liberals may exist in Russia, and bigots be seen in free America. We will not arrogantly assume that we who worship here are more large-minded and large-hearted than our neighbors, Yet the presumptions are on the side of free institutions. The college boy has the advantage, and ought to be liberally educated, and is so, if faithful to his privileges. America ought to produce citizens and statesmen more liberal than those of Russia or China. The Romish Church may contain liberals, but they are larger than their creed and system. The Unitarian Church may contain bigots, but they are false to their principles. A church of liberal principles, making it the supreme interest to seek truth with amplest hospitality, and to build character upon the divinest pattern, ought surely to produce saints of he largest measure and sweetest quality. If we who wor-

ship here are not larger in mind and heart than our neighbors, we certainly ought to be. By all that is generous, hopeful, practical, and inspiring in the faith of God and man and life and destiny as preached by Channing and Parker and Dewey, by so much ought they to hold it to lead Christendom in loyalty to truth, in generosity, sweetness, integrity, brotherly love, and devoutness of worship.

There are cheering signs all abroad that the best people of all sects, in pulpit and in pew, the whole church of Christendom, and the aspiring prophets and seekers of all religions, are moving forward on this line. The noblest liberal of all history was Jesus of Nazareth, whose life and teaching are a pure and simple testimony to the truth and the right. In all the literature of mankind there is no such emphatic utterance of the liberal principle, to know the will and word of God and do it, as is the Sermon on the Mount. Bigotry has forgotten it, and wandered away from it, has started fruitless controversies, and drawn lines of separation among good men, and contentedly dwelt in the dark. But the shadows of superstition are fleeing away. The bondage of bigotry is breaking. Upon the central principles of truth-seeking and character-building, all aspiring souls are coming together. The present day is full of practical tendency and advancing light. All good men are learning to know each other as the one grand army of the living God. The new man of the new times, the heir of the ages, and the lord of the future is the liberal.

"In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

"When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

"I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

"I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind.
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

"That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of peace;

"In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

"And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side.

"And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate:
When the night unlocks her bars,
I can see it and I can wait."

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OUR HUMAN NEED OF GOD.

BY

REV. WILLIAM R. ALGER.

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OUR HUMAN NEED OF GOD.

"Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."—JOHN xiv., 8.

IN trying to illustrate our need of God, I would avoid speaking in that conventional strain, or merely verbal style, too common with professional occupants of the pulpit. I would say nothing which is not in strict accordance with the facts of the case. I would neither pretend to know what is unknown nor dogmatically impose on any one any special notions of mine, and stigmatize him as an atheist if he rejects them. I would address my argument to the rational instincts and personal experience of all men, and seek to make out a case only as it can be established in the full daylight of the consciousness of the race.

God is consciously presented to each one of us exclusively by the thought which we have of him in our minds. He can never be apprehended as an object among other objects; because he is not an object, but the infinite Subject. He is really revealed to us only in our intuition and thought of him; not from without, but from within. Now, that thought varies through all the degrees of intelligence among men, from the unspeakable degradation of the lowest fetichism or idolatry to the ineffable sublimity of the highest pantheism or ecstasy. Our differences of mind, knowledge, culture, make it impossible for us to conceive of God alike. We have a right to ask of every one that he shall make his idea of God as worthy as he can, that he shall purify it and exalt it to the greatest degree within his power. But, if you cannot believe that God is a personality of the same pattern as yourself, thinking, feeling, willing as you do, representable by the imagination in a form like your own,

still you are no atheistic infidel, if you name as God the worthiest conception you can attain of the Eternal Being implied as the Cause of all transient phenomena, and bow before that in wondering obedience and trust.

It is not competent for any man to make God in his own image, and then denounce as a godless unbeliever every one who does not worship the figment. God, as infinite, transcends understanding, and is first given only to intuition. But, as the aboriginal and everlasting postulate of all existence, no conscious intelligence can repudiate him save in unmeaning words; because all intelligence rests on intuition, and intuition itself rests on God. No man is an atheist in the centre of his soul, only at the surface of his critical judgment and on the tip of his flippant tongue. Every man acknowledges in his deepest moments, with undefined awe and self-surrender, some dim image of the indefinable Beginning and End of all things, some overpowering impression from the infinite Mystery. And the inmost substance of the unperverted religious sentiment, the pure essence of faith in God, freed from the technicalities of theology, is simply a filial spirit of wondering affection, reverence, and submission before that infinite Power and Wisdom which embraces the universe and bears it forward with all its destinies. It is not necessary for us to believe in a definite, individual God who is literally but a magnified man projected into unknown space. But we can never know true peace of mind, when once awakened to real thought, unless we believe that there is a boundless fatherly Power benignantly overruling all events, an immense Providential Harmony to whose jurisdiction we may safely trust the disposal of our souls and the ultimate resolution of every discord. This is the only sure basis of peace for every man.

Now,—allowing this flexible latitude of interpretation for the word God, insisting, not on dogmatic definiteness of belief, but on a filial attitude of spirit,—I maintain that an obedient and loving faith in the Father is the pre-eminent and universal need of man. I know there are great num-

bers who live without piety, who seem to have said in their hearts, "There is no God." Nevertheless, even they necessarily *need* God, since all limited free being must have its ground in unlimited free Being. They cannot exist a moment, they cannot lift a finger or draw a breath without him. And, could I but unveil and make them recognize the deep wants masked under the every-day experience of their own souls, I could force all men to confess that the one thing they need in this perplexing and evanescent state is faith in God.

Can all this wonderful system, all this exquisite adaptation of means to ends, move on thus harmoniously, day and night, summer and winter, without a Cause and Overseer of almighty intelligence? Trace back the chain of dependence link by link, and you must come at last, as the real source of energy and regularity, to the instant Will of the living God, upon the substance of whose attributes the dark foundations of our own being rest. He is here. His breath is in our nostrils. His inspiration gives us understanding. His everlasting arms are underneath us. He is the life and light, the force, law, and intelligence of the universe. All that we are or have or hope we owe to him. Without him, if there could be anything at all, it would be an unmeaning chaos; for he is the infinite order and significance. Without his supporting presence, we ourselves would instantly sink into nothing. Annihilate the world, and what would remain of man as a physical being? Annihilate force, and what would be left of him as a spiritual being? It is clear that nothing finite can exist independently, but only as a part of a boundless web of relations; and that web of relativity cannot exist without something absolute behind it as its support, a continuous substance to give it its ground and points of connection. If such be the case,— that we are all directly dependent on God at every point,— who would willingly be ignorant of it? If there is a fatherly Being, the Creator, from whom all our blessings flow, who would not desire to recognize and own him?

Whether we confess our dependence or not, it is undeniable that we all have need of God to keep us in being, to prevent our becoming nothing. Let *everything but ourselves* vanish, and *what would become of us?* Destroy infinite Being, and finite beings would be non-existent. And how graciously this need of sustenance is supplied, before we ask it, and even when we do not ask it! From how many perils that we know of, and from how many more that we know *not* of, does the providence of God guard us every day? Human life is a perpetual miracle. For its continuance, thousands of agencies must conspire to a single end, the removal of any one of which would cause it to cease; and we have not the least control over one in a hundred of them. Yet, year after year, we live! Ought we not to be grateful for such manifold favors as we thus every moment receive from God? Verily, our acknowledgments of dependence, our ascriptions of praise, should be new every morning and fresh every evening. If you owed life, daily bread, and every joy to the disinterested beneficence of a friend, would you wish to be ignorant of it? Would you willingly be thoughtless and ungrateful? Such is your actual relation to God. This is so, whether we believe it or not. Our unbelief does not annihilate God: it only annihilates our *consciousness of* him. He is all around us, supporting us in spite of our neglect of him. Think of it. Think of it at night upon your bed. Think of it by day amid your business. It will nourish your piety. It will establish many virtues in your character.

There is another sense in which we need God besides,— as the mysterious base of our being and the constant preserver of our life. *This* need is unconscious, is supplied without effort on our part. As we draw every private breath from the public atmosphere, and but for this should gasp and die, so the Infinite Existence is the omnipresent condition of every finite existence. But there is also, in the depths of every soul which understands its own experience, a *conscious* yearning for the Father. Placed in the midst of these dead

material works, the human soul, conscious, intelligent, restless, would pierce through the outward universe in search of Him from whom it came, in whose image it feels itself made. Until this search is successful, it cannot find peace. As the sea-shell, carried away inland, yet murmurs in echo to the native roar of its ocean home, so the soul still pines for the recognition of God, its origin and its end. Nature, being essentially unlike the soul, is no living companion for it: it is only a medium through which to behold the working attributes of God. Its silent solitudes sadden and oppress us till the dreadful ache of the heart cries out for the living Father. There is no sympathy for the self-conscious soul in the senseless realms of the material creation, considered by itself alone. No, the old hoary mountains, whose awful sublimity thrills us, are dead. The majestic ocean, dread type of eternity, whose murmur lulls the sea-boy's slumber and whose wrath ingulfs navies, is dead. The multitudinous stars, whose hosts roll through the far deeps, recognize us not. All that we see moves at the impulse of a living Being whose highest attributes made finite are stamped upon the human soul; a Being who "veils his glory with the elements," whose dwelling is in every spot of space and in every mind of man. This Being is the universal God, our heavenly Father, who hears our prayers, and who gives us longings which we interpret as earnests of an endless fruition to come. Thus, the spirit within us traverses the broad universe in search of One like itself, only infinite, with whom it may commune along the limitless lines of faith and love.

How often has the man with no faith in God to soothe the sobs that were breaking from the anguish of his desolate and yearning soul,—how often has he stood amid the cold mechanism of nature and cried, in the agony of desertion and orphanage: Rivers that roll by me, trees that wave your green tops over me, lambs that crop your food on the hillside, birds that wing your way through the upper air with songs of joy that mock my lonely misery,—oh, speak! Say something to me! Reveal to me some tidings of what I

know not, but fain *would* know. Tell me of the great Author of all. Is he a Being who cares for me, whom I may trust and love? Open, ye distant heavens, in answer to my wild desires; and you, O eternal stars, whose beauty and infinity awaken strange hopes in this breast, tell me, is there, beyond your azure haunts, a home for me with Him of whom, in seeming dreams, I have had mysterious intimations? At such times, to find the Father is the all-absorbing need. Then, the soul wrestles and agonizes for the vision of a Being who is its Creator and who will guide its destiny to a happy issue.

But not merely do our relations with the physical universe project our need of God into experience: it is still more sharply felt in encountering the spiritual emergencies and working out the moral problems of life.

In our *enjoyments*, we find that we have need of God, the Father. Who that has a human heart can be happy, and feel no throbs of natural thankfulness? Even the dog licks the hand, and looks gratefully up into the face of his master. In a higher and stronger sense, man looks up to his beneficent Sovereign with a spontaneous impulse of praise for his goodness. Every man, who is perfectly developed and in the healthy possession of his faculties, experiences enjoyments untold in number, inexpressible in worth. To breathe the vital air in health, to feel his life in all his limbs, sends a thrill of pleasure through every vein. Behold, also, how pleasant a thing it is to see the light of the sun! And with what a strange sense of grandeur and delight it fills him to walk abroad at night and contemplate, when the moon and the stars are forth, overspreading the mountains, the rivers, and the vales with silver, lighting up the solemn dome, moving mysteriously onward in the awful stillness of their ancient pomp! Beauty, in millions of hues and shapes, affords him a source of inexhaustible enjoyment. He feels ennobled by the play of his own imagination that reaches up and down the universe from end to end, the consciousness of thoughts that wander through eternity at his bidding.

Music laps him in elysium. Ten thousand common things stir sensations of gladness in his breast. And what tongue can tell the bliss he derives from his affections in the circle of home and in the friendly walks of life? Truly, it is a great thing to be a man, and it is a good thing to live.

He who can be conscious of these advantages, and feel no emotions of gratitude swelling within him and urging him to pour forth his heartfelt love, must be so sordid and hard as to be unfit to represent our humanity. Every true man, under such circumstances, is filled with sentiments of thankfulness so strong as imperatively to demand an object and an expression. But to whom shall he give his thanks for all these blessings? Not to his fellow-creatures, for they did not bestow them: they, like himself, receive and enjoy them. To whom shall he be grateful? Not to the general order of nature, the resistless laws of things; for unconscious agencies can neither deserve homage nor receive gratitude for any of the results they produce. To whom shall he be grateful? By the unerring instincts of his soul he is led to the most high God, the infinite counterpart of his own finite soul, the living Father from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. In his happiness, the natural language of a true man is a devout and joyous worship of God. From the fulness of his heart, he exclaims: O thou inscrutable Being, who fillest the confines of immensity and art not very far from any one of us, thou hast deigned to be very kind to me from my youth up. Thou healest my diseases. Thou forgivest mine iniquities. Thou preservest mine eyes from tears and my soul from death. From the full rivers of delight that roll around thy throne, thou pourest streams of joy into my bosom. My cup runneth over. Behold now, O my Father, I am grateful to thee. I devoutly praise thee. Thou dost not need anything from me, seeing that thou madest heaven and earth and all that is therein. Still, thou wilt bow thine ear to my voice, thou wilt deign to notice the tribute of gratitude and love which I tremblingly lay at thy footstool. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations

of my heart ever be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer! Surely there is no pretence: he is greatly to be pitied who thinks there is any fiction in this. It is the spontaneous expression of the unperverted heart of man. It is the truthful *overflow* of the soul; and where it is wanting the soul is not *full.*

But there are other experiences and ministries than those of natural scenery and of human joy. There are, familiar to us all, trials, toils, sufferings, tears, solitude, and death. These, too, but in sadder tones and with profounder meaning, proclaim the same great lesson,—our need of God, the Father.

How old and trite is the remark that this life is a scene of *probation!* Whatever speculations we may entertain, we cannot help feeling that this is true. This world is a state of probation. Severe tests are constantly applied to us. We are *tried* every moment. We are continually placed in emergencies that put this pressing question to us: Will you cleave to the right or will you choose the wrong? Will you love virtue or vice? Very often, at such times, amid tempestuous temptations and inflammable passions, the conflict between the good and the evil within us is terrible,—the balance of principle sways uncertainly. What can be more evident than our intense need of faith in the intelligible moral meaning and results of these probationary struggles? that is to say, our need of faith in the overruling Father to support and guide us, and to give us the victory? We can be sure to come off conqueror from the great battle for salvation only when we can say from the heart: Thou, God, seest me. O Lord, thou hast tried me and known me. Thou art by thine unerring laws every moment weighing me in the balances. Let me not be found wanting. Such a thought, constantly present with a man, is an unfailing protection and support. And who dares to feel that *he* has no need of it?

There are also *toils*—in addition to our moral trials there are physical tasks—beneath which the millions of our race

bend and sigh. The burden of labor — curse it was called in the elder time — is on us all. Its great bond of necessity binds us. By the sweat of our brow we must earn our bread, in every sense, for the body and for the soul. Hour by hour, day after day, year in and year out, we must plod on the rounds of industry; and not always from impulse. We must work not so often nor so much on account of pleasure as on account of duty. Under these circumstances, what can inspire us with cheerfulness and give us a sufficient motive for the patient fulfilment of all our tasks, except faith in the spiritual issues of toil, faith that it is the ordinance of a wise and good God who oversees it and will reward its faithful performance? In our toils, then, we have need of faith in God, a trustful reference to his justice. How dreadfully this need is felt, though in many cases they know it not, the souls of indolent and unhappy thousands bear witness in their wants and sloth and woes, and the condition of the world testifies in shrieks of misery, in clamor for relief, and in the smoke and roar of its struggle. Let the great idea of God come down on this anxious scene of rivalry and turmoil, and what calmness and strength it would diffuse over all!

In *suffering*, likewise, we have special need of the Father. Some may not yet have found this out by any bitter experience of their own. But let them not arrogantly trust to an immunity which must be so precarious. Palsy seizes our limbs. The fire of fever courses through our veins. Blindness falls on our eyes. The world of sound becomes a blank. A dull sense of pain incapacitates us for action or enjoyment. Weakness prostrates us. Tortures tear and rack the frame. Our affections are lacerated and bleeding, and the cup of life is brimmed with anguish. Body and soul are heirs to pangs like these. When they attack us,— and how often they do! in what unnumbered places these experiences are terribly going on at this moment! — how loudly our heart and flesh then cry out for the living God! Writhing under such visitations, whence come consolation

and support save from trust in the Father? If sufferings are intended for our good, the protective sentinels of our organization, if God overrules them into blessings, if they are the beneficent ministrations of One who chasteneth whom he loveth and scourgeth every son that he receiveth, we can cheerfully submit to them. But, if they are not, why should we bear them? If they have no *meaning*, what motive is there for patiently enduring them? It is a significant fact that, in ancient history, suicide, to escape suffering the ills of life, was very common. Zeno, at the age of ninety, fell and broke his thumb. Striking the earth with his staff, he cried, "Why dost thou call me?" and went home and hanged himself.

He who can sincerely say, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done; for I know thou wilt not capriciously grieve thy child, but wilt make this present affliction minister to my eternal welfare,—he who believes this is thereby enabled both to endure and to reap benefits from all his sufferings. In the strength of this faith, many a man has faced danger with serenity and borne the extremities of mortal agony without blenching. It has transfigured the pale face of many a sufferer with the glories of sainthood, turning the bed of sickness into a throne of triumph and filling the chamber of death with prophecies of heaven. But without this trust in the Father,—if pain be arbitrary and useless, or if it be the work of supernal hate,—who could submit to suffer its pangs? With only the prospect of then sinking into infinite emptiness, who could defy the flood, breast the flame, bear the long, slow days and nights of disease and torture without a murmur, as Christianity's hosts of renowned martyrs and its greater hosts of silent ones have done? It is undeniable that in our sufferings we have need of the Father. And if at all other times we are so insensible as to remain unconscious of that need, *then, at least*, we are compelled to acknowledge it. On the bed of agony, the religious faith organized in us below consciousness often reveals itself in

the instinctive prayer wrung out of the depths of our being. O God! O God! Yes: this instinct of trust and appeal is planted in our very structure, far deeper than any of our egotisms can ever reach; and thence, in every moment of supreme experience, it lifts its oracular cry.

Again, there is a feeling of insupportable loneliness which sometimes comes over us, an inward melancholy without an outward cause, an aching sense of desertion, of friendless solitude, a mysterious yearning for a companionship and a sympathy which the world can neither give nor take away,— that with great force and clearness teaches us our need of God. In the midst of the overawing scenery of the material universe, we feel this lonely sinking of the heart, warning us that we are strangers on the earth, that our home is not here. Faith in the Father satisfies this longing vacancy, creates the universe anew, fills it with living intelligence, moral purpose, sympathetic beauty, and pours immortal joy into the heart of Him who through its visible forms sees the manifestations of the Great Invisible.

How oppressive, how crushing, is this feeling of utter desertion in times of failure and disappointment,— when hope has broken her promises and darkened into despair, when friendship has betrayed us and passed by like a ship at sea, when the proud and the shallow spurn us with scorn, and those to whom we look up with affectionate reverence turn from us with contemptuous neglect, and our throbbing sensibilities are sent back shrinking within themselves! Happy is he who in that dark hour can say, I am not alone; for the Father is with me! who can make neglect, hatred, and insult bless him by driving him nearer to God; who can soothe his grief and dry his tears by going into his closet and shutting the door and saying, upon his bended knees: O Father, thou art a friend that clingest closer than a brother. Though I be poor and ignorant, if I cherish a loving spirit, and walk uprightly before thee, *Thou* wilt love me, and smile upon me, and bestow a crown upon me.

Finally, we have need of the Father in the hour of death,—

an hour sure to come to every one of us,—the solemn turning-point between time and eternity, the termination of this narrow isthmus of a middle state. Its experience will be startlingly revelatory to those who have not in thought and faith fathomed its meaning beforehand. Many a man who through life has revelled in sin with reckless and defiant pride has in that hour bowed low in helpless surrender before the unseen God. Stand by a dying man on the brink of seeming annihilation, and gaze over its verge down the dread abyss. The instinctive shudder with which you shrink from the unfathomable fall will be enough to show how greatly you need to take hold of the hand of the Lord of Life. The blank destruction of our being is a concept from which imagination itself recoils with inexpressible and inextinguishable horror. And this is prophetic of a hidden destiny in reserve. Well will it be for each of us if, when we are laid low, and must bid farewell to all the pleasant things of earth, we can from the threshold of existence turn our glazing eyes to God, and say, Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for *Thou* art with me.

Thus have I tried to bring out from dim and vague experience into earnest consciousness our great human need of the Father. We need him to preserve us in existence, to irradiate with his smile the otherwise dead features of nature, to receive our gratitude in the day of unclouded joy, to give us the victory in our moral struggles, to strengthen us under our toils, to sustain and comfort us in suffering, to relieve that profound loneliness with which a stranger intermeddleth not, and to say to us from heaven when we are dying, Come up hither.

Let us then seek after him until we find him, and in him the supply of all our wants, the very chiefest of which is some unassailable refuge from doubt and fear, some eternal rock of reliance on which our weary thoughts may repose. It is not,—let the priests and the churches, who aim to know everything, say what they will,—it is not dog-

matic definition of God, not clear explanation of everything, not ultimate explanation of anything, that our religious nature craves or that our speculative intellect has a right to demand. The one thing needful is simply the spirit of filial self-surrender and trust before the Infinite Mind that orders all. God himself is in truth impenetrable mystery; we ourselves are inexplicable mysteries; and everything that exists, for the present at least, baffles final analysis. But the affectionate spirit of faith will enable us to live and die in peace, despite the mystic bewilderment of the problems of being. Meanwhile, instead of crying, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," let us educate our souls to feel that now and here, and always and forever, we are filled and surrounded and enveloped with God, the everlasting Father, the omnipresent Spirit, the Universal of universals whence every particular draws all it has. Let us rid ourselves of the shallow superstition that God reserves the sight of himself to be attained hereafter in some distant heaven. The creation is a symbolic spectacle which coheres only through the omnipresent unity of its Author, and thus reveals him, his public revelation there in the collective expanse fronting and answering to his private revelation here in the individual spirit.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains,—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision he, though he be not that which he seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,—
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from him?
Dark is the world to thee? Thyself art the reason why.
For is he not all but thou, who hast power to feel "I am I"?
Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making him broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom.
Speak thou to him; for he hears, and spirit with Spirit can meet.
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise. O soul, then let us rejoice;
For, if he thunder by law, the thunder is yet his voice.
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But, if we *could* see and hear, this vision, were it not HE?

The Father *is* shown,— shown alike in the material universe without and in the spiritual universe within. Let it suffice us. It *will* suffice us, when we come into real personal communion with him.

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GETTING HOME.

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GETTING HOME.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned: but now they desire a better country; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." — HEB. xi., 13-16.

IT is well worth while for a man to travel, if for no other reason than that he may learn how blessed a thing is getting home. Homeless is only another name for vagabond. And no sadder bit of tragedy has been produced in America than Mr. Edward Everett Hale's "A Man without a Country."

It is delightful to feel the swell of the ocean beneath one's feet; to stand on deck while the health-bringing winds set the blood to dancing in every vein, as the steamer buffets the big waves one side, and climbs their spray-tipped summits, as if with grandly conscious pride and joy; to study the life and note the strange customs of other lands; to walk amid the ruins of older civilizations where every stone has a history, and the very air is tremulous with tales of old-time tragedy or glory, whispering the long story of human struggle and achievement. Delightful! Yes; but only if one has travelled *from* somewhere, feeling still the pull of that blessed bondage that binds him to his home, and knowing that he is to return to it again. Blessed is the traveller, who, like Goldsmith's, in his beautiful poem,—

"Drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain."

For such, when he is weary with seeing, has filled his heart and life with new experiences, may return to his rest, bring-

ing back new wealth for the enrichment of those he loves. Byron never touched a dearer chord in the human heart than when he wrote,—

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Home-seeking is the gravitation of the heart. All things naturally and inevitably tend toward this centre. In early spring, when the "wedged wild geese" cut their way through the crisp air, and their far-off call attracts the eye to their straight-onward flight, the impulse and motive of their strange, long journey is just this getting home. And as the smaller birds come with the early buds, and begin their gladsome preparations for grass-tuft or tree-bough housekeeping, the joyous notes that chase each other from their over-full throats are only the utterance of their rapture at getting home once more. Even the eagle from his eyrie or the beast of prey from his den goes out only that he may find food for himself and his young; and then he turns to the place of his home-rest again. The fishes have their homes in some sheltered, watery nook; and the insects house themselves beneath the fragrant shelter of a flower.

All things, then, naturally seek the centre of attraction, which is the *real* home of the heart,—the place of physical, mental, spiritual, affectional rest. But, by this word "home," I wish you to note that I mean a deeper, more significant thing than merely that place where a man eats his dinner and goes to sleep at night. The real home is where the heart comes to anchor, rises and falls gently with the tide, not pulling at its cables as if anxious to break away. The real home of the mind is such a theory of things as satisfies the intellect and brings mental peace. The real home of the soul is such a religious conception of the world as makes one feel that he has found shelter under the paternal wings of a mighty and eternal trust.

And just as all commingling and struggling forces seek an

equilibrium of balance and poise; as water, let loose, hurries down from all high points to seek its level in the sea; as the stretched bow-string flies back and trembles slowly to its rest; as the loosened avalanche hurries to the plain; so the heart, the mind, the soul of man ever seeks a place of rest. This is the end of all love, the object of all study, the goal of all religion.

And this real home-love, when it is found, becomes the mainspring and motive of all endeavor. It is almost, if not quite, true to say that there are only two great motive forces in human life,—hunger and love. All others, when carefully analyzed, run back to, and find their root in, these. All men are first propelled by the great life-instinct that drives them on to seek the means of subsistence. Beyond that, nearly all they do, of good or bad, is under the inspiration of some personal love. In other words, the real home is not only the joy of life and the place of rest: it is also the impelling force of all activity. Beyond satisfying the despotic cravings of personal hunger, both bird and beast seek food for the home. Under this home impulse, the lion seeks out his lair, the robin builds his nest, the beaver constructs his dam, the bee labors at his hive, the ant develops his wondrous civilization. And what man ever did a great and noble thing but his mightiest motive and his sweetest reward were not both summed up in the grandest word that human language has coined, the one word "love"? This is the supreme word of earth; and we feel that we have said the most that speech can compass, when we have declared that "God is love."

Mr. William Morris has published a beautiful poem with the title "Love is Enough." It tells the story of a king who, after having attained all the usual objects of human ambition, and still feeling himself unsatisfied, at last finds the woman who matches his life, and makes him feel that here at last are joy and peace and rest. He asks no more; for such a love is enough. While the presidential convention was in session at Chicago, Abraham Lincoln, the country lawyer, was sitting

in his office at Springfield, and with a little group of friends was waiting the result. When the word came over the wire that he was the chosen candidate, he rose with a quiet smile and a little moisture in his eyes, and said, "Gentlemen, there is a little woman down at my house who will like to hear of this." And he left all the rest of the world to lay at the feet of his love the great triumph of his life. He thus betrayed the secret that lies deep down in the heart of every man, that some cherished person or cherished memory or cherished ideal is the inspiration and the end of all endeavor. A man goes forth into the arena of the wide world to fight his battle and win his victory. In the old days of chivalry, he bore upon his lance a scarf or badge, a "favor" of the one for whom he fought and whose approval was to be his reward. To-day, he does not wear a badge for all the world to see; but none the less he wears it,—in his heart,—and he values the prize chiefly because it will win him the greater prize of a smile and words of sweet approval.

This has been the mightiest power for good or ill in all the history of the world. It has destroyed kingdoms and it has built them up; it has deteriorated peoples; and it has lifted civilization. What man has conquered an empire that he did not wish to lay it at the feet of some one who had conquered him? What man builds and beautifies a home, except for the sake of one whose smile is that which makes it home? What man paints a picture or writes a poem, and does not value his reputation chiefly because it is able to win the proud approval of some one whose good opinion is more than all the world?

One may, indeed, rise from the mere love of a person, and like Sumner, walking through life alone, lavish all the wealth of his nature on the love of a race or an idea. Or, rapt in mystic worship, the devotee may withdraw his affections from earth and pour them out upon the ideal image of his God. But the love of God and man is healthier, truer, richer in results, when the heart centres itself in passionate devotion on some person, that becomes at once the rest and the inspi-

ration of a grandly human life. In this tangible object, it finds poise and a definite, practical aim.

It is, indeed, sadly true sometimes that this real home, rest, motive-force of the soul, is not the place where one eats and sleeps. Men and women both are too often mated with those where, as the years go by, their hearts find no true anchorage. They find that the centre of attraction is somewhere else. For rest, they must go beyond their own doorsteps. Around their own firesides they find, not inspiration, but depression and discouragement. The wings of their ideals are clipped by cutting words of misapprehension; or the atmosphere is too commonplace and heavy for easy flight. The best in them finds no motive-force of approval. Here is the key of many a tragedy, the explanation of many a life-promise that budded and then drooped its leaves and never came to fruitage.

It is no part of my present plan to discuss this phase of my theme at any length. I only note it to emphasize my statement that it is the real home, the true home, of which all these things that I have said are true.

But now, having noted this principle in its more ordinary aspects, I wish to take it as a clew to guide me through a few of the higher ranges of thought and life. The home-seeking tendency of man is the key to his social movements and ambitions not only, but here also is to be discovered the secret of the intellectual and religious movements of the world. Read with me, then, a lesson or two in these directions.

The history of philosophy and science is only the story of man's attempts to find a place of rest for the intellect, a mental home. As one studies the early history of the race, he sees tribe after tribe leaving their original habitat and wandering forth until they find some country where they can settle down. But exhaustion of the lands, a scarcity of food, or the pressure of hostile invasions, at last makes the place no longer habitable. Or it may be they are lured onward by 'rer prospects, the promise of a better or easier life. In

any case, they wander on again. Thus, land after land has been discovered, and the vacant continents have been peopled.

Precisely so, and under a similar impulse, have the mental migrations of man taken place. Men first framed their little theories of the world constructed out of their scanty knowledge of facts. And, while they knew no more, their minds were content to find a home in their petty conceptions of the universe. The world was a little, flat plain, anchored in the midst of an all-surrounding ocean. Or it was supported on pillars which themselves rested on — they knew not what. They had not inquired so far as that.

But, by and by, they learned a little more, and then the more intelligent minds could find a mental home in these conceptions no longer. They were unsettled, disturbed; for the mind must have a place of rest as well as the heart. As the dove of Noah flew over the wide and restless waste, and still must fly until it found solid ground for its feet, so the mind of man must have some place of satisfying rest.

As knowledge grew, so grew the mental home of man. Out of his wonderful studies of the wonderful worlds above him, he constructed the wonderful edifice of the Ptolemaic theory of the universe. For we must remember that this, though now discredited, was, for its time, a grand achievement of the growing intellect of man. But still the mind grew on, and the enclosing shell was found too small. And the day came at last when the scholar could say, "Had I been present at the creation, I could have suggested a good many improvements on the present theory of things." The mind must wander forth again in search of a larger, worthier home. Kepler tracked the planets, Galileo stepped out with glass in hand among the stars, Newton gave the mind an adequate force for the tremendous revolutions of the heavens, Kant and Laplace read back the story of the growing constellations, Spencer unfolded the magnificent laws of the universe in all their boundless sweep, and Darwin traced the lines of the progress of life from the lichen up to man.

And now, at last, the home-seeking mind is getting a conception of things grand enough for the most magnificent flight of imagination's wing, and close enough to the facts to satisfy the questioning intellect that cannot rest in a theory that is haunted by an ever-present suspicion of unreality.

But all this long story is only the history of the mind seeking to get home, to find a place of satisfying peace and rest. It is indeed a story not alone of triumph, but of tragedy as well. For there are always those whose lack of thought and knowledge is such that they neither see nor feel the need of the removal from the old home that is going on. They only feel a love for the familiar habitual places; and the process of change seems only gratuitous and cruel. But the divine pressure has come, the old home is no longer habitable; and, though like Abraham, not knowing whither, still out and on they must go. But it always proves in the end that the light of a new truth is God's leadership, and points the way to a better country. And this better country, though strange at first, is found at last to be only a better home.

We need not suppose that we are through the journey yet. For they who follow God follow infinite truth and life. And our only rational hope for an immortal existence lies in our capacity to follow God along the pathway of an endless progress.

But the impulse toward getting home is not only social and intellectual: it is religious as well. All the religions that the world has so far seen are only stations on the road of man's progress toward the real home of his soul. And the decay of one and the rise and growth of another only indicate the migrations along the line of the development of this religious nature of man. And herein is seen the folly of all talk of going back to original Brahmoism with Mr. Mozoomdar, —if that is what is intended,—or to original Christianity, by those who are ever talking of how the first form of it was corrupted by after ages. Going back is as impossible as turning back the Mississippi to St. Louis or its fountains in the far north. We may leave much behind, we may gather up new

materials; but, in any case, we must go on. No religious home, once deserted, can ever satisfy the soul that outgrew it. The divine cry is ever, in the beautiful words of our beloved Holmes,—

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past,
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

At first, perhaps, in the worship of ancestors, the religious nature found for itself expression. Then, fountains and rivers and trees were peopled by its spiritual ideals. Then, it looked up and adored the power and glory manifested in the stars, the moon, the sun. The groupings of the gods of the nations at last made the heavens almost as populous with gods as the cities with people. Then, one god dominated the rest, and they were relegated to the lower position of his angelic servitors or enemies. One religious home was left after another, but always under the impulse of human souls finding a place of religious rest. As men grew wiser, better, developed a wider and deeper tenderness and sympathy, they found the old gods — their old-time ideals — too low and poor to satisfy the moral ideals and nobler aspirations of their souls. For the ideals of God taught in books and outlined in creeds are all only man's attempts to imagine the unimaginable. The prohibition to make any image of God, which was a part of the old Mosaic law, ought to be directed not only against wood and stone, but also against mental and written images within the narrow limits of which the churches seek to confine the ever-expanding soul. When men really study and think and feel, they find no place for religious rest in conceptions of God and destiny less wise than human wisdom, less tender than human compassion, and less rational than the limping logic of man. The Abrahamic command is upon them,— "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kin-

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GETTING HOME.

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is only that it may be formed anew in another and better country.

I dare not say as to how many of our dreams will come true. I only know that always and everywhere the human heart longs for home; and I dare believe that this longing is not in vain. Said an old German writer, "Blessed are the homesick, for they shall get home." With a peace that is deep and strong, I believe that this prophecy shall come true. Where home is, and what, I may not yet know or say. That it is, and is good, I cannot doubt. That the Power who leads my life is able to find it, I may not question. Without haste, then, and without fear, let us journey day by day. Let us seek the highest loves as the inspiration of the highest living. And, under the motive force of these loves, let us do what we can to build a home of truth for the mind of man, and a home of worship and trust for his soul. When we have done this to the best of our ability, we need have no fear for the future, but may launch our boats for their sail over the unknown sea in the loving confidence that this last voyage of earth is only a getting home.

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OUR FIELD AND ITS CULTURE.

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OUR FIELD AND ITS CULTURE.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi., 28.

A MAN is only half a man until he has waked up to a distinct and definite consciousness of a life purpose, and has bent himself to the achievement of that purpose. Precisely so we feel concerning all institutions and organizations. In a great world like this, where there is so much ignorance and want and sorrow, so many things to be done and so few consecrating themselves to the doing of those things, where, as Jesus said so long ago, the field is all white for the harvest, and the laborers ready to enter in and reap are few,—in a world like this, society has a right to demand that every institution shall give account of itself, shall be sure that it has a purpose, that it exists for something that can justify the expenditure of thought and money and time. If an organization be for no other purpose than recreation, provided the recreation be needed and be of a healthy and worthy kind, that is well. But it must exist for something, or else, like the tree of which I read to you in our morning lesson, men have a right to say that it ought to be cut down and cast into the fire.

At least once in every year,—and the fittest time is at the opening of our annual period of labor,—we ought to give account of the objects of our existence, and to answer the question whether we are doing anything worthy in the way of the attainment of those objects. I propose then to do what I can this morning to arouse you and myself to a worthy self-consciousness, to ask you to look yourselves and each other in the face, and to ask the frank and manly question

whether you, as members of this society, exist for a worthy purpose, and whether you are consecrating yourselves as you ought to the attainment of that purpose. In accomplishing this, I am well aware that I am in danger of repeating myself, of saying things I have said before. Yet, although, as some of you have discerned, I have a horror of somebody in some far-off corner saying to himself, "I have heard that said before," I feel there are some things that need to be repeated. All the great lessons of life ought to be repeated until they are learned, until they are put into vigorous and active practice. I remember the story of a clergyman who arose in his pulpit one morning and said, "Brethren, I preached this sermon last Sunday; but, as I have not observed any sign of anybody paying any practical attention to it, I am going to preach it again." I am not quite certain that that is not a good example to follow; although I very much fear that, if ministers were to follow it, their congregations would have to hear the same sermons repeated a good many times in the year. In spite, then, of this danger of repeating myself, I want to ask you to arouse yourselves to self-consciousness for an hour, and to propose to your consciences and hearts this question that I have suggested.

We call ourselves a church; and yet you very well know that this name has been appropriated for nearly two thousand years by a body of people whose beliefs, purposes, methods, and objective aims are quite distinct from our own. This body of people would be ready to say frankly to our faces that we have no right to it. We must confess that, in the presence of these, we stand in a very small minority. And a minority, although it may be ever so honest, ever so true, is under sacred obligation to see to it that it has a right to exist. The leadership of the world must always be a minority. The van-guard of an army must always be few as compared with the great body that laboriously follows in its rear. The wisest men, the greatest painters, the profoundest philosophers, the truest scientists, are always compara-

tively few. But they have no right to claim that they are leaders just because they are in the minority. It is true that the leader must be comparatively alone, and yet it is just as true that the "crank" is alone. Our position may mean that we are nearer God, nearer truth, nearer right, nearer the ideal of humanity, that we are blazing our way through almost pathless forests, that we are laboriously laying a track that by and by shall be cast up and beaten down as a solid and safe highway for the feet of the world; or it may mean that we are wandering off under the guidance of our own wilful conceit, losing ourselves and losing also those who are foolish enough to follow us. Being in the minority, then, while, on the one hand, it should not discourage us, should, on the other hand, not satisfy us. He who dares to stand alone and differ from his fellow-men, to put his one brain against ten other brains, his one heart against ten other hearts, his one hand against ten other hands, who dares thus to stand alone and defy the public opinion of the world, declaring that it is wrong, must prove his sanity by strong and clear reasons; and he must show the results of his work as justification for the position which he has taken.

The old churches stand for their distinct and definite purposes. They have clear beliefs. They know what they are doing or what they are trying to do. They have definite conceptions of the methods which they employ. They have their eye fastened on a certain goal toward which they are striving and toward which they are trying to lead all whom they can persuade to follow them. We,—and I do not apologize for it: believing as I do, I rather glory in it,—we have surrendered these beliefs. We cannot join them in their aims. We cannot employ their means. We do not believe in the necessity of the work about which they are employed. We do not reach after the goal which they make it their glory that they seek to attain. We do not believe that man has fallen or that he lies under the curse and wrath of Almighty God. We do not believe, therefore, that he needs to be saved in the sense in which they are seeking salvation.

We do not believe that the second person of a mystical trinity two thousand years ago came to earth, was born of a virgin, and incarnated himself in the likeness of man. We do not believe that he died, rose again, and ascended into heaven, and that he is to-day at the right hand of the first person of the same mystical trinity, acting as mediator between his righteous wrath and a lost humanity. We do not believe in any eternal hell, a darkening, deepening gulf at the end of human life that awaits all those souls whose ignorance or sins prevent their accepting this one and, as they declare, only method of salvation. But we do not turn away from these beliefs on the ground of any whimsical reason or fancy or inclination, because we do not like them or because we find it hard to conform to their ways of righteousness and to walk in their straight and narrow path,—for none of these reasons. We believe with all our brain and heart that all these conceptions are outworn ideas, justifiable in their time according to the best light of the people that first framed and held them, but now discredited by the growing intelligence of the world. We believe that they are discredited by the moral sense of the best humanity; and that we, in turning away from them, are turning our faces Godward and are reaching out our hands in helpfulness toward our fellow-men.

We have been told — I have heard it ever since I can remember; you have heard it, or its echo, ever since you can remember — that these ideas of which I have been speaking constitute religion, and that he who surrenders them has turned his back upon God and upon truth, that he has no reason left that he can offer for the existence of an organized body called a church; that, if these things are not to be done, there is nothing for a church to do. And, sorrowfully I confess it, there are thousands of so-called liberals all over America who have taken these old-time churches at their word, and who are themselves persuaded that, since they no longer hold these ideas, their occupation is gone. They may indeed attend church, because they like to listen

to the voice of a certain preacher. Or, if they do not happen to feel like going to church, they may stay at home and read a religious or a secular paper to pass away the time; but they are under no constraint to labor for others. Men say to me sometimes: "I have no religion; I am not a religious man. I believe in morality, in character, in truth-seeking, in helping my fellow-men; but I believe it is a matter of indifference whether there are churches and preaching or not." They seem to think that the reason for these things has passed away. But I believe that there is no more shallow, no more thoughtless delusion than these very ideas.

Let us consider for a moment whether there is any reason left for a church, any reason for organized effort, any reason for consecration to high ideals, any reason for self-denial for the sake of others, whether the only motive for a Godlike and divine life is a belief in an eternal penalty for those who do not accept certain ideas.

What is the Church? What has it stood for in the past? What is the idea underlying it? It is nothing more nor less than the incarnation and the material embodiment of the religious life of man; and, though not called by that name, it has existed since man has been man, and in the nature of things it must exist to the end of time. Has religion passed away? Has religion received a mortal wound at the hand of modern scientific thought? Such seems to be a prevalent belief in certain quarters, but yet nothing is shallower or more baseless than this idea.

I have had occasion more than once to tell you what is the fundamental idea of religion. Glance at it again for a moment, that I may re-enforce the statement I have just made. Religion is the life that man leads as related to the Infinite Life all about him, encompassing him like the air, of which he is a part, and in which he lives and breathes and has his being. Religion is man's theory of this life, and the practical part of it is man's attempt at expressing this theory. So, whether a man builds an altar of sacrifice on which to lay an animal, or his child, whether he builds a temple, a

simple Quaker meeting-house, or the magnificence of St. Peter's, whether he prays or sings a psalm or chants the words of some gorgeous ritual,— whatever expression he may give to this idea, he is simply illustrating that eternal human fact that religion always has been, always must be, the mightiest force that has ever wrought like plastic clay the heart and life of man. Religion has always ruled the world as its dominant force. Religion rules the world as its dominant force to-day. Religion will rule the world as its dominant force, so long as conscious life exists upon this planet, because this is the expression of man's relation to the Infinite. And he fronts the Infinite, whichever way he turns. He cannot escape it. It besets him behind and before, and lays its hand upon him. It moulds his life and shapes his thought. Religion is the mightiest force of the world, and it must shape the world to either good or ill. I have recently studied this problem as well as I could in a somewhat hasty trip through some parts of Italy. I have seen the degradation, the pitiful superstition of the people. I have seen how they have misinterpreted this grand relation in which we stand to God, and how by puerile mumbling of meaningless words and reiteration of meaningless forms they attempt that grand, that significant thing, the realizing the true relations that ought to exist between them and the eternal power. And, when I have seen the pitifulness of this superstition in Rome, or when I have seen religion faded and gone to seed, in shreds and rags and tatters, as represented by the ignorance and the gigantic folly of the Salvation Army in England, I have been ready, in spite of the laughter on my lips, to weep almost tears of blood in my heart over the perversion, the folly, that is able to dominate this, which is the grandest thing in human life. We need, then, to put the finest, the highest, the clearest intelligence possible into the guidance of this religion, which, whether we enlighten it or not, will still continue to rule the heart and mind of man.

Then is not the Church needed in the modern world to

stand as the incarnation of conscience, as the ideal representative and spokesman for right in the world? You go out from here, and to-morrow morning you go into the rounds of your daily activity,—into stores, banks, lawyers' offices, into the midst of the thousand practical vocations of life. You are engaged there in the legitimate work of earning money, of looking after the welfare of those dependent on you, of laying up something that shall secure you against dependence when you have passed the possibility of active labor. But you hear, day by day, in the midst of the entanglements and perplexities of business and of home, the undertone of Conscience ever calling you to the bar of her inexorable justice, and asking whether in this or that you are doing right. You all feel the consciousness of this. You would confess here, if I asked you, that this undertone of conscience that comes through heart and brain, however preoccupied or absorbed you may be, is really the voice of that which is highest in you, and own that this light, however obscure, however withdrawn, or trembling for a time, represents that which should rule and dominate human life, that which is so mighty that, if you cast yourself against it, you will ultimately be broken, and that, if it fall upon you, will grind you to powder. Is there no need then of a Church, of an organization whose business it shall be to stand for this ideal of life, and into which you may come from time to time to hear discussed, and to discuss yourself, the practical problems of life, the relations in which you ought to stand to each other, in society, in the home, in business, and everywhere? Is there any chance of a work like this being rapidly outgrown? Would to God that there were! But until justice between man and man, justice between the employer and the laborer, justice between rich and poor, is established all over the wide world,—until then there will be work enough for a rational Church that tries to stand for the eternal truth of things.

Then there is another field for church activity. It will picture itself to you in a thousand forms: it is covered by the

word "philanthropy." You find that field in the want, the sorrow, the ignorance, the crime of the world, that which is represented in its lowest haunts, that which faces us sometimes in the night in the darker quarters of our great towns, that which comes to the surface in the criminal columns of our newspapers, that which is represented in the asylums and reformatories of the country,— all this great mass of humanity in eclipse. Is there not need here for organized work? Is there not justification here for the existence of banded organizations called churches or by some other name, that shall consecrate themselves to the help of God in the work of the deliverance of man?

It is not these alone that need saving. I believe that man needs saving just as much as though there were an eternal hell awaiting him. Thousands are really lost, lost to that which is best in them, to that which is highest, lost to the noblest uses, lost to the truest enjoyments, lost to that which they own sometimes, as they sit and muse, is their own highest ideal,— that ideal which condemns the sordid reality of their daily life. Last night, a man went home from his business. He had made some thousands of dollars by the operations of the day. He lived in a splendid mansion, it was filled with everything that money could buy; and yet that man has lived for years simply for wealth. The love of humanity in him was a secondary thing, if not wholly crushed out. He was pitiless practically, though he might speak tender words enough toward the weak whom he drives to the wall. He lived simply that he might be a money king among men. His soul was shut out from the whole world of literary thought, the songs and the histories and the romances that the old masters have created; dead to music, with all its higher emotions and sweet inspirations. He was dead to that tenderness of human sympathy that binds the highest and sweetest natures of the world to the lowest of their fellow-men. Such a man is lost, and he needs to be saved; and I declare that such a man as that, though he live for a million years, shall never see the inside of any kingdom of God or any heaven.

He lacks capacity for seeing heaven, though he were set down in the midst of paradise; he lacks capacity for hearing heaven, though its music were all in the air, throbbing on every breath. A man like that needs the prison walls of custom to be beaten through and broken down, and the chains to be taken from his arms and brain and heart, to be called to life and set free, a man, a child of God, a brother of all the world.

And so I might go on and picture another man who went home last night besotted, drunken, brutal,— went home only to carry cruelty, bringing his wife blows and bitter words, making the children slink from his presence into shadowed corners that they might escape the weight of his hand. Is not a man like that lost? Does not he need to be saved? Is not there something for you and me to do in the world so long as these two men exist by the thousand? And so of the women, lost, treading the streets at night or in the early hours of the morning, trampling under their feet the soiled flowers of their womanhood, crushing out the highest and noblest possibilities of their lives. And so of dilettante men and women of society and literature, living innocent lives enough, if we dare use that word,— innocent as a man might be at a fire who should not do anything to make it burn faster, but who did not do anything to put it out: yet you would call such a man a criminal,— these dilettante men and women of the world living for themselves and their own enjoyment. At the bar of truth and by their own highest humanity, they will be declared criminals, because they stood in the presence of the dreadful facts of life, and made themselves quiescent accomplices of evils which they might have cured. These, then, are hints as to the reason why there should be a liberal, rational church, and why we should attempt to rise to the ideal of what such a rational church should be.

I would like to say a word as to organization. This society is not organized, except purely in a business way. The old churches used to organize themselves in a twofold way.

There was an organization of the parish or society for business purposes and an organization of the elect within the society of those who were declared to be the saved children of God. I do not believe in any such organization as that. If there is anybody wise enough to go through this congregation and pick out the children of God, I am not the man; and, if there is any one, I do not know who he is. I know of no one to whom I would intrust such a mission. I do not believe in such an organization, but I do believe in organization. Why not? Organization is simply a natural, human principle. Two or three or more persons engaged in a common work combine so as to help each other. You organize when you form a club. You have a definite membership of names. You organize art societies and musical associations. You organize everywhere else. Is there any reason why the Church of the Unity should not be organized with a list of names, not names appended to a statement of belief that we may not be ready to accept, but to a statement of purpose, of consecration to work,— organized in such a sense that, as I look over this congregation, I can say there and there and there are persons committed voluntarily, earnestly, to a belief in what we are trying to do, and that I may feel at liberty to touch with my finger and call upon for needed assistance? That is the kind of organization I like. I believe it ought to be realized in every church. We ought to consecrate ourselves to the practical endeavor of realizing this ideal of the church of God here among men.

One word as to methods of church work. We do not any longer celebrate the Lord's Supper; and, except in the case of the consecration of children, we have given up the rite of baptism. We have stripped ourselves of almost everything in the shape of form or ritual. What does it mean? The most of the forms which have been used in the past no longer stand in any vital relation to the life we lead and the work we do. I believe that we ought to be very chary of these forms, for the reason that experience has proved that people are perpetually substituting the form for the reality.

When a person has been baptized, he believes he has been transformed from a natural man into a child of God. And, when he has eaten a bit of bread and sipped a drop of wine, he imagines himself a partaker of the divine nature. That is the real theory of the church in its extreme forms. I believe that form and ritual are divine, and of use just as long as they are practically helpful. They stand in the way, if they are used as a substitute for that to which they should be only an inspiration. The thing of all things, the end of all ends, is a vital religious life; and any form is divine and of use that helps toward that. Anything that kindles aspiration, that cultivates reverence, that helps worship, that lifts us up into a higher air, that makes us more serviceable to our fellows, is divine; and nothing is divine, though celebrated by all the priesthoods of the world, unless it be of real value and stimulus to man. We will then use any form and every form here — provided I can find such — which is likely to be of practical use in the religious life; and we will not use any except such as this.

But there are certain practical things I want to propose. I do not know whether it will be possible to carry out the suggestions of organization which I have made. I may propose such a thing. Whether I do or not, you can bind yourselves to this organization by your own purpose and your own hearts; and I ask you to consecrate yourselves to it in such a way that I can feel that I have a right to take you by the hand and ask you to help me. People say to me once in a while, "I was not at church last Sunday" (I knew it before). "I stayed at home and read your last sermon, and got as much enjoyment out of it as I could, and had a good day of rest." This is all very well. I am glad and grateful to have you come to church, if you have not any higher motive than to hear me; but I appeal to you that this is a very low and poor motive for coming: and I am not willing, if that is all I can do, to stand as a minister for this or any other society, and deliver lectures for its delectation and entertainment. I conceive a higher purpose in my ministry. I want you to

conceive higher purposes in your relations to it. I do not want you to come here merely to hear me preach. I never asked a soul to do that, and never expect to. If you believe in what we stand for, then come here and work with us, and help us to carry out into practical relations that which we believe ought to be true concerning the kingdom of man. That is what I ask of you. Not to *get*,—that is selfish and poor. Come here to *give*. If you come to get, come to get stimulus, light, inspiration, that you may have something afterward to give. I ask you to be ready to give of your money more largely than in the past; if need be to narrow a little the limit of your self-indulgence. You can do it, and still be quite happy and suffer none the more for it. I ask none of you to surrender anything needful for the peculiar necessities of your life, only crumble off the edges of your indulgences, that you may show in this practical way that you believe in the reality of that for which we stand, and are ready to help spread our thought and our light over the world. I ask you, men, women, and children, to turn yourselves into missionaries of our ideas, if you believe them. If you do not, think till you are sure of what you do believe, and then work with those who so believe. But, if you believe in what we stand for enough to come here Sunday after Sunday, believe in it enough to work for it. But how work? For one thing, you can help spread our literature; not necessarily my printed sermons: but any class of literature that represents these ideas, and that will carry light and inspiration to those that—according to our thought—are sitting in the darkness of the old ideas.

Be missionaries again in your own daily lives. You can reach various classes of society. Teach those that are selfish that there is something in life for earnest men to do. Teach those who believe practically as we do, but who attend other churches, that they are casting their influence and power in favor of ideas which they reject. Ask them if they can conscientiously continue such a course. Ask them to be consistent in carrying out the ideas they hold in their hearts.

Be missionaries toward the young, toward those capable of recasting their thought and of entertaining new ideas, and of exercising hospitality toward higher light. I would not disturb the old, those whose brains are weary and whose lives are drawing toward their close. But I would stir up those that are young, and rouse them out of their ignorance and indifference, and teach them to fight for the coming of that kingdom of truth in which we believe.

If we will faithfully carry out these ideas in the coming year, we shall find that we are at work in "God's vineyard," that we are cultivating a small spot at least in that great paradise to be, wilderness as yet, and are at the same time developing those characteristics and personal ideals which shall make us fit to be inhabitants of that divine kingdom when it is here.

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THE ORIENTAL CHRIST.

I HAVE undertaken this morning what is a very difficult and delicate task, because of the very intangibleness, as I may say, of the subject. It has something poetical, mystic, transcendent, in many of its aspects; and it is therefore difficult to grasp and set forth before you in any concrete, practical way.

I have chosen as my text a part of the forty-second verse of the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, "What think ye of the Christ?"

Whatever we may say of individual men and women, man taken collectively is an egotist. There is nothing in which the race is so much interested as in itself. The highest wisdom, according to the old Greek philosopher, was embodied in the words, "Know thyself." The modern poet who has condensed a large part of the best thinking of the world into epigrammatic phrases, so that they pass from mouth to mouth as proverbs, has told us, "The proper study of mankind is man." I take it that this is the reason why the novel always appeals to every one as almost no other class of literature does. It deals with men and women. It deals with the experiences, the passions, the hopes, the aspirations, the successes, the failures, the magnificent qualities, and the frailties of man. So man is forever interested in it, because he is forever interested in man. Particularly is this true, when we are dealing with those great typical representatives of the human race, those who have made themselves eminent, who stand up like pillars, overlooking the plains of the past, monuments of the ages as one by one they have gone by,—the men great as warriors,

great as statesmen, great as painters, as sculptors, as philosophers, as artists, great in any department. More especially are we interested in those that have made themselves distinguished by the services they have rendered to the development of the life and character of man. For this reason, as we look over the past, those figures that hold and fascinate the attention of men as do none others, that always have done so and that always will do so, are the great religious leaders of the world. There is no name in China to be compared to that of Confucius. There is no name among nearly one-third of the population of the world that can be placed beside that of Sakya Muni, the founder of Buddhism. And certainly in Christendom there is no name so high that we would place it beside that of Jesus of Nazareth. He forever piques our curiosity. More books are written about him than about a hundred others together. And all over this great Christendom, including the larger part of Europe and America, every day is he thought about, worshipped, studied, written and spoken about by those who think him God, by those who think him man, by those who think that he came only by the natural order of events, by those who think he was here under the special inspiration of Providence to work out special results. It makes no difference, whatever the theory we hold, still our fascinated gaze is fixed upon the name and ideal of Jesus of Nazareth. And I take it, as ages go by, whatever theory we may finally come to entertain in regard to him, it will not be any less true that he at least represents that which most of us are accustomed to regard as the highest and noblest possibilities of our race; for he sums up for us our ideal in so many directions. He stands to us on many sides for our grandest thought of man, and so man must forever be interested in him as ideal manhood. But while we think this of Jesus, while we hold him in such high esteem, placing him apart in our thoughts and affections, still there is one difficulty in our regarding him.

The very fact that we are, in a certain sense, so familiar with him, that we think we know so much about him, that we

have heard about him ever since we were children, that we have heard him talked about and have read and studied about him so much,— this very intimacy of our acquaintance, so to speak, puts him away from our comprehension, and makes us sometimes question whether we know him as thoroughly as we might under other circumstances and conditions. To illustrate what I mean: There are certain passages from the poets, certain grand extracts from the master orators of the world, that we became over-familiar with in our school-days. We parsed them, we committed them to memory, we analyzed them, we dissected them, we looked at them this way and that until they were all worn trite to us. They lost their freshness; and to-day, as we come across them, we sometimes feel that it is a positive loss that these magnificent passages of prose and of verse should have become so vulgarly familiar to us. We wish — I do, at any rate — that we could approach them to-day for the first time. I wish I had never read them. I wish I could come to them with a keen feeling of fresh contact, that so I might get a clear and distinct impression of what they really are in their fineness of quality and beauty. Those persons who live among the mountains are not the ones who are most impressed by the magnificence of the mountains. It gets to be commonplace with them; and that grandeur which men travel half around the world to see they pass by day after day in the midst of their commonplace thinking and toiling, paying no attention to it whatever. It is not the men who were born by the side of the ocean who appreciate its grandeur to the fullest extent. It is not the men who are surrounded by the most beautiful scenery of the world that have the keenest sense of appreciation of that scenery. It is the person who is trained into a knowledge of the world, so that by comparison and contrast he can appreciate these things, who comes to them afresh with an open heart and open mind, ready to look at them, seeing them just as they are, who can receive their best impression on his mind and heart.

So I question whether we here in Christendom are the

fittest persons to understand and appreciate the Christ. We have heard about him so long, we have talked about him so much, his name has been reiterated until perhaps we are weary of it. From the days when we were little children in the Sunday-school until now, we have heard the Christ talked about, until perhaps we have got into a state of mind like those old Greeks who were ready to vote for the banishment of Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called "the Just." Sometimes, it seems to me I would like very much to be able to take up this wondrous New Testament and have it really new to me. If I never had read it in my life, if I knew nothing about it and were to take up the book and study it to-day for the first time, I believe I should be able to get a better, clearer, more accurate outline and impression of the Christ than that which lies in my mind after all these years of study. For the mind gets to be like one of those old manuscripts that they call a palimpsest, which was written over more than once. It might contain, perhaps, in the first place an oration of Cicero. Then, somebody who had no fresh material on which to write would obliterate those old characters as completely as he could, and write something else, possibly a poem of Lucan's. Then, some one, still in want of writing material, would obliterate that and write anew upon it. By and by there would be only a blurred and indistinct impression made of all three instead of the clear-cut outline of one alone. Most of us have had the impression made on our hearts and on our brains of a sectarian Jesus of Nazareth, a Baptist Christ or a Congregationalist Christ, or a Presbyterian Christ or an Episcopalian Christ. Then, we have tried to rub that out and take an impression of the Unitarian Christ, who is only a man, the ideal of humanity; and, from all this process, we at last come to the conclusion that it is very difficult to have a clear and first-hand idea of what Jesus was.

But, if we cannot get this experience for ourselves, the next best thing we can do is to take the first-hand experience of some other men, if we can find such a one. Let him tell us

what he thinks of the Christ, and let us see how he impresses a noble heart and a clear brain born outside of Christendom and trained under the influences of another religion. It is to hint to you such an impression as this that I have chosen my present theme.

You have become familiar with the name of Mr. Mozoomdar, the Hindu teacher who has been visiting Boston, and making addresses, both in Orthodox and Unitarian churches. He has just published a book, that I wish all of you would obtain and read, called *The Oriental Christ.* It contains the results of his study of the Gospels. It is his interpretation of Jesus, his idea of essential Christianity. And who is Mr. Mozoomdar? Let me, that you may understand his stand-point, tell you a little of the exceedingly interesting movement in India that he represents and which he has come here to interpret to us.

India, as you know, has been a country, if you will understand me aright, that I would call, without irreverence, an exceedingly god-dominated, god-ridden country. There are almost as many gods as inhabitants. Religion is to the Hindu everything. From the moment he is born, through all the experience of his life, everything is touched, shaped, colored by religion. But this religion is idolatry, idolatry in every conceivable form, ceremony, ritual; one part, or province, of India worshipping one god, and another worshipping another, or one province worshipping fifty or a hundred different deities.

About the year 1830, an Indian Rajah, Ram Mohun Roy, determined to reform his country in this matter of religion, if possible. He organized a new religious society, the purpose of which was to redeem India from its idolatry and establish in the hearts and lives of the people a pure and spiritual theism. He did not mean to abolish all their ceremonials and forms. He regarded this as impossible. He meant to cleanse their idolatries, and put a clear conception of God into their minds, as their spirit and life. This society in a little time hardened itself in formalism, and had small influ-

ence on the main current of the life of the people. When Ram Mohun Roy was dead, another man took up the work, and made it his business to reform the reformation. This man — you will recognize the name — was the now famous Chunder Sen, the leader of the Brahmo Somaj in India; and the purpose of this man is the purpose of Ram Mohun Roy, only carried a step farther. Other branches of this Somaj have been formed in India, thereby proving their affiliation or sympathy with Protestantism by being able to divide themselves up into a great many sects. And these sects are almost as bitter toward each other in India as are the different sects of Protestants in England and this country.

Chunder Sen is the head of the Brahmo Somaj. The other branches have no sympathy with Christianity. Some of them are even antagonistic to it; but this one theistic society has proclaimed an intense sympathy with Christianity, a desire to study it and know it and to incorporate into itself all the spiritual power and beauty that they believe to have dwelt in the presence and radiated from the life and history of the Christ. Mr. Mozoomdar I may say is the first lieutenant, the prime minister of Chunder Sen. He is the right hand and helper in this great movement. He has made year-long study of the Gospels; and, in this book, he gives to us in our own tongue, of which he is a facile master and an eloquent exponent, his idea of the Christ,— in what relation he himself personally stands to him and what he thinks we ought to regard him as having been and as having tried to do. I want this morning to take advantage of this fact; and, while we ourselves cannot come to the Gospels and dispossess ourselves of our old ideas, I want to interpret for you — though it is a difficult task — what Mr. Mozoomdar thinks of the Christ and what he says we ought to think of him.

In the first place, he tells us what we already know, and yet what we all perpetually forget, that Christ was an Oriental. Being an Oriental, he says it takes an Oriental to understand him. He makes this the basis of the charge,— that almost all Western Christendom has misinterpreted the Christ,

and has therefore given a false conception of him. For example, he says that the missionaries that have gone to India to convert the Hindus to Christianity have brought, not the true Christ, the product of the Orient, but have imported an Englishman under the name of Christ, with English ideas, English methods of thought, English ways, English mental clothing, English spiritual dress; that they are thus attempting to convert India not to the real Oriental Christ of the Gospels, with whom he has the deepest and most kindly sympathy, but to an English Christ, who has no existence save in the English imagination. What he means, as far as I can understand him, is something like this. It is the spirit of the Orient to be intensely intuitional, transcendental, poetic, figurative, to express its ideas by symbols, not only in words, but by external ceremonial. Not that the really spiritual Oriental, who understands what he is doing, cares anything about this form of speech or this ritual in itself. He only uses it in the attempt to figure forth that which has no form, to shadow the invisible, to utter that which cannot be expressed. And so, as he says, Jesus put his intuitional, spiritual ideas of religion into language that Western men have taken as literal statements and have hardened into dogma, a thing which Jesus himself never intended, and which no man born in the Orient would have ever thought he intended.

I remember that Prof. Park, of Andover, made a good deal of this matter of figure of speech. He used to tell the class that a large part of the doctrines, which he did not accept himself, had been unwarrantably created by taking figures of speech as statements of fact, although some of us might be disposed to think that Prof. Park did the same thing himself. He illustrated this by telling about the Irishman who said that "figures of spaich are the pillars of the church." I take it that it is some such thing as this that Mr. Mozoomdar means, when he brings this charge against Western Christendom.

Let me take two or three doctrines to illustrate. Jesus

says, "I and my Father are one." Mr. Mozoomdar says it is perfectly easy for the Oriental mind to see what the Christ meant in such a use of language. It would never occur to him to suppose that Jesus meant to assert personal identity between himself and the infinite God. But in this consciousness of his spiritual unity with the Father, from the fact that he was in perfect sympathy with him and that he came to proclaim him to the world, he was able to say, "When you see me, that I manifest this tenderness, this love, this humanity, this divine regard and sorrow for the lost; when you look upon these things that I am trying to image forth, you are looking upon the Father, so that he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." As an Oriental ambassador might say with perfect frankness and simplicity, without any fear of being misunderstood: "When you see me, you see the king, the sultan, the rajah, who sent me. I stand as his representative. I proclaim his truth. I for the time being am in his stead to you." He would not mean so presumptuous a thing as to assert that he was the same as the king, or that there was any identity of nature between them. But Mr. Mozoomdar tells us we are taking these figures of speech that Christ uses as an Oriental, and that are comprehensible to an Oriental, in our literal way and hardening them into facts and turning them into dogmas.

He would tell us the same was true about the doctrine of prayer. Jesus says, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, ye shall receive. He does not say, Whatsoever ye shall ask *for my sake;* yet this Western world, with its hard, dry, bare literalism, has turned this saying into the idea that we can have whatsoever we ask, if we tell God when we want it that we are asking it for the sake of Christ. Jesus does not say anything of the sort. He did not mean bare mummery or the mere repetition of a word or of his name. A person may utter the name of Christ his whole life long, and yet be utterly out of sympathy with the spirit and purpose and aim of Christ in every action and thought of his life. It was this which Jesus struck at, when he said, "Not

every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father."

What did he then mean by this phrase "in my name"? "Name" under those circumstances is used as the expression and symbol of the innermost spirit and life, so that what Jesus really meant to say was, If you go to God in this perfect sympathy and are brought into communion with him, if you are in perfect submission to him, if you desire only that his will be wrought, then that which you desire shall come to pass, because you have brought yourself into perfect accord with the perfect will of God. So in regard to almost all the other phrases that the Christ has left on record for us in the Gospels, Mr. Mozoomdar would tell us that we have misinterpreted them and turned them into hard literal fact, instead of taking them as fluent and poetic attempts to utter that which is unutterable, because it is infinite and divine.

Instead of holding to a literal heaven and hell, cities or places into which people can go and be happy, or places into which, if they go, they must be miserable, Mr. Mozoomdar even ridicules the idea, calling it absurd. He agrees with that Persian poet who has put the spiritual meaning into such beautiful utterance, when he says: —

> "Heaven is the vision of fulfilled desire,
> And hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

It is this spiritual condition that the Oriental fixes his attention upon. He regards all this outer dress of word, of symbol, as only its fluent and forever changeable clothing. This must stand — for I have no time to carry it farther — for what he means, when he says it must take an Oriental to understand the Christ.

What position then does he assign to this Christ of ours? Born in another religion, looking at Christ from outside, he calls him divine, godlike, and applies to him the sublimest and grandest epithets that a man can use; yet he believes that Christ was simply a man, like any other man. He does

not believe that he was pre-existent. Although he uses language which implies that, he goes on to tell us at length what he means by the pre-existence of Christ. He will tell you in one word, speaking like an Oriental as he is, that Jesus was pre-existent, that it was the Christ who was in Plato, in Sakya Muni, that it was the Christ in all the great teachers and leaders in the world up to the present time; and then in the next sentence he will tell you that what he means by this is that the Christ was pre-existent in the heart and life and plan of God. In just the same sense exactly was the steam-engine pre-existent. In just the same sense, modern science was pre-existent in the heart and mind of God. In that sense, you and I were pre-existent: everything has existed forever. He tells us then that Jesus was purely and simply a man.

He scouts the idea of miracles being anything more than the poetic clothing grown up around his character. He says the miracles could produce no effect on the people of India. They are in the state of mind of the man — I believe it was Dr. Johnson — who did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen so many. On the East Indian who has seen so many wonders, the gospel miracles would make no impression. The religious literature and poetry of India is one vast jungle of miracle and wonder. It is crowded by marvels as luxuriant as the vegetable growths of its vast and almost measureless plains.

Neither has Mr. Mozoomdar, in spite of the fact that he idealizes and almost worships this Christ, any idea of becoming a Christian. He stands rather in the attitude of a member of the Free Religious Association. He proposes to make of himself an eclectic, to have his house with windows on all four sides, letting in the light from every direction, with open doors to every point of the compass. He told the members of the Unitarian Club at the Vendome that he had no idea of assuming the name of Christian. He quoted from the beautiful poem of Lessing, "Nathan the Wise," where the Jew is conversing with the Christian, and the

Christian finds the Jew so noble, so tender, so sweet and gracious that he says to him, "Nathan, you are a Christian," and the Jew replies, "That which makes me a Christian to you makes you a Jew to me." And so Mr. Mozoomdar says, While you think I am almost good enough to be a Unitarian, after being here with you and becoming so much attached to you, I think that the most of you are almost as good as Hindus. It is very well for us sometimes to get this outside stand-point, and to learn that wise and tender and devout and worshipful men are not quite ready to admit that all the virtues of love to God and devotion to man are inside the limits of Christendom. He thinks that Jesus is simply a man; but, at the same time, he believes that he came into such intimate, wondrous, personal relation with God that he became the ideal divine man, and so a leader, a saviour, one who is capable by personal contact and inspiration of kindling a similar life in other men. He becomes a saviour to Mr. Mozoomdar, not at all by a sacrifice that he performed eighteen hundred years ago, not at all by sacrament, not at all by ritual. He became a saviour just as any grand man who has lived out a noble ideal of human life becomes a saviour to those that are touched with the infection of his own life, and so wrought into the likeness of the same grand ideal. He is a saviour only as you and I in our spheres can become saviours.

I want now to try to do the very hard thing of giving you a hint at the difference between this Oriental Christ, this Oriental conception of life and the Occidental one, which, in spite of ourselves and by virtue of our birth and nature, we have adopted and must live out. What do we mean by the Oriental ideal of life as compared with the Occidental? Wherein does the Oriental Christ differ from the practical ideal of life which has been leading the Western nations and which must lead them in years to come?

In the first place, Mr. Mozoomdar thinks that the Oriental Christ looked for the light of God's truth to a different source from that which Western men are accustomed to treat as its

fountain, and he himself agrees with this idea. What is this source? The Orientalist — I make a general sweeping statement, although there are exceptions — is accustomed to take the road of mysticism, of intuition, when he seeks after God, instead of following the pathway of the intellect.

Let me see if I can make clear my meaning. There are certain men among us, who call themselves intuitionalists, transcendentalists, idealists. Perhaps I can illustrate their position, although there is much difference between them, by a word from the philosophy of Plato. Plato believed that each man's soul was a spark of the divine, and that it was temporarily imprisoned in the flesh, and that the flesh, these senses of ours, the intellect, the understanding, and the total surroundings of our life, really shut us away from God, make it difficult for us to see him, comprehend him, find him; that we, when shut in by this "muddy vesture of decay," as Shakspere says, find it difficult to hear the spiritual music of the spheres. The Oriental, then, believes that the way to find truth is not to use scientific methods and processes of the intellect, but to try to hush all the noises and distractions of the outside world, bringing into subjection every appetite and sense and passion of the body, to reduce the body to its lowest terms, so to speak, to travel inward away from the world, away from everything external, and then by prayer and meditation to listen and look, in the expectation that the revelation of God will thus come to you within. Then, of course, in accordance with this, his idea of the personal life is quite different from ours. He does not believe that the true religious life can be found while in the midst of all the activities of the world. He thinks that the business man is apt to get very far from God, because he is dealing with the externals of life all the time. His conception is that matter is something entirely separate from God, in which the divine becomes lost and hidden, and that the man who is engaged in business, anxious about his daily affairs, laying out vast schemes to bring a better civilization to the world, is, in that very process, on the road away from the divine; and that

that is not the true religious life. His idea of saving the world is quite different from the Occidental idea. He thinks if everybody would pray and meditate enough, if everybody would get into close intimate communion with God, with little care for external affairs, that the world would be saved and the kingdom of God would appear. Mr. Mozoomdar goes so far as to say that he does not believe that any man in the world who was faithful and true to God ever died from hunger. So Jesus says, Do not fret about things to eat or wear: trust in God, and you will be taken care of. This is, in a word, a hint at the Oriental conception of religion and life.

Now let us raise the question as to our duty toward this Oriental conception of life and religion. I believe,—and I wish you to mark the statement, as it sets forth my own personal position as to what I think of the Christ,— I believe that Mr. Mozoomdar has given us the most accurate picture of the Christ that has been incorporated in any book that I have seen for years. I believe his theory of the Christ, as outlined in his work, is much more nearly correct than what we are accustomed to get from our Occidental theologians and writers. I believe that Jesus was an Oriental in all these particulars, and that the theory of Mr. Mozoomdar as to religion and life was essentially the theory set forth in the New Testament as it was held and taught by Jesus. But what is the practical question for us? Wherein do we differ? I am criticised now and then, because I do not oftener pronounce the name of Christ, because I do not "make more of him," as people say, in my preaching and religion. I wish to give you a word of explanation. Mr. Emerson said, not a great while ago,— words going to the very foundation, full of insight and wisdom,— "The true way to preach Christ in this modern world is to say nothing about him." He meant just what I believe, that the name of Christ has popularly become a fetich, a meaningless phrase, and that thus is substituted the name for the life: the emphasis is laid upon that rather than upon the spirit of Christ. Jesus did not mean that he should

be set up in the place of God. He rather wished to make himself a clarified atmosphere, by looking through which we could see God. That is the grandest work of Jesus. Jesus is spirit and life; and, if we are illustrating the same devotion to God, the same tenderness, the same purity, the same earnestness that Jesus did, we are doing something better than talking about the name, we are living the reality. That is the way to do the work that Christ began and which is not yet completed on this earth.

I cannot feel that the Oriental Christ represents to us the perfectly rounded ideal of religion and life. Suppose I go within myself and listen, and think I hear the voice of God: is there any way by which I can be sure that it is the voice of God and not my own fancy? Suppose I really do hear it: is there any way by which I can prove to you that I have heard it? My intuition may be very beautiful and sweet to myself, but it is not probable that I can transfer it to you or give it to the world. This antagonism between God and the world, between religion and the material things of life, I believe to be an attempt to rend God himself. For God is not simply away off somewhere in the unimaginable infinite. God is not merely a thing of the imagination, of the fancy. God is in the breeze that is blowing over the sea this morning, in the clouds floating in the air, in the stones under our feet, in the steam that has overturned the world and created a new civilization; it is God that flashes along the telegraph wire; it is God that rumbles in every train; it is God that has tunnelled every mountain. When we have comprehended one of the laws of this marvellous nature all about us and turned it to the service of a higher civilization, we have been dealing first-hand with God. We have been looking him in the face, grasping his hand; we have been feeling his skirts. We need to take our religion out of this mystic region of imagination and fancy and carry it everywhere, believing that this is God's universe all through, from nadir to zenith, from east to west, from north to south. Our civilization can never be redeemed until this ideal of religion prevails. Men

feel that they must accumulate money, and they ought to. They must be about their business. They must be absorbed in worldliness. They must study the laws of nature and life, through whose processes almost all the ameliorations that have come to men have been brought about. And men know this. If you tell them it is a question between God and religion, and nature, science, and civilization, they will say, We can get along without God and religion better than without civilization; and, if you come to that choice, I agree with them every time. I believe it is a false distinction, however. God may be found in the silence of meditation and prayer, but God may be also found with shovel and pick in hand as well. You must teach men that they are dealing with God in every sphere of life; that the work of religion is to purify and cleanse and consecrate all this seething and striving and struggling civilization of which we are a part created anew by the processes of science. Study men, study religion as it has been historically set forth by these processes of science, and then, when you have created an external paradise, develop an ideal man to live in it, and you will have the kingdom of God come among men.

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THE FADING LEAF.

[Nine years ago, the first Fall that I was in Boston, I preached a sermon on the "Fading Leaf." Many times after that I was asked to repeat it; and in November, 1877, I did so. Since that time, I have been asked, over and over again, to preach it once more; and I have made the attempt to comply with that request. It is not a verbal reproduction, as the sermon has never been written.]

"We all do fade as a leaf." — ISAIAH lxiv., 6.

WHEN the poet Cowper wrote the words, "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds," he only gave partial expression to what is a universal truth. Not only is there sympathy in souls with sounds, but there is also sympathy with odors, with colors, with forms, with movements, with the entire life of this great something we call Nature all about us. Down deep in our hearts there is an ineradicable conviction that the parallelisms we are able to draw between nature and life are not simply figures of speech. We feel that there is a real kinship between our life and the universal life of which we are a part. And in our ordinary daily language, whether we think of it or not, we are perpetually reading ourselves into nature, as well as drawing human thoughts and feelings as figures of speech out of nature. We talk of the sky as angry, the winds whisper, the waves sob, the brook, as it dances down the mountain side, laughs. And so we find that all around us there are these human suggestions of a life that seems to us so very like our own.

In the early, childhood stage of the progress of the world, this was something more than a figure of speech. Then indeed did men believe that all the forms and forces of the world about them were really alive in a sense different from that which any of us can hold as a part of our creed to-day. They saw the moon, for example, in her silver pinnace, sailing across the blue deep of the upper sky. They looked upon the mountains, as they towered aloft and seemed to ovelook the world and hold commerce with the stars. They saw the brilliancy of these stars themselves looking down upon all the ways of human life. The waters seemed to move as though they had within them a soul and spirit of their own. And when the air was almost quiet, only a breath, just enough to stir the trees, the leaves seemed to be alive, and to whisper, as though there were within them a spirit and a power that men could not comprehend. And knowing nothing of any life, any force, any power, except such as they were conscious of in themselves, in their naïve, childish, simple manner they made these things all alive. They placed a spirit, a soul, a god, in every form and movement of the beautiful world around them. So there were gods in the stars, gods in the sun and moon, gods in the rivers and mountains, gods in the trees, gods on every high hill, gods in every valley. The whole universe was filled with divine spirits, and beings that they conceived of as having like passions, feelings, sympathies with themselves.

Thus sprang up one of the earliest and most wide-spread of the world's religions. They believed that these beings could love and hate, and that they had some mysterious power by which they could work injury or blessing to mankind. But, as the world has progressed in knowledge, have we entirely lost sight of a conception like this? I think not. We talk of nature, we talk of science, we talk of laws, of the infinite order of this universe; and yet every deep philosopher, every profound scientist, every one who has given any adequate study to these great problems that face us on every hand, feels that there is back and behind these, of which these are

only temporary and local manifestations, a life,—call it spirit, call it god, call it what you will, it means the same. And so I believe that the profoundest scholarship of the modern world is entitled to take its departure from the childish terms of the ancient world, by dropping off one letter from the word "gods," and in its place saying reverently "God," —God in the mountains, God in the stars, God in the rivers, God in the trees, God in human life, in all the brightness, beauty, glory of the world.

Pope, in his "Essay on Man," has given poetical expression to this idea; and I cannot do better than repeat it to you in his own words:—

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
> That changed through all, is yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

And many another poet has given expression to this idea of the sympathy there is between the life of man and the external world about him. Byron has written:—

> "I live not in myself; but I become
> Portion of that around me: to me
> High mountains are a feeling."

And, again,—

> "Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
> Of me and of my soul as I of them?"

This kinship with nature is rendered to us by our own poet Lowell, in "Under the Willows":—

> "I care not how men trace their ancestry,
> To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
> But I in June am midway to believe
> A tree among my far progenitors,
> Such sympathy is mine with all the race,

Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words."

In spring-time, perhaps, we are more definitely conscious of this sympathy than at any other time of the year, especially if we ourselves are in the spring-time of our life. There is the keenest sympathy between youth, fresh, vigorous, budding, bursting out into bud and flower, and the life of the year passing through a similar process. Let youth and spring clasp hands. They are indeed brothers in a deeper sense than words can possibly signify. This idea Lowell has again expressed to us in the opening of the "Vision of Sir Launfal":—

"Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

We feel this in the vigor, freshness, and earnestness of our youth. But, as the years go by, as we begin to have memories that create for us a world in the past, and as that world of the past becomes peopled with those that used to walk by our sides, that used to look into our eyes, that used to clasp our hands in tenderness and love, then the world takes on another aspect; and we begin to feel that there is something unspeakably sad in the changes, the mutations, and fadings of the natural world around us. A child sees no significance in a falling leaf, except that it is beautiful for him to play with or to gather for a bouquet. Time and again, I can remember how I used to run, as a boy, through the windrows of the leaves, simply thrusting them one side with my eager feet, and laughing at the echo of their rustle that now has to me another and a sadder sound. The child has no past.

Its life is all in the present or in the future,—a dream of beauty and glory to be; and so, of course, there can be no sadness to him about these things, that to grown men and women suggest so evidently the past. When we get older, then our hearts echo the simple words that I used to recite when I was a boy,—I do not know their author:—

> "'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
> And rustled on the ground;
> And chilly winds went whistling by
> With sad and solemn sound."

But the fading leaf has a meaning that never enters the heart or the thought of the boy who is living in the spring-time of his own life, and thus, of course, has no conscious kinship with the mutations of the autumn, either of the year or of human life. But it seems to me that even those of us that are old may find a meaning quite other than that which suggests sadness and sorrow to us.

> "November strews the woodlands o'er
> With many a brilliant color.
> The world is brighter than before,—
> Why should our hearts be duller?
>
> "Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
> Sad thoughts and sunny weather,—
> Ah me! this glory and this grief
> Agree not well together."

I propose then this morning to turn my text completely around; and, while expressing a truth and at the same time making a confession in the words, "We all do fade as a leaf," I wish to put the emphasis on the little word "as," and to declare that, so far from their being anything sad or sorrowful in thus fading, I can ask for you and for myself no better, gladder destiny than that we may in deed and in truth fade *as* a leaf fades. Let us then examine this other aspect of our subject in two or three particulars, and see what these lessons are.

In the first place, I remark that a leaf fades after it has had its summer. There comes out in early spring a little

bud upon the tree : it expands and opens until a tiny, tender leaf is hanging fluttering in the wind, until, as I look at it, I find myself in the position of the child world, imagining an independent spiritual life up there. And, in this poetic imagination, I seem to see that the leaf indeed may be looked upon as leading a beautiful, lovely life upon its bough, catching the first rays of the morning sun, glorified and made beautiful by the same sun in its setting, playing with the winds, dancing with the rain-drop of the early summer, seeing the birds newly come from their Southern homes, hearing their waking songs, watching the building of the nest on the broad branch just below, seeing the eggs chipped one by one and the new life emerging with its fluttering wings, and then its first flight and its beautiful song, watching the boys at their play beneath its shade, seeing the old man come and sit down under it to rest, finding refreshment and peace in its shelter. There is something imaginatively beautiful about this life of the leaf in its early spring and its summer. By and by there comes a change. There is first the sweltering heat of the summer, the burden of long and dusty days. Then, by and by, the sun sweeps a lower course nearer the horizon, and in the early morning and at night there is a new chill in the air; and then come the first touches of the frost, and the leaves begin to wither and change; they wake up to the fact that life has gone by.

To my mind, when this time has come there is nothing sad in the fading or the falling leaf, but rather something of pathetic suggestion in the leaf that does not fall. I have many a time seen one lone leaf left on the bare bough, all its companions lying snugly housed, warmly clustered around the root of the tree that was once their parent. And, when the chilly time came on, with frost in the air, with storms of snow and sleet, the one lone leaf left on the tree seemed to carry a suggestion of infinite pathos and sadness. The sad thing is not the leaf that has fallen, but the leaf that is left alone.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has given expression, half humor-

ous, half pathetic, to this idea of the last leaf. I want you to hear the echo of his words: —

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

. . . . .

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

If I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Not long ago, I sat by the side of an old man, "he but for whose life I had not been." I looked into his face, and thought of the relation in which he stood to the living world. I took his old, worn, withered hand in mine. I thought of the long years of toil and weariness that had made it what it was. I noticed that his eyes, grown dim to the familiar world in which I lived, saw very little of that life in which I am conscious of being a part. He lived fifty, sixty, seventy years ago; and, seeing life in all those far-off times, he remembered when he was a boy, and he saw the school-mates playing about him, and heard their voices,—long since silenced forever. He remembered the wife of his

youth and the days when his children were growing up about his knees. But all that which makes up the life that we live, that we love, and that we care for, was something long gone by to him. And, as I looked at him, I could not help feeling that for his sake it would be infinitely sweeter if he were not left the last lone leaf upon a forsaken bough,—sweeter for him, if he, too, might gently fall through the sustaining air, and thus rejoin those that made his life, leaving the world of which he was no longer a part, and of which he could be a part no more.

We sometimes dream of an earthly immortality; but did you ever think what that means? I have partly hinted it, in speaking of this old man; but just consider it for a moment. It is all very well when we are young, when everything is fresh and every sense is keen and every activity at work, to think of life being continued here forever. But let the years go by, let us become old, and let our schoolmates and early companions pass away. The wife of our youth, perhaps, has fallen asleep; the children have grown up, married, and moved away, if indeed they also have not taken their places with the great majority on the other side. The years go by. We try to make new acquaintances, but we cannot do it with the ardor and interest with which we made those of our youth. We try to get interested in the ways of the world in which we are living, but it is strange to us. We find it hard to realize that men are feeling and thinking the things we felt and thought years ago. They are doing things in which we have little interest, with which we have very little sympathy; and we find ourselves alone. Think, then, of waiting year after year in this strange, new world, the years going on and stretching out without any end. It seems to me that it would be simply unbearable. As children, when they are tired with play, when they see the sun sinking toward the west, drop their playthings, leave their playmates, and run to their home, seeking rest in the lap of their mother, so it seems to me that this fatal gift of an earthly immortality, if conferred upon us, would become

such a burden that we should cry out in our longing and agony: "O Father, let us go home! Those we love have gone, the old time has passed away. We are lonely here: open the door, and let us all come in where they who were our playmates and friends and work-fellows in the olden time are gathered. Let us take our place in this circle once ours here, now broken, to be reunited in another land." Even did I have no hope in such a reunion, still I should believe this prolonged existence here would become a crushing burden, too hard to be borne.

But I must turn from this aspect of my theme to consider other suggestions. The leaf fades when it has had its summer, but there is another side that we need to think of. It fades when it has done its life work, and nothing more remains for it to accomplish. And it has a life work. I suppose those who have never given special attention to the subject would be apt to say there is not a more aimless, useless sort of life than that of the leaf. Perhaps we have had this idea impressed upon us from the pulpit by the text "Nothing but leaves," as though being a leaf, and only a leaf, were in itself to be aimless and worthless. But there is no more diligent day-long, night-long, year-long worker than this same little leaf that plays in the sun and dances in the summer rain. And what does it do?

In the first place, the leaf, after it has breathed sufficient life and nourishment for its own development, becomes the principal medium of the nourishment of the tree. It is the leaf that feeds and builds up the life of the plant more than the roots that reach down into the moisture and that brace the tree in all winds and storms. At the same time, the leaf confers an immense service to all lung-breathing life on the face of the globe. You are aware that this sea of air, at the bottom of which as at the bottom of an ocean we walk and move, is made up of various chemical constituents, and that our life depends on the proportion of these being maintained substantially as they are, day after day, year after year. If you go into a room and close the door and burn a pan of

charcoal, you will soon find yourself suffocating: carry it far enough, and you would die. What does it mean? It means that the chemical constituents of the air are being changed, that it is becoming overloaded with carbonic acid gas which is poisonous to all lung-breathing creatures. If you shut yourself up with a large company in a close room, you find yourself soon growing dull and weary. This means that the process of combustion going on in the body has eliminated this same gas. The leaves live on this which is death to man. They maintain an equilibrium of the constituents of the air which is the life of all things that live.

The leaf does another thing. We appreciate it sometimes when we seek some cool arch of boughs over our head, when the sun is hot and the air oppressive. The leaves shelter, give comfort and soothing to man, to all living creatures when they are worn and burdened with the heat of the day.

There is a close parallel between the life of the leaf and the life of man. That life is worth living that renders some service to the world. He who, after he has withdrawn enough from the common sources of life to nourish and build up himself, becomes a feeder of the life of others, who nurtures and shades those who cluster about and are dependent on him, who becomes like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to those who are burdened with the heat of the day,—that man *lives*, we say.

If a man's life mean anything, it means that he should cleanse the atmosphere around him, make it sweet and pure and a blessing to his fellow-men. The man that merely breathes and eats, that gets up in the morning and goes to sleep at night, that reads the newspaper, that takes the beautiful things of life that come to him, but never thinks of having a purpose in life,—he does not live, he vegetates,—although it is a slander on vegetation to say that,—he simply exists. There is no purpose in such a life, consequently no reason for it. The world would be richer by a very large loss of that kind of people.

When I look at my own life, I cannot wish to live after my

work is done. You men who, perhaps, have retired from business, and feel that you are no longer linked with the movements of the world, that you have no longer anything special to do, you know how restless you are, unless you have trained yourselves to take up some other quieter occupation in your homes. If it be indeed true that you have nothing to do, how empty and tasteless and lifeless is existence! When I get through my labor, when there is nothing I can any longer achieve, any longer do to make the world brighter, happier, better, then I pray God to let me fade and fall, to let me go to sleep. If I believed that there was nothing further for man, no other, higher life, perhaps I might selfishly cling to my place on the bough, against logic, against reason; but, standing here this morning, I ask that I may fade as a leaf when my life work is done, when I have ministered to the life that bore me all that I can, when I have contributed all that I may to the life of the world, when I have given all the shelter, all the shade, all the peace I can,—then let me at least go on, and see if there be not something higher and better than simply waiting alone on the bough that has given me support.

Another phase of our subject is worth looking at. Did you ever think how, when the leaf fades, it passes through the process of becoming more and more beautiful, clear to the last? If we fade as a leaf fades, we shall grow more and more beautiful; and this, it seems to me, is a lesson rich in significance, and one which we at least ought to try practically to learn. There is a certain beauty about a highly finished piece of blank paper; but let it be written over, even with scrawls, if these scrawls have a meaning, if there is mind and soul stamped on the whiteness of the paper, there is a higher kind of beauty than there was before. There is a certain kind of beauty about a bare piece of canvas prepared for the brush of the painter; but how much greater is that beauty, when the work of art is wrought upon it, and it stands full of suggestions of spirit and life! There is a kind of beauty in a block of marble.

Marvellous is it to one who can appreciate it, who can go back through the ages to the history of its growth, the process by which it has become what it is. But let Michel Angelo sculpture it into his David or Moses, and then how much finer, how much grander, how much more meaning is there in it since it has taken on life, since he has breathed into it a soul! There is a marvellous beauty about childhood. And to us, who have left it behind, there is about it a tenderness and significance which is always sweet and fresh and fair. But it is a downy, peach-like, and in a certain sense, vacant beauty,—a beauty, it seems to me, infinitely heightened when this marvellous sculptor, the soul, with the chisel of human experience, has chipped away at this simple block, and has wrought out all the lines around the eyes and the lips and in the cheeks, that mean experience, purpose, hope, aspiration.

There is nothing to my mind quite so beautiful as a sweet, lovely old lady or an old man; but perhaps, to warn you of the danger that lies before you and me, I may add that there is hardly anything more disagreeable than this same old man or this same old lady who has not learned the secret of growing beautifully old. How many old men there are that you dread as you see them coming on the street! You know that out of courtesy you must meet and shake hands with them. You know you are to be made a basket into which they are to pour once more the rubbish and refuse of their lives; you are to hear the same old story over and over again; you are to be burdened with the tale of their aches and pains, their losses and fears. You feel it is a relief when you have got fairly past, and know that it is one less time you have to go through that infliction. How many old ladies there are who do not learn to grow old beautifully! They have so little sympathy as they get on in years with the childhood that represents just what they used to be. If such an old lady goes to live with her married daughter, how many a time does she make it doubly hard, without meaning to perhaps, because she cannot understand

that there is any proper way of doing things except the way that used to be hers! How many men have no sympathy with children, who want the children to be just as old as they are and who make the little ones uncomfortable in their presence! And how many men and women there are who stand in this attitude to the growing of the world! They forget that the world grew when they were young, that they were a part of its growth and progress. They cannot understand why it does not stand still at the point which they have reached. I do hope — I think of it every day and try for it — that I shall keep my sympathy with the childhood that is about me. I do hope that my children will learn something that I have not learned, that they will make progress beyond the highest point I ever hope to reach. What hope else is there for the world? Is this a universe so small that we have exhausted its capacity?

Let us learn then to grow beautifully old, so that, when we come to our fading and falling, it shall be the sweetest and most lovely part of our whole career.

I hasten on to one other suggestion. The leaf fades when it has become all that is possible to it as a leaf, and when this fading is the condition of its possibly taking on another higher form of life, and rendering further service. The leaf comes out on its bough in spring, expands to its full size, takes on all the beauty of its life, enters into the life of the tree, renders its service in building up its fibre and in casting shade for the life that gathers beneath it, and by and by it gets through all the work that it can do. If it stays there, it is a useless, ugly appendage to the tree that ought to be free of it. If it stays, it is in the way of new and larger life.

This is the lot of all being. It is not peculiar to leaves. Everything that lives is limited by its own nature and constitution. Everything passes through a certain stage of birth, growth, gradual decline, and decay. These bodies of ours are at first very small in the arms of mother or nurse. Then, they grow to their full stature. Then, by and by, we lose a little of our height, we stoop, grow old, and having become,

as physical beings, all that we can become, we fade away. This is not simply true of these outer forms of ours. It is the same with the brain. The brain grows old, tired of thinking. No longer can it accomplish what it used to do. It has become all that it is capable of becoming; and thought begins to run slow and wearily, like the wheels of a mill, when the water is almost out. We have seen all the beauty that we can see: we have learned all we can learn.

What then? Shall we cling to the old bough, or shall we fade and fall as the leaves fall, and thus at least have the possibility of continued service? [I use this as an illustration, not as an argument for immortality.] The leaves that fall do as much as this: they create a new soil for the new growths of another year. Their component parts come up again into the life of flowers and fruit. But I believe there is something beyond this for us. We die. We clear the world for coming generations. We contribute the result of our thought and effort to the common stock of the world's knowledge and life, and thus make possible higher growths on earth. But I hope for something better than this. I do not know, I have no proof that those who have left me still live; but I believe it, and no knowledge as yet is wise enough to make me feel I am foolish in this belief.

I believe that this world is only one room in the Father's infinite mansion. This world is one of the tiniest of all worlds. If you could wing your way to the outermost planet of our system and stand on the rim of Neptune, you would not know there was any earth, it is so small. Our whole system is very small; but this universe of the Father's is infinite, and I believe there is something better for us to do when we are through with our life work, when we have become all we can, than to clear the path for the world's progress.

There are certain plants that men stand at first in pots in hot-houses. They become all that they can there. If they are ever to be anything more, they must be taken out and set in their native soil. In our little boats, we coast around the shore into this inlet and that bay; but, if we are ever

to know the great world, we must weigh anchor and set sail into the broad ocean outside, that sweeps with unbounded impulse around the world.

And so I believe that it would be a very hard and unkind thing, if God were to shut us in here and give us no opportunity for being planted in any wider field, for sailing out over these wider seas. I believe there is an infinite life ahead of us, that we are a part of the everlasting progress, and that the blessed, the merciful, the loving thing for us is to fade as a leaf when we have become all we can here, and so be permitted to enter some higher service in that grander life that is beyond.

It is indeed very sad when lives are wrenched away, torn and bleeding, only half-developed. It is not a beautiful thing to see the green leaf beaten down by the storm, blackened by the mud. It is not a beautiful thing to see young manhood or womanhood torn away in early life. But, if we can only, like a cluster of leaves on its bough, live our life out, do our work, grow beautifully old, become all we can together, and then in the autumn be gently detached by a passing breeze, and fall together,—this is a destiny sweet as any of which we can dream. Let us then close our morning with this poetic prayer, a prayer to Time, which is to us the manifestation of God :—

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

"Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three.
One is lost, an angel fled
To God's azure overhead.

"Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in little things.

"Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea;
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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THE WAR-CRY OF THE REFORMATION:

The Doctrine of Justification by Faith.

BOSTON:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
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THE WAR-CRY OF THE REFORMATION: The Doctrine of Justification by Faith.

I HAVE chosen as my text the two antagonistic passages, one from Paul and the other from James, to be found in the first instance in the third chapter of Romans, the twenty-eighth verse, "A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law"; and, in the second case, in the Epistle of James, second chapter and twenty-fourth verse, "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified."

We are approaching the four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Martin Luther; and, all over the world, the eyes of intelligent and thoughtful people are turning backward toward this great movement of the sixteenth century, that we call the Reformation.

It is very natural that the Catholic world should, as it does, look upon Martin Luther as one of the great criminals and monsters of history. It is equally natural, perhaps, that the Protestant world should regard him as one of the greatest of heroes. From these two facts, contrary as they are, we may safely assume that something important happened in the sixteenth century; and that the man with whose name this something is so intimately and indissolubly linked was, at least, a powerful character to have made such an impression upon the world. Whether he were bad or good, he can at least have been no small type of man.

It seems to me that it will be well for us to take occasion, by this renewal of interest in this great movement of the past, to spend two or three Sundays in considering some of the great questions that were at issue then, and that per-

haps even yet are not finally settled. I do not mean to deal with them simply from the historical and antiquarian standpoint, but to touch only those with which we to-day have vital concern.

This morning, I shall consider the great doctrine of justification by faith. I wish first to outline for you, as briefly as I may, the doctrine of justification as it was held and taught in the Catholic Church preceding Luther. Then I wish to give you his doctrine; and then face the great question whether we can hold to that, and, if not, what doctrine we can rationally hold and defend. These are the three points that I wish you to consider this morning.

It is almost impossible for us in the modern world to realize the condition of things in Christendom during the early part of the middle of, and indeed entirely through, the fifteenth century. The Church had come to be the grandest and most magnificent despotism on the face of the earth. It held, through its accredited representatives, pope and priesthood, the destiny of man in its hand; not only his destiny for this world, but it reached out its spectral fingers over the future, and seemed to be clothed, even there also, with the omnipotent power of God himself. From small beginnings, the few scattered congregations that were in existence during the lifetime of Paul, this mighty, compacted hierarchy of power had been developed. It reigned unquestioned throughout the civilized world. So mighty was its power that not only did it hold in its hand the destiny of individuals, but it was supreme over kingdoms and over kings. Suppose, for example, having gone through the form of electing a president, we could not feel that he were really president, until the pope, by his accredited representative, had been present at the ceremony of inauguration, and until he had sworn fealty to the pope and the Church on his own part and on the part of all the people of these United States. Suppose the pope should have the power, if the president did not pursue what he regarded as a proper course, to depose him from his seat and set up another in his stead. Suppose he had the power,

as he had in Europe, of laying an entire nation under interdict, thus cutting them off from all part and portion in the life of God and in the hope of heaven in this world and in any other world. This, in all its bold and bare authority, represents the position of the pope and the authority of the Church for hundreds of years all over Europe. Kings were found ready to bend the knee in those days, and hold the stirrup while the pope mounted his horse. You remember that, when Thomas à Becket was murdered in the cathedral at Canterbury, Henry II. was brought to abject submission before the pope by the threat of an interdict being laid upon the whole kingdom of Great Britain. You must remember that, when the Church at this time excommunicated a man, it meant nothing more nor less than that this man was cast out. Nobody could give him food, nobody could give him drink, nobody could give him shelter, nobody could give him clothing. He was an outcast,—a vagabond on the face of the earth, to whom to show pity was a crime. Not only that, but he was cut off from all hope of heaven, and turned over as a fit subject of the evil one through all eternity. That is what excommunication meant in the palmy days of papacy. When an interdict was laid on the kingdom, it meant that the whole kingdom was treated in this way. The fear of this was so great that no king throughout Christendom dared face it. He knew that it meant rebellion on the part of the people against his own authority and power. Such, then, was the power of the papacy when Luther rose in rebellion against it.

Let us consider for a moment how it came to get this power, what were the beliefs held in Christendom that put such immense authority into the hands of the Church, with the papacy at its head.

It started with the very familiar doctrine of the fall of man. It was universally believed that all men, all nations for all time, on account of the sin of Adam, lay justly under the wrath and curse of Almighty God, and that this curse would pursue them to the lowest hell and outermost bounds of the eternal years.

This was the starting point. The Church claimed to represent God on earth, and to hold in her hands present and future destiny. How did she get that power? Jesus Christ, the second person of the Trinity, was supposed to have come into this world, lived and suffered and died, to work out an atonement; and, in some way, a man must gain a share of this atonement before he could have any hope of being saved. The Church claimed, and the claim was universally admitted, that this whole power of dispensing the infinite merit of Jesus Christ had been put exclusively into her hands; that she, and she only, on the face of the earth, had power to appropriate the merit of the atonement of Christ on behalf of the individual sinner. She did this on condition of absolute obedience and of participation in her sacraments. If a man should partake of the eucharist, which, by the magical power of the priesthood, was converted into the veritable body of God, he was supposed to eat divinity in all literalness, and so to have become a partaker of the divine nature.

Does this seem strange to you? So far was this doctrine carried that the question was once asked of one who was deemed authority at the time, Supposing a mouse should get at the consecrated wafer and eat a bit of it, what would it eat? And the answer was, He would eat the very body of God. So literally as this was the doctrine proclaimed. A man, then, who partook of the eucharist became a partaker of the divine nature, and so became incorporated as one atom of the body of God on earth, which was the Church. This was the means of salvation.

But even those who were a part of the body of God, who had been partakers of the divine nature, were liable to sin, to fall short, to stray away; and there was needed some method by which they could be pardoned. How was this to be done?

The Church held that the saints, the martyrs, and the heroes of the faith in all ages had wrought certain works of supererogation; that is, they had wrought works of virtue

and merit over and above any that could be rightfully demanded of them individually and on their own account. And so this great fund of merit wrought out by the saints, martyrs, and heroes of the Church, was stored away as something in which the Church at her will could draw. The doctrine was held in all literalness that there could be a transference of virtue or guilt, of goodness or evil, by the arbitrary power of God, or by the Church, representing God, from one individual to another. If a man had sinned then and was ready to submit himself to the penance of the Church, or to pay a sum of money if she demanded it, then so much of the merit that was in the keeping of the Church could be set to his account to overbalance his demerit, and thus he stood justified before God.

So literally was this doctrine carried out that during the time of Luther,—and indeed it was this that struck the spark in Luther's soul, from which the great conflagration of the reformation was kindled,—so literally, I say, was this doctrine held and carried out that the famous monk, Tetzel by name, appointed by the pope for this express purpose, went travelling through Germany, selling indulgences for money to the people. The object of this sale, on the part of Leo X., who was then pope, was to raise money for the repairing and completion of St. Peter's at Rome. What, then, does the sale of indulgences mean?

Since a man was not saved on account of anything he had ever done or said or thought, since he was not saved by virtue of any goodness or merit of his own, but saved simply by obedience to the Church and participation in her sacraments; since the Church held at her disposal a fund of merit which she could transfer at any time or to any person she pleased, you see how natural it was that they should carry out this doctrine in this practical way. Suppose Tetzel should come to me, living at that time, and should say to me: You have committed some crime in the past, although no one has found it out, or you have been guilty of certain misdoings, or perhaps you want to commit

a crime to-morrow, or there is some sin that you may commit in the future. On payment of a sufficient consideration, I grant you the Church's indulgence for past sins or for any sins that you may commit in the next year or five years or ten years. The Church held this undoubted power, as it was supposed at that time; and so its sale of indulgences went on.

The doctrine of justification, as held by the Church before the time of Luther, was simply this. The Church was God's representative on earth. By participation in the sacraments, unquestioning obedience to her authority, any individual became incorporated as a part of the body of God, the Church. He was saved, justified. If he sinned, the Church on his behalf, on the payment of a consideration, could appropriate to his use the benefit of a certain amount of stored-up merits held in keeping by the Church; and so he still stood justified before God. This was the method of human salvation as held and taught in the Church for hundreds of years.

But, in the face of so mighty a power as I have pictured the Church to have been, how came it about that one lone monk from Germany dared lift himself against so magnificent an authority, that was supposed to represent God himself here below? The secret of Luther's revolt, after the moral shock that his soul received at this shameful sale of indulgences, this condoning sins for money, was upon the question arising whether the Church could, after all, be the divine thing she claimed to be. The one thing that gave Luther the daring which he showed all through his life was his rediscovery of the Bible.

As you are aware, during this time and for hundreds of years preceding, the common people could not read or write. If the Bible had been put into their hands, it was in a foreign language; and, since they could not read their own, they could not have read it in the original Greek or in the Catholic translation known as the Vulgate. So the Bible was an unknown book. The people had no more idea about it than you have about the Rig Veda, the original Bible of the Hindus,— perhaps not so much, because you have heard that

discussed a good deal lately. The Bible was an unknown book. The Church made a double claim: she claimed that the Bible contained the history of Jesus and the religion of the Church, a history of the conference upon Peter of this tremendous power which his successors in the papal chair had inherited from him in an unbroken succession; but she claimed also that she possessed equal authority with the Bible, that the voice of God was a living voice speaking down through the ages through her as his representative.

But she did admit that the Bible contained the original charter, the history of this conferring of this power upon her. Luther rediscovered the Bible. To his astonishment, he found that it did not contain any authority for so tremendous a claim. The Church said, Do penance, and your sins shall be forgiven. They had even mistranslated the Greek, so that it read this way in the Latin Vulgate. But when Luther consulted the original, he was astonished to find that it did not mean "do penance" at all. It meant "repent," and repent in the original Greek meant "change your purpose." That is the New Testament meaning of repentance,—turn around. If you have been going wrong, turn around and begin to go right. Luther found that to be the doctrine of what he believed to be the veritable word of God. So he appealed from the Church to the Church's charter, from her claims to God, from whom she claimed to have received her power.

Luther then went to studying the Bible, and found, instead of the salvation by sacraments, by obedience, and by submission to the Church, that it taught, through the mouth of Paul, whom he regarded as the true interpreter of the mind of Christ, the doctrine of justification by faith. Luther fastened upon this, and said, Here is the divine method of delivering man from the power of sin, and making him a partaker in the righteousness of Christ. You must remember one thing. Luther believed in the fall of man, and that all men were eternally under the wrath and curse of God, just as much as the Church did. Luther also believed in

the direct transference of merit by the arbitrary power of God, just as much as the Church did. Luther believed that, if a man was to be saved, it could not be on the score of anything he had done, or on the score of anything he had ever said, or on the score of any service he had ever rendered. It could not be on the score of character, of what he really was, but only through the imputed righteousness of Christ. That is, he believed that Jesus had wrought out this work of atonement by his life, sufferings, and death, and that the sinner somehow must become a participator in these merits of Christ. But he broke with the Church as to the method.

And here, whatever we may say of Luther, whatever we may think of him, whatever may come to be his influence,—here we put our finger on the one grand service which he has rendered to the modern world. With one stroke, he smote the foundations of the papacy, so that they trembled to their ultimate fall. That is, instead of admitting that the Church was the mediator standing between man and God, the only channel of communication, the only means by which salvation could come down into the human heart and life,—instead of admitting this, Luther said, By faith are we justified; and the Church, like a cloud in the morning, faded away, and man stood individually, in his own personal capacity, face to face with God.

According to Luther's teaching, a man is to be saved when he for himself, and no other for him, has accepted the terms of salvation that God holds out to the world. Luther then overthrew this tremendous tyranny of the Church. He gave it its death-blow; and, though it may linger for hundreds of years yet, its power has gone. The pope is veritably in the position that Bunyan pictures him in *Pilgrim's Progress*, sitting with his triple crown upon his head in the mouth of a cavern filled with the bones of the martyrs, of those that he has destroyed in the past. He sits there, old, decrepit, unable to rise and persecute and slay, as had been his custom, but only able to shake his head and mutter and

curse as Christian, the modern Pilgrim, goes by upon his way. This is the condition of the papacy, and to this it has been reduced very largely by the work that Martin Luther did in the sixteenth century.

But Luther's doctrine of justification was a doctrine based upon the fall of man and the imputed merits of Christ to be appropriated by the individual faith of the believer.

How did Luther hold this, and can we hold it as he did?

Whatever may have been true at first, or whatever may have been the form of the doctrine as he taught it during some periods of his life, he came to hold it in a way almost as reprehensible as the Church's own. He denounced reason in every form. He used the most vigorous language in vituperating all natural goodness, all the virtues of the world. He held quite as much as did the Church before him that no man could be saved by what he was or what he did. He held, equally with the Church, that all the past centuries of mankind had only contributed fuel for the everlasting burning. None had been saved except the few who had come down along the line of the revelation that culminated in Christ, and who might be regarded as anticipating his work and accepting it by faith beforehand. You remember that in Dante's *Inferno* are not only the wicked of the world, but here is a Socrates, here a Homer, an Epictetus, a Seneca, an Antoninus Pius; all the great writers and heroes and noble men, the ethical teachers of all the world are hopelessly there. The only mercy that is granted them is that they are permitted to be in the upper and outer circle, and are free from the pressure of positive torment; but they are inside that gate over which is written, Let him who enters here abandon hope. Luther believed this equally with the Catholic Church; but he carried the doctrine of justification by faith so far as to turn it into positive immorality; for he taught barely and boldly, reiterating it in the clearest language over and over again, that, however virtuous and true a man might be, there was no chance for him except by faith in Christ; that, however wicked he might be, though he com-

mitted murder, though he committed any namable crime, if he still had faith, that faith was the power that would deliver him out of all these sins, and make him an accepted child of God. This was Luther's doctrine of justification by faith. If he only believed and accepted by faith the work of Christ, he was a child of God, otherwise not. And this without any question as to what the character or life might be. He did indeed teach that the saved ought to do right: but this doing possessed no saving power.

What doctrine of justification must we hold to-day?—for, certainly, we cannot hold that. That, as I have said, seems to me to sum up the boldest and broadest license for immorality that the world has ever seen. And it did issue in this. Practical immorality flooded the empire, and frightened Luther himself. Afterward there arose a great sect of antinomians, those anti-law men as we should call them to-day, who said, if it does not make any difference what my character is, if I am to be saved by faith and my being good has nothing to do with my salvation, what is the use of being good? And they went so far as to practise and teach the doctrine that, if a person would live this life of faith, no matter what *kind* of life he lived, he would be saved. Certainly, we must repudiate, as boldly as Luther repudiated the Church's, his own doctrine of justification by faith.

What do *we* mean by justification in the modern world? There is a grand sense in which faith does, not justify, but become a medium of justification. In a grand sense, faith is one of the mightiest of all world-powers. What do I mean? I mean simply this: if you analyze your own hearts, you will recognize the fact that you are made by what you really believe; not what you accept as an intellectual statement, not a proposition to which you are willing to append your name; but the faith that is in you becomes a power of justification, of salvation. But I believe, and we must all believe, if we rationally treat the matter, not only in justification by faith, but in damnation by faith as well. A man is made good or made bad by that which is the dominant faith of

his life. For, if you believe in a thing with your whole heart, it becomes an inspiration to your life, a moulding force in your character. Take an artist. Let him believe in Couture, in the school of painting which he represents. Of necessity, that belief impels him to follow Couture's ideal until he has wrought it out. Let a man hold a dominant idea concerning anything that is practical, and that becomes a power to make him or to mar him, because he of necessity is shaped into its likeness. So it is grandly true, in one sense, that a man may be justified by faith in Christ. Let him believe in the ideal life that Jesus bodies forth to us, a life of purity, a life of unselfishness, a life of gentleness, a life of service for his fellow-man,—let him believe in that with his whole heart, and he becomes gradually moulded into the image of that ideal; and, just so far as that ideal represents the eternal truth, he becomes eternally true and right himself. That is justification.

Let me carry this one step farther, and declare what seems to me to be the final doctrine of justification. When is a man justified? To say he is justified does not make him any different from what he is, although God himself were to say it. It does not change the fact. He is what he is. Take intellectual justification. How shall I justify my beliefs, my opinions, my thoughts? They are justified and justifiable just in so far as they are in accord *with the truth of things.* If I look at a red flower, and if through some obliquity of vision I think that it is brown, my thought is unjustifiable. It is wrong. It is not in accord with the facts, and no power in the world can make it accord with the facts. The only way that it can be done is either to change the color of the flower or correct my eyes, so that I can see it as it is. A man's thoughts, faiths, opinions, are justifiable, when they correspond with the reality of things.

And so every way. So of the affectional side of a man's nature. When are my loves justified, my tastes, my choice, my inclinations? Only when they are in accord with the highest ideals of those things that are lovely and true. No power can justify them otherwise.

When are my deeds justified? When can I say that my character is justifiable before the eternal bar of truth that sees things in their eternal light? I am justified as righteous, not by any faith in Christ or by any faith in Buddha, or in any other name. I am justified in my character as righteous, in so far as I am right, and not one particle further. When I stand in right relation to my fellow-men as a business man, or in society, or in a political way; when I stand in such relations to my fellows that I help them to be better, help to lift up the world, then I am what I ought to be, but not otherwise. A faith in Christ, or faith in God, or faith in anything else, has power to save only in so far as it is able to make me what I ought to be, not one whit further or otherwise.

This is the only doctrine of justification that can stand the analysis of the moral and rational thought of the world. If you are dishonest, and, as Mr. Moody used to tell us, hide behind the blood of Christ, you are only making yourself a sneak in addition to being dishonest. Behind that blood, you are just as mean as you are standing in the clear light in front of it. If you are rotten at heart, and the righteousness of Christ or the righteousness of God himself be put over you as a covering garment, does it change you one whit? It is only a gorgeous dress for a corpse.

Justification means being in mental, moral, spiritual accord with the reality of things, the truth and the righteousness of God.

We must then, as we look over the past history of the world, reject the doctrine of the Catholic Church. We must equally reject the doctrine of Martin Luther. While we thank him for the grand service rendered in toppling down the tyranny of the papacy, we must come to this scientific view of ourselves, and ask just what we are. We will use all forces at our disposal to shape us, to inspire us, to lift us up, to help us to become what we should be. But we are justified only in so far as we have indeed and in truth become *just*.

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THE LOGIC OF THE REFORMATION.

In the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, the seventh verse, are the words that I will take as the initial point of my discussion: "Yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?"

If Jesus be what he has been held to be for hundreds of years, and what he is popularly taught to be even at the present day, we have in these words definite and divine authority for utter freedom of the human mind in religious matters. "Yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" he says, addressing the scribes and Pharisees of his own time; conceding by that appeal that they were capable of so judging, and that they had a right so to judge.

Yet, in spite of such words as these, in the very name of Jesus himself and, as was supposed, on his authority, there gradually grew up in the course of ages the most tremendous, inexorable, wide-spread religious despotism that the world has ever seen,—a despotism that crushed out almost the last vestige of freedom of thought in matters of religion.

But these words, as has been so frequently the case with regard to others in the course of human history, were spoken too early, too far in advance of the time when people were ready to receive them and to comprehend their vast sweep and magnificence, and to assimilate and make them their own. Fifteen hundred years passed by before anything was done in the way of recognizing or practically carrying out the freedom of the human mind. The first step in that direction we are to consider this morning, and then to look at the two or three next steps which have been partially, though not completely, taken, and which are the logical outcome of this beginning.

Four hundred years ago yesterday, Luther was born. We have come to associate with his name this great doctrine of the right of private judgment concerning religious affairs. We have, however, to take into consideration another fact that limits and defines this in a very important way. Luther did not originate the movement which came to be called the Reformation. Indeed, this was only one phase of a larger, grander movement which came to recognition during the preceding century. We are not ready to say that it started even then. When we have examined a little plant or shrub that we have seen shoot up above the soil, we know we have not seen the beginning of its growth. A long preparation has been going on out of sight. This movement that we call the *Renaissance*, the rebirth of the human mind, came to the surface during the fourteenth century; but we must not think that it began even then. Like a river running for a long time underground, it then came up to the surface, and changed the whole face of European life and thought. The Reformation, then, instead of being started by the personal power of Luther, was, as I have said, only one phase of this larger movement of the reawakening of the human mind. And what was the character of that?

It was the beginning of an emancipation of reason. It was started, so far as we can trace it, by a rediscovery on the part of Europe of the great world of Greek and Roman thought. For hundreds of years, it had almost been forgotten by the common people of Europe that any such world had ever existed. They could not read or write. They had been absorbed with other affairs, and the Church had risen to such a position of supremacy as apparently to include everything within itself. But suddenly, here and there, a scholar in the quiet of his study came in contact with these remains of the old civilizations, and learned that a great world of literature, of science, of art, of philosophy, existed outside the boundaries of that which had been his world,— the Church. Such scholars waked up to the fact that the Church was not everything after all, and did not include everything within itself.

But you must consider how difficult it was for these scholars to think with any freedom; how they hesitated to enter upon this grand inheritance that they had rediscovered. For they considered, just as men in all ages have considered, and as men in all ages will, that the grand concern of life was the salvation of their souls, the condition in which they were to live for eternity. If men believe in a future and endless life, and that on certain conditions only can that eternal life be good, do you not see how everything else becomes vanity as compared with it? The one thing to a man who holds a faith like that is to insure the safety of this eternal existence; and it ought to be.

The mind of Europe had been drilled for generations into the belief that this eternal destiny hung upon the will and word of the Church. They dared not then put their immortal souls in peril. What then should set them free? What should make them able to use and to enter upon this grand inheritance of the past? First of all, they must be persuaded in some way that they could study these old literatures, enter upon this old life, freely use the brains that God had given them, without peril to their immortal interests. This was the one thing of which they needed to be persuaded; and, when they were persuaded of this, they were free.

But how did they become persuaded of it? Here, we begin to see the grandeur of the work of that insignificant monk of Erfurt.

Luther was the man who spoke the word that cast these shackles from the human mind. He did it partly, as I intimated last Sunday, by the rediscovery of the Bible, by questioning the claims of the Church, and by initiating the doctrine that men had an undoubted personal and private right to think for themselves in matters of religion. He persuaded Europe, or that part of it that followed him, that there was another basis than the ecclesiastical one in religion; that they could break with the Church and still keep their religious faith, and still be able to insure their religious safety. The moment men believed that, the Church was gone; each man

stood up for himself. He was no longer a member of a general community alone, but an individual face to face with God, daring to think of these great problems for himself and to come to his own conclusions concerning the meaning of that which they all admitted to be the word of God.

This, then, was the one great charter of freedom which Luther conferred upon the human mind. He did not go so far as to establish anything permanent and final; and we are not to judge him harshly in this nineteenth century, because he went no further than he did in the sixteenth. It is a very serious question whether any criticism of this sort can rightly apply to Luther. If he had gone further, he might have gone so far as to make a perfect failure of it all. The world was not ripe for any further step. It did not need that he should take it. When he had taken this one, he had proved to men that they might dare to think for themselves and still not imperil their eternal salvation. He had set them free from this age-long bondage of the Church. It did not seem to occur to the reformers that there was any need or reason to question whether the Bible was infallible: it was taken for granted. Indeed, it was fully a hundred years, at least, after Luther's time before anything distinct and definite was done in the way of establishing a precise doctrine as to the authority of the Bible. Nobody, in his time, thought of arguing whether the Bible was the word of God, and whether men ought to submit to its teaching. That was assumed. But Luther did take that first grand step of teaching men that they had a right to take this Bible for themselves and try to find out its meaning.

We cannot understand the magnitude of the work which Luther did, or even comprehend the necessity for his doing it, until we ask and answer another question. How did it come about that anybody ever supposed he had a right to compel anybody else to think as he did?

If God indeed made a revelation of his will to man, a revelation such as common, honest people could understand, —and unless it was such a revelation as that, it was no rev-

elation at all,— why, of course everybody would understand it; and, if they knew it was the wisdom and will of God, it could be only the foolish or the insane who would even desire to dispute it. Why, then, was there any necessity of compulsion? We do not think to-day that we need to compel people to believe the multiplication table. If anybody disputes it, we do not think it a crime. If anybody doubts that the world moves around the sun, or that water at a certain temperature will become ice, or that iron will sink, or that wood will float on water, we do not think of punishing him. We rather treat him tenderly, as a person possessing a weakened intellect. Why, then, should one punish another for not accepting the clearly revealed will of God? If it was a revelation, people would be willing enough to accept it themselves; and, if it was not such a revelation, how did it happen that the pope and the priesthood and a few other people had some inside way of finding out the will of God? And how did they have a right to compel other people to accept their theory of that will? Suppose a person did choose to be a rebel and thus to imperil his immortal soul, what business was that of the pope?

Suppose some of you here to-day were taking such a course as to make me perfectly certain that you were going to imperil your everlasting welfare, that gives me no right to imperil your present welfare in this world. I might argue, I might persuade; but who gives me the right to compel another in matters of religious opinion? How did such a monstrous doctrine as this ever get birth in human thought? However strange or far away it may seem to us to-day, it is perfectly natural and comprehensible, when we study the growth of human opinion and character and conduct.

Men are logical in the main. Men are rational in the main; and, if we find them doing something that appears strange, *outré*, we shall probably get an explanation of it, if we are able to find out about the long years of growth through which such ideas have come and how they happened to spring up in the first place. So we shall not find it diffi-

cult to answer why it was that men came to think it was their right and duty to compel other people to accept the opinions *they* held in religious matters.

Let me give you two or three facts from which we shall deduce our answer. Those of you who are familiar with the Old Testament will remember the story of Korah, the man who committed sacrilege in the Israelitish camp, when they were on their march. Did they pick out Korah alone, and punish him? You remember the story. They gathered together his entire family, everybody that was in any way connected with him,— blood relatives, servants, all his cattle, all his property, his household utensils and implements of every kind, and utterly destroyed the whole. They held that in some mysterious way the taint of his personal sin had impregnated everybody and every thing connected with him. They held the doctrine of what I shall call corporate responsibility instead of personal.

Take another illustration. Come down to the time of David, when he was king of Israel. It was believed that it was a sin against God to take a census; that is, to count his people. It was supposed to imply a mistrust of God, and to be relying rather upon human instrumentalities, if one reckoned up the number and strength of human means. Did God punish David for this crime? Not at all. He sent a pestilence, and put to death thousands and thousands of people who had nothing to do with the census. The kingdom was held responsible for David's sin, and was punished for that sin,— the doctrine of corporate responsibility again.

Come down into the Middle Ages, and how common it was for centuries for the Jews to be persecuted on every hand. Their property was taken away from them; many of them were put to violent death; they were driven out of one province and into another; they were almost driven off from the face of the earth. Was this simply cruelty on the part of the people? Not at all. If you study the ideas which underlay these acts of persecution, you will find that the people supposed they were acting in self-defence. They

were driven on by an instinct of sheer terror; for they supposed themselves to be responsible before God for the heresies and the crimes of these people if they permitted them to live in their midst, and so they drove them out as a plague spot that threatened the welfare of the whole community,— the doctrine of corporate responsibility once more.

You remember how the Moors in one great body were driven out of Spain. Why was this done? Because the pope persuaded the king and the priests persuaded the people that the judgment of God would be visited upon the whole nation, if they permitted these heretics to live in the realm; and they were driven out under the impulse of this fear, this instinct of self-preservation.

This doctrine of corporate responsibility was a prevalent one all over the world for ages. But how did such a curious doctrine as this spring up, to us manifestly unjust, but not manifestly unjust when it first came into being? You know how natural it is, after an idea gets fixed in the human mind, for it to linger on age after age, and how hard it is to get rid of it. We are only partly rid of this idea even to-day.

Take that very fundamental doctrine that lies as the foundation stone of the scheme of salvation as held by Christendom, which is the fall of man in Adam. What does it mean? That God laid the responsibility not only upon Adam and Eve, but upon their children unto unborn generations. The whole race is made responsible for the sin of these two,— corporate responsibility again in its widest extension. Every little while, you hear ministers — or hear about their doing it, if you do not hear them — preaching concerning fire or pestilence as a judgment from God. Think what that means. Somebody here in the Boston city government, perhaps, had committed some sin, and, as a punishment to these individuals or to the government, half the city of Boston is burned up, thousands of people made poor or homeless, and those people most of them such as had nothing whatever to do with this supposed sin for which they were punished.

I can remember, at the time of the fire in Chicago, it was

the commonest thing among ministers of the West to point to that as a judgment on the wickedness of Chicago. And yet, in one instance, very curiously, the fire extended so far as to blot out of existence a beautiful orthodox church, and leave untouched a liquor saloon next door to it,—a curious illustration of God's method of punishing.

This idea, I say, we have not yet outgrown. It colors a great deal of our thought as we attempt to judge persons or institutions; and it is at the root of that movement which some very worthy but, as it seems to me, very mistaken persons are making for the insertion of the name God in the Constitution of the United States. They fear that, if we do not introduce this word into that grand instrument, he will punish the whole nation for forgetting him.

How did these ideas spring up? Very simply and naturally. Let us go back to the time before nations, as we know them, were in existence, before people lived in any settled order or within certain definite territorial limits. People at that time wandered about, as did the Israelites, in a tribal condition. Here is a tribe of perhaps one or two thousand people. Here is another, living close beside these and coming in contact with them in their wanderings. Certain members of one tribe commit depredations on the life and property of the other. What is that tribe to do about it? It cannot find the guilty individuals. Even if they were known, the tribe would refuse to give them up for punishment. Indeed, it might even rejoice in the evil that had been committed. The offended tribe, therefore, can only visit its displeasure on its enemies by damaging it as a tribe, and carrying this to such an extent that it shall become the interest of this other tribe to look after the character and conduct of its own members. That was the nearest approximation they were able to make to ideal justice in those old times. One tribe then held the other responsible for the action of its members.

We have a parallel in the modern world. Each of you fathers is held responsible for the debts contracted and the

damage done by any of your children that are still in their minority. Until they have grown up to be independent persons in the eye of the law, this responsibility exists. That idea of corporate responsibility then grew up in the younger world, that kingdoms and nations were to be held responsible for the sins of their members.

You know very well that at any particular stage in the development of the world the ideas which are held concerning affairs of this life are simply transferred to God, and they are regarded as equally applicable to him. Thus, the ideal of what is just and right in man is applied to God. Men create their ideal of God in their own likeness. They do not demand of him that he shall be any better, any more merciful, more just, more tender than they are themselves. They think of him as in their own image in all literalness. Of course, then, they, meting out this kind of justice to each other in this world, would think of God as meting out the same kind of justice toward them, and therefore of themselves as standing in this attitude of corporate responsibility.

The kingdom of France, for example, felt that it was endangering the welfare of the kingdom, if it allowed heretics peaceably to live in its communities. And so, when it compelled them to believe certain things or to be cast out, it was only doing what a man would do to-day, if he cut off his hand to save his body. It was not merely cruelty. Judged from their stand-point, it was self-defence.

You are now ready to see the magnificence of that step which Luther took, when he broke that bond of ecclesiastical authority, of general responsibility before God, and initiated the glorious doctrine that every man stood on his own feet, responsible only for his own religious opinions and ideas; that he stood face to face with God, and that every man must give account of himself, and not of his neighbor. It took the world a good while to take that first step. It has not taken it completely yet, but it is taking it very rapidly.

What does it come to? Religion is that relation in which each individual stands to his God. It concerns the relation

in which he stands to God and to the spiritual life, and that alone. That is the popular conception of religion. What right, then, has the State in the matter? I ask this, because I wish you to see what was the logic of the step that Luther took. The State has no right in the matter. It does not happen to be any of the State's business — to put the matter plainly — whether my soul is saved or lost in the next world. It is the business of the State to look after the order of this world, to concern itself with character and conduct so far as they are wrought into the general social well-being.

I have a right, then, to hold and express any opinions as I please on religious matters, so far as I do not interfere with the general social and political welfare of the State. That is the logic of it. You see that means a charter of perfect freedom in religious matters. That is the logic of the step which Luther took.

But, before this work is quite complete, there need to be taken two other steps, which have indeed been partially taken. To carry out that idea, what needs to be done in this modern world that has not been done as yet? Has the State taken its hands completely from all religious matters and left the individual perfectly free? Not yet.

Let us take two or three illustrations, and see. There are on the statute books of most of the States of America to-day a lot of Sabbath laws. What right have they to exist? The State has this right concerning my method of keeping the Sabbath. It has a right to see that I do not interfere with the quiet and orderly worship of anybody who chooses to worship on that day. Beyond that, it has no right whatever; and any other Sabbath law is simply a usurpation of the individual religious right in these matters.

One more point. The public of Canada has been considerably exercised over one or two very serious interferences of the State in what are individual religious matters. A little while ago, a man attempted to import into Canada certain books of free thought: Paine's *Age of Reason* was one; I do not remember the others. These books were confiscated

by the custom-house officials as being against the interest of the State, and as coming within their right to supervise and control. That is a distinct and definite interference with the freedom of reading, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, in regard to religious matters.

Another case, applicable in Massachusetts as well as in other parts of the world. A Jew was called upon to give testimony in a court of justice. They went into the matter of his religious opinions, just as we do here in America, before they would let him give his testimony. He said he believed in a personal righteous God who governed all the affairs of this world, who meted out divine rewards and punishments to people in this life. They asked him if he believed in a future life; and he took the ground of the agnostic, and said he did not know anything about it. Whereupon, they refused to let him bear testimony in court. Think what that logically comes to. If a man is willing to turn the giving of an oath into a bare farce, if he does not care whether he tells the truth or not, if he professes to believe a thing he does not care about, they will take his testimony. But, if he is conscientious enough not to be willing to perjure himself, they will not except his word. If he is very honest, they will not believe what he says. That is the logic of a man's being obliged to take an oath that he believes in God and the future life before he can give his testimony in a court of justice.

Only a little while ago, one of the noblest and truest men Boston ever had was arrested and put in prison for blasphemy. Channing, in a manly way, came to his defence, although the public opinion of Boston was against him for doing it. This man, Mr. Kneeland, was accused of being an atheist, although he denied the charge. But suppose he was an atheist: was it any of the business of the city of Boston or the State of Massachusetts? Not one whit.

This step must be taken then; we need to wipe from the statute-books every last remnant and vestige and rag that in the slightest way pretends or assumes to interfere with the perfect liberty of every man in matters of religic

There is one step more. If we have not a right to visit a man with a legal penalty for his belief, we have no right to visit him with a social penalty. A good many of us, who think ourselves very free, are not quite free enough as yet in that respect. Some of the noblest men living to-day would tell you, if you asked them if they believe in God, that they do not know anything about him. They would say that they wish they did; but, as the result of their earnest thought, they are compelled to state that they cannot see any evidence of any being apart from the universal order of things. If a man says that, so long as his character is true and his conduct noble, you have no right to visit him with the penalty of the cold shoulder of social disdain. A thousand times no.

Suppose a man does not believe in any future life: have you a right to punish him for his doubt or lack of faith by a social penalty, by not meeting him frankly and freely as man with man, so long as he is a man? These are matters that lie beyond your province. They are matters concerning the relation in which he, as an individual, stands to the eternal right and justice. They do not concern his character or his conduct as a citizen, and they ought not to concern the relation in which he shall stand to his fellow-men in society. That is the logic of the Reformation; and, if you would be logical enough to carry it out to its last result, it is here that you must make your manly stand.

To what, then, shall we come in matters of religion? We shall come frankly to face this fact. As I said a little while ago, you do not visit a penalty upon a man who doubts the multiplication table, or the revolution of the earth on its axis or around the sun. You pity him, if he be sincere. You do not think of punishing him for it. He is punished enough already in this lack of capacity to see what is so manifestly demonstrated. Rather is he to be prayed for in the spirit of that Buddhist prayer, one of the sweetest of any language, "O God, bless the evil: the good thou hast already blessed in making them good."

To what then have we come? To this. Concerning those

things that can be demonstrated as true, there is no need of compulsion or punishment. All rational, sensible men must, perforce, accept them. Concerning those not yet demonstrated, what? Utter and perfect liberty, as many different opinions, if men please to entertain them, as there are different people on the face of the globe, and nobody's business or concern.

Concerning those things not yet demonstrated, it is even an advantage to have people occupy ten thousand different positions and look at them from ten thousand different sides. For the freer the investigation, the wider the speculation, the more likelihood of coming upon the true solution of the problem.

There will be then, when Protestantism is carried out to its logical conclusion, perfect agreement among all sensible people concerning those things that are demonstrated, and concerning everything else perfect liberty, unbiassed speculation.

Here comes in one practical question with which I will close.

When the world comes to this, and I trust we here have come to it already, on what basis shall men organize themselves religiously as churches? Manifestly, they cannot organize on the basis of a common creed, except so far as they make that creed out of demonstrated truth. They can, however, cluster around an ideal, a purpose; and that is the only basis and bond of organization that honest, free men either need or desire. What shall that common purpose be? A common purpose to seek after the truth, and, just as fast as it is found, to incorporate it into human life, and make it the means of lifting up the world.

Under the inspiration and leadership of this spirit, let us go on conquering another inch of ground, as fast as we can widening the limits of that which is demonstrated as true, and keeping to this one common aim; meantime, leaving each other perfectly free, and according to each other an honest and manly respect.

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THE GOAL OF THE REFORMATION.

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."— ACTS x., 34, 35.

IT is probably true of nearly all great historic movements that they tend ultimately toward some goal unforeseen by those men who were most largely associated with the original impulse. Not only are these results unforeseen, but often, had they been seen, they would not have been desired.

It is a serious question, for instance, in my mind, whether, if Martin Luther could have seen the results which have been attained during the last four hundred years of Protestantism, he would not have hesitated before laying his hand to the work. I am not quite sure that he would not have preferred to have left certain things as they were, rather than to have been an instrument in the production of such results as have, even so far, flowed from this great reformation movement. Most certainly, Luther would have stood aghast, had he seen with clear and open eye what we can see to-day as the direction in which these forces are moving and what is to be their probable goal.

We claim ourselves to be one of the legitimate, logical fruits of the Reformation. But there is hardly anything in our church polity or church creed that would not have horrified Martin Luther, could he have foreseen it. Yet, when we study this universe a little deeply concerning the relation in which we stand to it, when we study through the long reaches of the past development of religious life and the unfolding of religious ideas, we see how naturally all these re-

sults have come about. We see how inevitable it is that men who start great movements of reform should not be able either to control their direction or their ultimate results. I am one of those who believe so thoroughly in the great power that controls and guides the affairs of men that, however things may seem to be going, I should count it irreverent, I should count it practical infidelity, to question as to the ultimate outcome. I believe that the soul, the essence of religion, always has been healthy and right, is healthy and right to-day, and always must be healthy and right. Not only that: I believe that this essence, this soul of religion, is the same in all ages, all nations, under all names, through all forms, in every phase of religious development.

Let us consider for a moment what it is that men are after, when they are engaging in what they call the religious life? What is the thing they are seeking? Is it not this,—reconciliation with God, to use a religious phrase? To translate it into scientific terms, without at all changing its meaning, is it not an effort on the part of man to attain a right adjustment between his spiritual life and his moral and spiritual environment? To get into right relations with the power that lives in and works through the universe,—that is what men are after in all religion. But it is of course perfectly plain and apparent that, while the soul of religion remains the same, the body, in which it successively reincarnates itself, age after age, must be continually developing and changing, provided the intellectual life of man makes any advance.

If man is seeking reconciliation with God, he is seeking to get into right relations with this power that he recognizes as above and beneath and all around him. This is the soul, the essence of religion; this is the object of man's search; but the precise form that this search will take on, the intellectual creed in which it will embody itself, will depend entirely upon man's enlightenment, the degree of his thinking, the truth of his thinking concerning this great universe

in the midst of which he moves and of which he is a part. So that, while the soul of religion remains the same, we must expect the body of it to change and change forever. We should have a very poor conception of this infinite universe, if we supposed that we, or that even the most advanced thinkers of the world,— those who are advanced in the true sense of the word,— have attained that which is to be ultimate and final.

Consider for a moment how true this is, when we put it into concrete illustrations. Take a man who worships a fetich, a senseless stick or stone; or take one who worships a frog or snake; or one who has arrived at some higher religious thought,— who worships a tree, a cloud, the wind, the sun, any external object of nature. What is he doing? He only recognizes these things as the outward manifestation of some spirit or life, some power that is above him, beyond him, that in some way controls his destiny, that can work him good or evil. The object of his worship, his sacrifices, his ceremonials and rituals, is simply to get into right relations with this invisible spiritual power. That is the one thing he is after.

Rising above these nature-worshippers or idolaters, come to the old Jewish high-priest in the temple; or let us come to Jesus himself, the highest and finest development of the past religion of the world,— and we find that they are also seeking right relations with God, seeking a perfect adjustment between the spiritual life and the life of the universe. We find that the body of religion is perpetually changing, taking on new forms, according to the advancing intellectual conception of the time.

It does not make any difference how far you carry the illustration. Bring it down to ourselves to-day. Consider it in relation to the finest scientific minds of the world. What are they after? Although they call it science, though they may doubt the existence of a personal God and have no faith in a future life, yet they are after essentially the same thing that we are. They are seeking after the re-

lation in which they stand to this infinite power outside and above and beneath them; and they are seeking to get into right relations to this power. Of course, then, there must be perpetual change in the external conceptions of the creeds, the rituals, the ceremonials, the whole body of the religious life, if men advance in the knowledge of the world, if they get a newer, wider, broader, deeper conception of the universe.

This leads me to notice the next step along this line of the movement which Martin Luther led. Luther, as I have had occasion to say in preceding sermons, broke down the authority of the Church. That is, in the light of a larger knowledge of the world, in the light of a grander conception of the universe, in the light of a truer thought of God, a truer thought of human nature, a truer conception of the right relation existing between man and God, he broke down that exclusive claim of the Church to be the only foundation of the religious life of man. He declared that there was at least one other, and that a better one; and so he substituted for the Church the Bible. He did not go so far as we must to-day; but he went far enough to set the human soul free,— free, at least, within certain grand limits. And the human soul, having learned this freedom, having tasted the sweets of thinking for itself, was not going to stop when Martin Luther became tired. And so, in order to take one step more toward the ultimate goal of the Reformation, we need,— not we here in this church simply, but we as united Christendom,— we need, I say, to take the step of declaring that, as the Church is not the eternal foundation of religion, so neither is the Bible the eternal foundation of religion.

I have intimated to you how natural it is for men to hold religious conceptions which are in accord with their scientific conception of the universe. You will find a certain grand, general parallelism running all through the ages, if you look carefully for it; and you will see that these scientific conceptions of the universe are really the external framework of religious thought and life. In the ages before

Luther, the world was supposed to have material foundations that held it up. It was the centre of everything; the sky was a dome over it; the sun, moon, and stars existed to give light to it. We find the writer of the 104th Psalm speaking of God's having laid its foundations, so that they should not be removed forever. Go back far enough, and you find that people supposed that a tortoise supported the earth, and that under the tortoise was something else, and under that again something else, and so on all the way down to the inconceivable bottom. There must be, they thought, a solid foundation before the world could rest in safety. And just as they believed that there must be a fixed foundation for the world, so they thought there must be a fixed foundation for their religion.

After deposing the Church, Luther put the Bible in its place. We have found out that our earth does not need any foundation, or, if it does, it does not possess it. It is only one orb of a grand system, and this system is only one of a galaxy, and this galaxy only one of a system of galaxies,—all in eternal movement under the impulse of some infinite power; and they are held in their places by their mutual relationship to each other, by their mutual bulk and attraction, and are moving through space that has neither sides nor bottom nor top,—infinite movement under the influence of an infinite life.

This is the truth concerning the material system of things of which we are a part; and we need to declare the complementary truth, that religion needs no infallible, fixed foundation either of church or book. Religion is a part of the eternal life of God and of men, a part of the nature of things; and, poised in its own orb, it can sweep and swing through space forever, held in its position by the mutual bulk and attraction of the infinite God and the soul of man, and the other parts of the great system of things. It needs no foundation.

This attempt to find a foundation is shown to be futile and foolish, when we consider one fact more: neither Church nor

Bible created religion. On the contrary, religion created both the Bible and the Church. Were both Church and Bible blotted out of existence to-day, the eternal power and life of religion would simply go on, and create a new Church and new Bibles without end.

We have reversed the truth of things in our conception; and, when we tremble for the life of religion because the Church and the Bible are touched or criticised, we are no wiser than we should be if we should fear on behalf of the trees and shrubs and flowers and grasses, because, forsooth, somebody should declare that Gray's *Botany* is not infallible. It is not a book on botany that creates flowers and grasses and shrubs and trees. The botany simply tells us about them, so far as the author of the book has learned. There will be new works on botany just as often as there is new knowledge concerning the flora of the earth.

So, precisely, the Bible did not create religion; and criticising the Bible cannot destroy religion. The Bible simply tell us about religion up to the point to which its authority had advanced. But there will be new religious writings just as fast and as far as there are new conceptions of the religious life.

There is one other reason which I must notice, why, for the interest of religion itself, this idea of the Bible being the infallible foundation needs to be taken away. Infallibility assumed in any department of thought is of course death to progress in that department. If, for example, there was some master organ-builder in America who should declare that organs must be built in a certain way, in accordance with certain ideas, and that that was the only infallible way, and should threaten to punish any one who should depart from it, of course there never could be any better organs, so long as that law was enforced. Since the days of Luther, the Bible has lain right across the path of every attempt to make new intellectual advance in any direction.

When men attempted to teach the truth about the constitution of this globe, the Church said, "No, it is not true; and

to say it is a sin." Why? Because the writers of this Bible declared that the world was made so and so; and, no matter what telescopes or astronomical investigations might demonstrate, no one might find out any truth that was inconsistent with the Bible. And so, if they have attempted to teach any new idea about God or about man, the infallibility of the Bible has been placed as a bar across the path of human progress.

This is simply because they have gone on the assumption that the Bible was the infallible, final, ultimate declaration of God to the world; that is really declaring that God is dead, that he has nothing further to say to man, that man can make no further progress, that nothing higher or grander can be found than was discovered two thousand years ago. We need then, as our next step toward the goal of the Reformation, to declare that this substitute for the Church which Luther posited for religion is not needed; that religion is God's child and can take care of itself.

Does this preclude the use of the Bible? By no means. We will study it, read it, reverently, tenderly, lovingly. We will make it our servant, our helper; but we will not have it for a master. Neither Church nor Bible shall be despots, but handmaids and servants of the religious life of man. This is the goal of the Reformation in this direction.

But one or two more steps must be taken. Just as we have revised our intellectual conception of the relationship between religion and the Bible, so we need to go to work and reverse the ordinary conception of the relation between the externals of religion and the religious life itself. We need, in other words, a new idea of what salvation means.

What is it to be saved? You know the old conception has been that the man who had partaken of the sacraments, and thus become a member of the Church, who had declared his submission to the hierarchy of priests, the man who had had certain emotions and feelings, who had passed through certain experiences, the man who was faithful to the observances of times and seasons, the man who prayed,— the man who did

all these things was thereby proved to be a saved man. We need to reverse all that. Let us first go to the man himself, and find out whether he is saved or not. Then, we will find out the process by which he became saved, whether through Church or ritual or sacrament or the Bible or what not. Then, we will value this means of salvation just precisely in accordance with its practical power for working good in the human heart and life.

When is a man saved? Let us take a very simple illustration by which to approach this subject.

We have a word, "health," indicating a certain condition of the physical being. This word "health" is derived from the same word as "whole"; so that, when the New Testament speaks of one who had been sick as being made whole, it means that he has been made complete and whole in his physical relations. If we take another step, we see that the word "holy" is derived from the same word; and we stand face to face with the grand truth, so simple, so sensible, and yet so rarely recognized, that holiness is nothing more nor less than spiritual health. When a man is well in body, he is in health. When he is holy in soul, he is in spiritual health. That is the root and eternal idea underlying the word.

Now, then, a man is healthy physically when all the functions and powers of the system are right,— when they are, as they ought to be, in right relations to each other, and when the whole physical system is in right relations to the world outside. Sickness means maladjustment of some parts of the body, or the maladjustment of the whole body to the external conditions of life. Sickness of soul is maladjustment of the spiritual or religious nature. It is out of right relations to other religious natures, out of right relations to the personal duties which it owes to its fellows, out of right relations to the infinite life out of which we have come and of which we are a part. A man is saved, then, when he is righteous, when he is right, when he is well, when he is in health of soul,— holy; and it does not make any difference

how he became so. You do not decide whether a man is in physical health by asking him who his doctor is, or what school of medicine he believes in,— homœopathy, allopathy, hydropathy, or any other. You do not find out the external physical creed and ritual of his life, and then decide whether he has lived according to that creed or not. You find out whether he is healthy or not by an examination of his person, his real condition of body. You do not care how he became healthy, through what process, under the guidance of what doctor, in the belief of what school of medicine.

So, precisely, we need to reverse our ideas of whether a man is saved or not. He only is saved who is in spiritual health, when, in the words of the text, he fears God and works righteousness. Fearing God means no slavish subjection, no trembling in his presence, but a serious regard for the right and the true, a reverent, devout recognition of the great laws and forces of the universe, and an attempt to be in right relations with these. A man is saved when he is all that; and it does not make any difference,— Peter said so, although the Church called after Peter very soon forgot his lesson —it does not make any difference, I repeat, whether a man is called a Jew, a Christian, a Unitarian, a Free Religionist, a Baptist, a Buddhist, or a Mohammedan, in all nations, in every religion, in every sect, it is he that feareth God and worketh righteousness that is saved, and nobody else. There is no heaven, just as there is no happiness, for you personally, except on this condition. You enjoy physical happiness just in so far as you are well, happiness accruing from the natural play of these functions that are in health. So there is no heaven for you in this world or in any other, except as you have the happiness, the peace, the rest, the joy which result from this spiritual right relationship, this health of the whole man. We need, then, to learn this lesson, and to learn it completely: not to question whether a man agrees with us, holds the same ideas that we do, but to find out whether he is devout, earnest, sincere, truth-seeking,

trying to do God's will. If so, we count him saved and a brother, whatever name he bears.

Just one step more we need to take before we reach the ultimate and final goal. When we have found out that religion does not need a fixed foundation, and when we have learned that it is the righteous, and they only, that are saved, then we need to reconstruct all our ideas of the Church, and look for the true Church in the direction indicated by these two steps.

There has been on the part of all men everywhere an instinctive search for unity, for the oneness of things, for some sort of principle that should bind all apparently heterogeneous elements and movements together. Men believed in the unity of the universe before they could demonstrate it; and so men everywhere have believed in a unity of religion, and have looked forward to the time when all the world would be of one faith and one baptism,— worshippers of one God. Just before the time of Luther especially, they thought they had almost realized this conception of unity; and it was in their frantic endeavors to realize it that they perpetrated many of their cruelties and a large part of the injustice which they inflicted on men. There was first the great Roman Empire,—the unity of public affairs; and then there was the Holy Catholic Church,— the unity of religious and spiritual affairs. Luther broke this unity; and, from that day to this, we have apparently been breaking up into a wider and wider diversity in every direction, until men have wondered whether there could be any possible unity after all. But the one unity we need to seek, the one unity that we ought to seek and look for everywhere, underneath the surface of apparent diversity, is this unity indicated in our text. Who is a member of the one Church of God on the whole round earth? Why, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness. We must get over the idea, for it is petty, it is unscholarly, it is out of accord with the lessons of history, that we shall ever be able to convert the world to just *our* peculiar ways of thinking and doing. We ought not even to desire it. We

must cease looking for the one universal Church of God under any name.

If you to-day are reverent, serious, and earnest in trying to find the truth, and are doing the best you can to work that truth out into practical living in the way of righteousness,—living in right relations to your fellow-men and to God,—then you are one of this eternal universal Church. And not only you: over beyond the fence that some sect outside of us is building around itself are men, sometimes by the dozens, or the hundreds or the thousands, we will hope, who are trying to find out God's truth and to work it out in their lives. They also are brother members with us, whether you are willing to own it so far as they are concerned, or whether they are willing to own it so far as you are concerned. Here is this grand underlying unity, and all are children of God. We must not expect to find unity even in Christendom. I do not believe that the whole world is going to be called by any one existing religious name. At any rate, if that day is to come, it is so far away that it is impossible for us to conceive of it. But there is to be made daily, hourly, yearly progress along the line of its development; and men are to recognize that, under whatever name or of whatever religion he may be, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, and so is a member of this one world-wide, universal Church.

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OUR INDIAN QUESTION:

A PROBLEM IN CIVILIZATION.

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Our Indian Question: A Problem in Civilization.

I SHALL make no apology for bringing to your notice a question whose roots run down deep into the soil of natural justice and civilization. This place and this time are none too sacred for the consideration of righteousness and humanity.

There is a bill now pending before Congress, the passage of which will be at least one step toward the solution of this problem. It has already passed the Senate, and probably during this winter will be considered by the House. I wish to do what I can to create a public sentiment, without which no just law can be passed, nor, after it is passed, enforced. Laws are nothing but words, except as they are the expression of the people's will. We need, then, to do what we can to create this will and make it a vital force in the country. Then, the law will be simply the peoples' hand carrying out their purpose.

On the occasion of his recent retirement from the head of the army, General Sherman said that, with the completion of the several lines of railroad connecting the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific Coast, the Indian question is settled. He speaks, of course, from the stand-point of the army; and what I take him to mean is simply that the occasion for the army's fighting the Indians has gone by. I trust that this may be so, although I confess that, with the history of our past dealings with them in my mind, I am not quite so sanguine as is General Sherman.

When we have ceased to fight the Indians, what then? Is the question of justice and civilization settled?

Instead of that, it is literally true that, after two hundred and fifty years of our dealing with these people, we have not as yet taken the first intelligent, persistent, serious step toward solving the Indian question. When will it be solved? When they have permanent and peaceful homes; when they are self-supporting; when they have at least the rudiments of a common education, so that they can read and thus come into sympathy with the common life of our country; when they have the opportunity held out before them, on certain terms that are fair and just, of attaining the position of citizens. It will be settled when these things are done.

What have we done with the Indian? You know, in a general way, that there are a certain number of Indians scattered over the plains, although you do not know exactly where. You know that the army has fought them, that the United States agents now and again have plundered them, that certain spasmodic efforts have been made to educate them, that missionaries of different denominations have been sent to them, who have endeavored to convert them to their own special tenets and beliefs. These things you know, but I question whether there are many people in this country who have looked much more deeply into the matter than this.

I do not propose to give you a history of even one separate tribe; but our treatment of them in the beginning I shall give you in the words of one of our American bishops. You will pardon the pun in his language, for it is not mine. It expresses so precisely, so emphatically, the mingling of religion and cruelty that has made up our policy toward the Indian that I cannot forbear giving the quotation. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, in an address not long ago, is reported to have said that, when our forefathers landed in this country, the first thing they did was to fall upon their knees, and the next thing was to fall upon the aborigines. They have been falling upon them ever since.

The Indians possessed this country by right, when our fore-

fathers came here. What have we done with them? We fought them: we drove them from their homes, from one home to another, pushing them west and still west, until suddenly, by a flank movement, our civilization took possession of the Pacific Coast; and, since then, we have been grinding them between the two movements at the centre of our country. We have made treaties with them over and over again; and perhaps it is literally true that not one single treaty has ever been made that has not been broken. We have solemnly appropriated money to build them school-houses and to educate them, but we have not done it. We have made them sacred promises time after time, but have broken those promises. We have done everything except, like an independent, free, strong, manly nation, keep our word, and deal justly and fairly with these people. I think I shall not be overstepping the limits of sober history,—and I challenge contradiction of the statement,—when I say that, of the long series of bloody, merciless, cruel wars that have been fought, nine out of ten have been caused by our own perfidy, our own treachery, our own aggression; and that, in almost every case, the Indians have shown a remarkable disposition, considering the stage of civilization that they have attained, to be true to their treaties and to keep faith with us. They have borne with us patiently, much more patiently than we should have borne with them. From their stand-point, they have nobly attempted, in the main, to be true to the solemn treaties into which they have entered.

Let me give you a few illustrations of the way in which they have been treated, and how some of the wars have sprung up. These instances are not far-fetched. They are rather typical. I have in mind one case like this. A tribe of Indians had been driven first from one reservation and then from another, because the white people, after solemnly granting to them possession of these lands forever, suddenly found out that they were very valuable, and wanted them back again. They had been driven from one reservation to another, never from a poorer to a better, but always on a

sliding incline downward, until by and by they occupied a piece of land where it was simply impossible for them to live. The government had promised them agricultural implements, but as usual had not furnished them. They waited patiently. The United States soldiers surrounded the reservation. There was nothing to eat; there were no implements with which they could raise anything to eat. There was nothing with which they could clothe themselves. The reservation was bare of animals; the buffaloes had all been driven far away. There were no fish in the streams, if, indeed, there were streams of any size on the reservation. Nothing to eat, nothing to wear, and yet forbidden by the United States government and prevented by the United States soldiers from leaving the reservation, imprisoned, and on the verge of starvation, yet they waited, day after day, hoping that the promises made to them might be kept. They even dug in the ground for roots, and hunted decayed and withered berries with which to satisfy their hunger. At last, in sheer desperation, some escaped, to go for food wherever they could get it. Yet, in all this time, they were in sight of cattle belonging to the United States; in sight of provisions of one kind and another, yet not one single thing was stolen: thus, they kept faith to the very letter with their engagement. At last, in their attempt to procure food, some escaped from the reservation, and, coming in conflict with some other tribe or with some white settlers, some persons were killed. Revenge sprung up on both sides, and suddenly an Indian war. We got the story, of course, from the whites; for the Indians have no papers, no reporters, no way of getting their side of the story before the public. The only thing we knew was that there was an Indian war and that people were being killed; and at once the cry arose, as usual, Let them all be blotted out of existence. The barbaric cry which one hears along the frontier was re-echoed,— "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian."

We get records from officers high in position similar to this. One of them said on such an occasion, It is hard

enough for our soldiers to be compelled to go and kill these people, but it is a still harder thing when they have to go with the consciousness that the Indians are in the right.

Let me give another instance. A white man — one of that type of low-lived villains that makes forever the dirty, half-ravelled-out fringe of our frontier — assaults and outrages an Indian wife. The husband does what we would honor any one here for doing,— kills him like a dog. Then, he flees. The United States, thereupon, makes a demand upon the tribe to which the Indian belongs, that he be given up for punishment. The chief of the tribe replies that they would gladly give him up, although they think he did right, if they could find him; but they do not know where he is. And, because they do not carry out an impossibility, war is declared and the whole tribe is made to suffer. Its goods are confiscated, its dwellings burned, its people put to death, because they tried to stand up for something that, in their rough way at least, they consider justice.

I have in mind just one other instance. A party of troops, irresponsible this time, perhaps half a dozen in number, comes upon an Indian village where there are only women and children. They assault the women, offering gold with one hand and pointing a revolver with the other. The women dare to resist, and at last, in their desperation, try to flee. They are met with the most cruel and bloody outrages. The soldiers, firing upon them, shoot down the women, and, pursuing the little children, turn them into targets for their bullets. This is an historic case. After a while, something of the nature of a court-martial is attempted; but nothing is ever done. They cannot easily settle who the men were or where the guilt belonged, and so they go free.

I say then that, nine times out of ten, Indian wars have sprung up from aggressions and outrages on the part of the whites, instead of from any natural cruelty of disposition on the part of the natives. I do not deny that the Indians are barbarous, cruel, uneducated, uncivilized. I simply say that,

in spite of this, the facts are essentially as I lay them before you this morning.

Now, what is to be done with these people? There is a general impression — I find it almost everywhere, when I speak of the matter — that the Indians are only few in numbers. This is true. People think that they are gradually dying out,— fading, as we say, before the advance of the higher type of civilization,— and that all we need to do is to wait and let things alone, and the matter will settle itself. Unless you have studied the matter more deeply than most people have, I shall perhaps surprise you by making the statement that the Indians are not dying out. I had a conversation on this subject two or three years ago with Major J. W. Powell, of the Smithsonian Institute, probably the best authority on the Indian question we have to-day in America. He certainly surprised me, when he told me that there was probably about the same number of Indians in America to-day that there was when the country was discovered. We are not, then, to have an easy solution of the difficulty by letting them alone. They are here, and in as large numbers as they ever were, so the best authorities tell us; and we must deal with them as a living and probably permanent element in the problem of our government and civilization.

I have admitted that the Indians are cruel; but I challenge anybody to question the statement that we ought to be the last people to make this an excuse for the methods with which we have dealt with them. If we remember that the Indians are some ten or twenty thousand years possibly behind us on the road toward civilization, and if we remember that within five hundred years the highest Christianity of Europe has persistently handled the inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, and all the most ingenious methods of torture in trying to persuade those of their own kindred and blood,— if we remember these facts, we should not be too much horrified at tales of Indian cruelty. And when we remember also what is true, that every deed of barbaric

cruelty on the part of the Indians you can match with one on the part of the whites, we ought still less to call up their cruelty as a reason for the method with which we have dealt with them.

The Indians had a certain rough, brave, manly virtue, when they were discovered. We learned nothing in the way of vice from them, when we came here. We could match them at every point, and teach them something new. And the very worst vices that the Indians are cultivating to-day are those that we have taught them, and that did not exist here when this country was discovered.

A little while after John Wesley visited this country and went to Georgia in an attempt to Christianize not only the white people, but the Indians, an old chief of the Cherokees was asked why he did not become a Christian. He replied, drawing himself up in his dignity: "Those are Christians at Savannah. Christians get drunk, Christians beat men, Christians tell lies. Me no Christian." Can you wonder that they were not easily converted, with such examples before their eyes?

I have no sentiment concerning this matter. I do not plead for benevolence. I do not appeal for humanity. I believe that we had a right to come here; we had the right of conquest. We had the right of the higher type of civilization to supersede the lower; but along with that right,— and this is my one plea — went the duty of justice. The United States from the very first conceded that the Indians had the right of occupancy of the soil. They have always conceded this right by treating with them and by going through forms of purchase. Yet time and time again, through a long roll of instances disgusting and disgraceful, the United States both in its national capacity and through State action and through the action of individuals has contravened every principle of right and justice and honesty in dealing with them.

Now let us look for a moment at where the Indians stand, and whether there is any way by which they can be civilized. They are not such outright hopeless savages as we are accus-

tomed to suppose. This human race of which we are a part started perhaps a hundred thousand years farther down the road of barbarism than the position the Indians occupy to-day. We all started there. Age after age, through blood and tears and difficulty and struggle, we have been toiling up toward the place we occupy to-day. What are these Indians? They are simply laggards in the race, they are fractions of humanity that have not as yet advanced along this common road so far as we have; but they have advanced a great deal farther than many are aware.

Let me give you an illustration. We delight to read Homer's description of the life of the Greeks at the time of the Trojan War. We talk of their kings, and think of them as wonderful men, as possessing many of the arts of life. And yet, when this country was discovered, the Iroquois tribe of Indians, that went by the name of the Six Nations, had reached politically almost precisely the same point of development that was occupied by Agamemnon and his compeers, when they banded together to fight against the city of Troy. What were these Greeks? They were separate tribes, each tribe under the command of its *basileus*, or king, as we translate it. It would be a great deal nearer the truth, if we called him war-chief; for that is what he was. These Greek tribes banded together under different chiefs to fight Troy. The Six Nations were six different people, each banded together under the government of its own chieftain, and these federated into one common people. They had reached relatively the same position as that occupied by the Grecian kings and people at the time of the Trojan War. It was seven hundred years after the Trojan War before the Greeks took the decisive step which constituted the turning-point between the ancient and modern political civilization. These Indians, then, are not in so hopeless a condition. They are travelling the same road that we have travelled, only they have not come so far.

What can we do for them? The problem is simple as daylight. There need be no question as to what we can do and

ought to do. There need be no question as to how we can take them by the hand and help them to pass more rapidly than we have done over that which remains of the pathway that leads to where we are. We stand in the same relation to them that we do to our own children. It took this human race thousands on thousands of years to invent an alphabet, to learn to work in metals, to learn the art of printing, to take the various steps leading to that which we call civilization. But, when a little child is born into the world, we do not leave him to take all these steps alone. We do not leave him to invent an alphabet for himself, to learn to count, and invent a system of notation alone. to learn to print, and to work in metals unaided. We give the child the advantage of our attainments, and help him in a few years to pass over the ground that it took the human race a hundred thousand years to traverse. It is precisely this that we can and ought to do for the Indians.

I want now to ask you to consider five steps that the Indians are competent to take, that we can help them to take, and that we owe it to them and to ourselves that we should help them to take.

1. We need, in the first place, to assure the Indians a permanent home somewhere. Give each one of the tribes a reservation, *not* on the condition that they shall keep it if it does not turn out to be worth much, or if somebody else does not happen to want it. Give them a permanent reservation on which they may live as long as they please, assured by the power of the United States, pledged at this time to a faith that it is ready to keep. Give them a permanent home,— a territorial limit that shall be *their own country*. The importance of this, unless you have studied the methods of human civilization, you may perhaps not realize.

Up to the year 509 B.C. there was not a people on the face of the earth that did not keep up this tribal organization. The government was vested in a supposed father, or head, of the tribe; and the tribe was made up only of lineal descendants thus united by ties of blood into this one great

family. If any one was admitted from another tribe, he had to go through the fiction of adoption, so as to make him a child of that tribe. Only 509 B.C., every government was constituted like that. The first man that made the transition from that to the more modern system was Kleisthenes, the Athenian. He was the first one who established a government based not on the fiction of blood relationship, but on territorial limits, so that all the people who lived within certain boundaries, no matter where they were born, had the rights of citizenship. This is the turning-point of political civilization. Right there should be set up the mark of division between the ancient and modern world. If we wish the Indians to be civilized, we should give them a permanent home, help them to take this step that it took the world so long to take.

2. The next step is one that follows naturally, and is a carrying out of the same principle. Help them to ownership of lands in severalty, to personal possession. Consider for a moment; put us in the same position, and where would we be? Why is it that you work and strive and plan and toil? Because you know certain benefits may accrue to you, that you can reap the reward of your labor. This is the only impulse under which men come up to the level of civilization. Take it away, and we should all be barbarians in a year. Give a man a home, something he can call his own, something to live for, to work for, something that, if he betters it, if he makes it more valuable, it shall be to his own advantage and to the advantage of those he loves. Who would do anything for the future if, here in Boston, we knew that some stronger force might come and drive us out and dispossess us? Who would care to purchase pictures, to invest in libraries, to build up schools, to provide churches, under such circumstances? When this sense of security is taken away, the tap-root of everything human is cut. No wonder that the Indians have made no progress in civilization. We have given them no chance to make progress. Not only that, we have deprived them of the possibility of

finding and making chances for themselves; for we have made the prospect of a permanent home something that no man of them all could look forward to.

3. We need to give the Indian personal responsibility before the law. What is their responsibility to-day? An Indian can be punished, but he cannot be defended. He cannot defend himself before the laws of the United States. No Indian has a personal status before the law. Suppose he is abused, robbed, murdered, neither he nor his friends have any legal recourse. He can complain to the agent, who, if he does not happen to be the one who did the wrong, can perhaps have something done in the Indian's behalf; but the Indian has no power. Put us in that position. Suppose we should set off one ward in Boston, and take away the legal status there. How long do you think it would be before barbarism and savagery would exist there? When legal protection is taken away, men will attempt some rough approximation to justice. They will try lynch law or something of that kind, and who blames them? Certainly not those who have studied the history of human development.

4. The next step is to give the Indian a common education. I do not plead for this in the way of benevolence. We have promised it. We have robbed them of property enough to build and pay for a system of education, beginning with the primary school and ending with the university, in every tribe of America. Not only this, but we have robbed them of the property that we have conceded to be theirs. They ought to be taught the use first of agricultural implements, taught household ways and duties, and trades by which they may earn their own living. They say sometimes that the Indians will not work. Who *will* work, if he has no motive, if there is no possibility of reward? I do not know of any white man that likes very much to work; and I do not know of any one that would work at all, if you took away every human impetus for his labor. Instead of this charge being true, more than one-third of all the Indians in America to-day — in spite of all the difficulties and obstacles

in their way — are actually working enough to earn their own poor support. Teach them to work, how to work, how to till the soil, to do those things adapted to the place where we give them a home. Teach them the English language, so that they can learn what sort of a people we are, so that they can read the papers and understand our type of civilization, and thus come into sympathy with our thought and ways.

5. The last step is to hold out to them the prospect, when they have earned the right through self-support and intelligence, of becoming citizens of America. Do any of you hesitate about this? Do you know that some of our great cities are to-day in the control of a class of men besides whom the average Indian is a white man? But need we hesitate about the Indian being fit for citizenship? If he is not, if we still make any claim to be civilized, let us take away the franchise from those whom an Indian would be ashamed to associate with. We complain of a large class of foreigners that they make no attempt to become citizens, and yet, of those men who were here before us, who have rights in the soil, who can appeal to us by the strongest claims for justice,— of those men we take no sort of account, we take no step toward inducing them to travel in the pathway that ends in the possession of a vote and voice in our government.

These, then, are the five steps,— a permanent home, personal possession of land, a personal status before the law, a common education, and hope of citizenship. Mark the parallel between these steps and those that we ourselves have taken. They are the individual steps that all peoples have taken who have risen from barbarism to civilization. They are only behind us in the same path that we have trodden. It is for us to take them by the hand, and help them to come up where they can stand by our side.

Had I a voice that could reach the ears of every voter in America, I would not plead for benevolence for the Indian. The man who has a just and righteous claim demeans himself when he asks for mercy. I would not argue this question on the basis of economy, although the United States

has already lavished, wasted, and thrown away, in its dealings with the Indians, more than enough twice over to have accomplished all I plead for this morning. If you look at it from this stand-point, it is the cheapest thing to be done. But I would not put it on this low level. I would, were I able, reach the ear of every man in America with a voice that had in it the majesty of God's thunder and the cut of his lightning,—a voice as if it echoed from the throne of the Almighty itself,—and my message should be the one demand for justice.

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TO WHOM SHALL I BE THANKFUL?

My subject this morning is the question whether there is anybody anywhere to whom we can rationally be thankful. This subject is suggested by the time,— Thanksgiving Day having just passed. My text is two words from the fourth verse of the One Hundredth Psalm,— "Be thankful."

As I have studied this matter, I have been inclined to think that thankfulness is very largely a matter of temperament,— something, however, that, like all other natural faculties, can be educated, made larger, deeper, broader, more. Some people, I believe, are born thankful. They go through life cheery, sunny, appreciative, ready to see the good in their circumstances, the good in others, the good all around them, and to be glad and grateful for it. Others seem to be born with just the opposite disposition, coming into the world with a cry, and going through it with a grumble, seeing nothing anywhere for which to be grateful. Their lives are full of blessing, full of good, full of material for enjoyment; and yet they seem to see very little for which to be grateful, very slight cause for thanksgiving either to God or man. I have known some men, and you have known such, whose lives seemed very bare and empty,— persons of little education, persons driven from morning till night with toil, whose homes were of the poorest and simplest kind,— but yet who went through life singing and glad, seeming to be thankful just because they were living, because they could breathe the

fresh air, see the blue sky, and look out over this marvellous scene of the world. But you have seen a great many others — I trust you are not one of the kind — whose lives are full of good, who have at least enough of wealth to supply all rational needs, who have beautiful homes, wives and children that might be a source of gladness and of peace, who are fairly prosperous in business, who are able to understand something of the world's thought, its literature, its art, its music, but yet who are not thankful, and are apparently not even glad that they live.

I hardly know how to explain such cases except on the score of natural temperament. Now and then, it seems to me, it is a case of possible envy. You remember that significant story of Haman, in the old Book of Esther, who was the greatest man in the kingdom next to the emperor himself, having power, wealth, and means of gratification at his disposal, but yet sour, disappointed, and angry, seeing no cause for gratitude or joy, because there was one man too independent to bend the knee to his majesty and his glory.

So I see people going through the world surrounded with all sorts of gratification and pleasure, yet having no gladness in it all, because they lack some little thing which is not really essential to their happiness, perhaps because some one else possesses something that they do not,— a house, a garment, a picture, an opportunity.

Then there are others — possibly, in these days, the number is multiplying — who, as a result of the transition of thought through which we are passing, because of their questions concerning God, concerning the meaning of life, concerning destiny, are thrown into such a state of doubt and apprehension that they are ready to ask seriously and sadly whether life is worth living, whether there is anything really in life for which to be thankful, unless one can know the outcome and the end.

I believe that this is only a temporary phase of thought and feeling through which the world is passing, and I have only the profoundest sympathy for those who suffer from it.

But it is not these themes that I am to discuss at any length or directly to-day. I wish rather to ask a question springing out of them, and to endeavor to answer it, if I can.

Is there any one to whom we should be thankful? If there is, how shall I express my gratitude; shall it be in words or deeds?

It was easy enough in the old world and with the old conceptions of God, and of his methods of governing the universe, for men to be thankful to God, because they had no thought of what we are accustomed, in philosophical and scientific terms, to speak of as second causes, the laws or forces of nature,— forces that were deaf and could not hear, that were blind and did not see, that were heartless and could not feel. In the old world, they had very little thought of these. They recognized God at first hand, as a being who wrought all the movements and changes of the universe. It was God whispering in the breeze, riding on the wings of the wind, who made clouds his angels, the flames his messengers.

Suppose we go back till we reach that time in the history of the world,— a time that was universal once,— when men worshipped the spirits of their dead ancestors, the fathers of their tribes, the great chief that ruled and governed them, who had died and passed away from earth. They do not think of him as dead. He exercises not only his old power over them still, but a more mysterious and wonderful one, rewarding his descendants when they praise and honor him and give him offerings, punishing those that disobey or forget or neglect him.

They dealt first hand with this one God of their tribe,— their father, their author, their governor,— making offerings and praying to him. They believed they could make him a present just as definitely as we now make presents at Christmas time, or at any other time, to our friends. They believed that he knew what they wanted. They would ask him to give them prosperity in their hunt, in their warfare, to do this or that for them, to send them rain to water their parched

ground and save their dying crops. If they received what they desired, it was easy for them to believe that he heard and understood the feelings of their heart.

Take a step forward to the time of the ancient Hebrews and their God Jehovah. At first, he was not the supreme God of all the earth, but only their tribal God,— the one who had this people in his own especial care and keeping, and whom they could thank for the good things that came to them. They could go to him as children go to their father, and ask for what they wanted. They were not troubled about natural laws, about the forces of the universe. They did not question whether God could hear them, or whether it was possible for him to answer prayer, whether he could interfere with the natural order of the universe, whether he could work miracles. There was no miracle about it in their thought, no order broken; for they had no conception of any order. To them, asking Jehovah to give them what they desired was as simple as asking a friend here in this world for a favor. They had no more conception of any interference with the laws of nature than you have, when you ask your friend to do something for you, and he performs it.

It was easy under that condition of things for people to ask for what they desired, and to be thankful when they received what they thought the direct gift of God. And so, until very modern times, the world has not been practically troubled with these questions.

This conception of Jehovah as a tribal God continued until, as Christianity inherited the religion of the Jews and made herself mistress of the civilization of Europe and America, the god of the tribe became the God of all the world. But he still stood in this same intimate relationship with man. Your fathers, the most of them, were not troubled by any questions of this kind here in New England. If the crops were thirsty and the ground parched, the minister prayed for rain without any thought or care or fear of any laws of nature that he need to take account of. And, if the rain came, they thanked God with just as much sim-

plicity as they thanked a friend when they received the things they desired.

But all this has changed with the rise of human thought and human knowledge. We now feel ourselves confronted by this great mechanism of things which we call nature, this system of law and order that is not interfered with by any prayer, that no cry of the human heart can touch or change. And so, when calamity comes, we feel that we must stoically bear it, as something that neither we nor anybody else could help. And, when blessing comes, it comes as the result of this natural order of things, we say; and so no thanks are due to God.

Let us take two or three concrete illustrations, and see to what a pass this style of thinking has really come. Suppose I wish to make a journey to Europe. It never occurs to me to ask God to control the winds and make them blow in the direction in which I wish to sail. If the ship is not well built, I know perfectly well that no prayers will heal a defect in her hull, or adjust any difficulty or disarrangement with her machinery, or strengthen the boiler so as to make it bear more than just so much pressure of steam.

If an iceberg comes drifting down from the north enveloped in fog, so that we cannot see a half-mile before us, and the ship comes into collision with it, I know that this is a part of the natural order of things that could not have been foreseen, that no prayers would have prevented, and that no outcry now will change.

It is precisely the same in every department of life. The farmer to-day plants his crop; but he knows it is a matter of soil, of the quality of the seed, of the amount of his cultivation, whether he will get a crop. If he neglects these things, no prayers will make any difference with the result. And so he feels that he is dealing not with God, but with the natural forces of the world; and that it depends upon him, upon his intelligence, his skill, his industry, his faithfulness, whether he will receive the reward of his labor. To whom, then, he will ask, shall I be thankful? I and the old earth have done it all.

Or take the question of man's relation to his fellow-man. If he does not feel that he has any need for being thankful to God, he is apt to feel that he has no more reason to be thankful to man. I sometimes hear a man say: "I came into this world without asking to be brought here: I owe no thanks to anybody for that. Life was given me: I did not seek it. As I came up into the world, beyond the care of home which enabled me to get on my feet, I had no reason to be grateful. I fought my own battle. I never received a dollar from anybody, nor a particle of help, for which I did not give an equivalent in service. I have wrought out the results of my life myself. I only am responsible for my destiny, good if it be good, and bad if it be bad." It is not strange, in the presence of these facts, that men should say, as did that ancient king of Babylon, looking with pride over the result of his work, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?"

The world is full of what we call self-made men,— men who feel as if they owe thanks to nobody for what they are. This is the way it looks to us at first, when we are confronted with this modern conception of the world, when we look out over human society and see each man struggling for himself. Business men say to me once in a while: "If you should come and sit in my office and see the kind of men I deal with, see them attempt to bargain with me, with not a trace of benevolence in them, each one looking out only for himself, perhaps you would have a less optimistic view of life than that which you express so often in the pulpit. What do I owe to these men who come to me only when it is to their own advantage to do so, who offer me a bargain only when they can make something out of it, seeking always their own welfare, not once thinking of mine?" It is not strange that men look at the world in this way.

Yet listen to me, and see if there is not another side to this question, just as practical as business, just as comprehensible as the multiplication table, just as real a fact as any which you are accustomed to deal with in your daily lives.

Not thankful to man! Consider for a moment, and tell me

if there be any one thing that you have and enjoy to-day that you do not owe in the first place to other men and women? Is there anything of which you can say, "See, this is mine, I have wrought it out, I have achieved it alone, I am not responsible to anybody for it, I am under no obligations to anybody"? Take, for instance, the business man,—who says, by his own arm and the power of his own thought, the exercise of his own industry and skill, he has amassed his fortune. How does it come to pass that this great modern world exists as an opportunity in which he can do business, and thus work out this individual fortune? Did he create this great system of interchange of commodities? Did he create the human wants that are met in this interchange? Did he build the cities? Did he construct the ships and invent the iron ways?

This magnificent result, this opportunity, has come as the last flowering and fruitage of at least two hundred thousand years of human effort, toil, struggle, warfare, and invention. Go back to the beginning, and see that savage ancestor for the first time become wise enough to wrench off a limb from a tree, and wield it as a weapon of defence against the wild beasts of the world. Then see him laboriously, and through a long course of years, devising some way by which he can capture the fishes that swim in the rivers and in the seas, and thus enlarge the supply for his natural wants. Stand by the side of the first man who conceived the invention of the bow and arrow. This simple bow and arrow with which children to-day are accustomed to amuse themselves was, for its time and place, as important an invention in relation to the progress of man as was the discovery of metal, the invention of the alphabet or the printing-press to the later world; and it came as the result of ages of experiment and toil and effort. Then see those far-off ancestors scooping out a log and making a boat and trusting themselves for the first time to the treacherous waters, skirting along the shores, not daring a distant voyage, even to islands within their sight, improving on it slowly year after year, until at last we have the modern

ship, and the widest oceans are turned into common ferry ways for men. See this same primitive man draining the swamps, clearing the forests, and driving back the wild beasts, to make a place for a permanent home, slowly building a hut, improving on it, until we have the wonderful architecture of the modern world. See men experimenting over the invention of money,— some medium of exchange,— until now we have this great system of banking that enables us to deal so easily with the most distant parts of the earth. Then see men inventing the alphabet, learning to write, and discovering printing, building up along all these avenues of advance the total structure of that great mass of results that we cover with the one word "civilization,"—the opportunity in which a man can live and think and labor and reap the results of his toil.

How much of all this did you do? And yet, without it, you would have been as powerless as though bereft of hand and foot, and ear and eye and tongue. Do you owe nothing to men? Is there no one on earth to whom you have reason for saying, "I thank thee"?

I might draw a similar illustration from any department of human life and thought. When you are through with your business for the day, you sit down in the midst of your books or with your papers scattered over the floor at your feet: is there nothing here for which to be thankful to man,— this same wondrous being who, through a long process of ages, has wrought out this wonderful result? If I could only picture to you the long lines of effort and struggle that terminated in the fact that, for a dollar or two, you can purchase and have in your own hand that wonderful epic, Homer's *Iliad*, even that alone should fill you with wonder, and make you feel the deepest, tenderest, most tearful gratitude to this wondrous humanity of which you are a part, and which has wrought out so magnificent a result.

You say you have wrought out your own fortune; you have earned your money, and it belongs to you and to nobody else; no one has a right to claim even a fragment from

you. If you bestow a dollar or ten dollars in this direction or that for the help of your fellow-men, it is pure benevolence, a work of supererogation, not necessary in strict justice or morals; you are giving something freely of your own to those who have no claim on you. Yet, looking away from this outside world of which I have given you a hint, consider this thought for a moment. Where did you get this healthful body, with its wonderful faculties? How did it happen that those fingers were trained to such aptness of use, so unknown to the primitive man? Where did you get this wonderful ear, that can appreciate and enjoy all the harmonies of sound in symphony and oratorio? Where did you get the trained eye, that can see so much of the beauty of the world, so much more than the primitive man ever dreamed of,— that eye that can distinguish such nice shades of color, that can look upon a beautiful statue or a wonderful painting on a bit of canvas, and drink in its meaning and be thrilled with the grandeur of the conception? Where did you get this brain, such a magnificent organ of thought, capable of such subtleties of distinction, such reason, such foresight, such broad plans and generalizations? Did you make these? Did they come from nowhere? Do you owe nothing to either God or man for what you are, for the capacity with which you stand on your own feet and deal with all these mighty complications of forces and results that we call civilization?

Do you know that these ears, these eyes, these brains, have been made by man? Go out next summer in a boat and row as an exercise day after day and week after week, and any intelligent physician will tell you that you have added to the size of your lungs, to the number of cells they contain. That is, you have created an addition to your vital powers. Take an untaught child and train him day after day, week after week, and year after year in music, and any intelligent scientific man will tell you that you have created additional powers of hearing, of distinguishing sounds. One person has no ear for music, you say. But most persons can be

trained to have an ear. They can progressively create an ear, if they do not possess it, if only they will be patient and take time enough.

So these eyes of ours have been created in long ages of use from the time when they were simply little nervous places sensitive to light, until they have come to be these marvellous organs that we now possess. And the difference between one eye and another even is something very wonderful. There are persons who can distinguish differences of shades and of colors that have no existence to another.

The brain, too, has been progressively created. Study the brain of the lowest barbarian and place it beside the brain of a Newton or a Darwin, and there is as much difference between their actual capacity as instruments of thought as there is between the first rude musical instruments that man ever made and the modern organ, with all its tone and compass. Did you make yourself? Did you make eye, ear, hand, brain?

You have inherited these as the last magnificent result of ages of toil and struggle and effort on the part of man. They are to you an outright gift from humanity. Everything you have around you as a possession, everything you have as an opportunity, everything you have within you as a capacity for dealing with these externals of life, has come to you as a gift of all the past. Shall you not then bow your head before this wonderful race in reverent recognition, and utter thanks for the free gift of all you have and all you are?

But how shall we thank men for the things we have received. The first step in gratitude is always a generous, manly recognition of the deed. The next thing is to do just so much as we can to make the benefits that we have ourselves received from man common to man. You have received genius, you have received power of thought, you have received physical skill, you have received an opportunity to build up a fortune,—money, power, influence, social station,—all this you have received from man. It is incum-

bent upon you then, as your highest duty, to do what you can to pay these things back to man, to return the goods in kind. Everything you have, then, that is good and worth having you should do just so much as lies within your power to make the common possession of this common race which has bestowed them upon you.

Then one more step. Do what you can, nay, be careful to do it completely, to see that this inherited result of all the past ages shall be passed on to the next generation at least as good as it was when you came into the world; a little better, if possible.

If you join a social club, a musical club, a literary club, a club of any kind, you feel that you have come in there in a manly way, standing on the same level as the rest; and you wish to contribute to the welfare of that club at least as much as you have taken out. You generally feel a little pride in leaving it better off when you step out of it than when you first became a member.

This common humanity, this great world, is only a great common club to which we all belong. It is the common effort, the common thought, the common wants, the common struggles, the common toils of the world that have created all there is of good and beautiful and true. We are under the highest obligation not to take out without paying in at least the equivalent; and, if we feel within us the moving of a nice sense of honor and ambition, we shall desire to leave the world, when we step out of it, a little richer because we have been in it, a little better off in thought, in wealth, in comfort, in happiness, in peace, in purity.

I have no time to deal with the grander achievements than any of those which I have mentioned,— the morality, the religious aspiration and hope of the world that have been wrought out through so much of fear, of superstition, of terror, of trouble, of tears, of heartache, of prayer, of outreaching and onreaching. What magnificent hopes and achievements are here! And how much we owe, not only to the great names that are like stars in the firmament of the

past, but even to the common toilers, common prayers, common workers that have contributed to the grand result!

But is this all? Shall we be thankful simply to man? I want to hint a deeper truth than this, that underlies it all: man, the world, the sky over our heads, whatever we can see or touch or hear,—these things are only manifestations of something deeper, broader, higher. Not one of these is independent or created itself. They are the results of something preceding, something infinite, ineffable, enfolding them all in its one infinite power and life. Scratch the surface of this world anywhere, and you are face to face with the infinite, the incomprehensible, the divine. Man did not make himself. You are the result of the past efforts and labors of men; but, when you go back to the first man, he himself is a result, and the life beyond him, out of which he has come, is a result. And, when we reach the primitive fire-mist — if we accept that theory — out of which sun and stars and all that is have come, the fire-mist itself is a result. It reaches back to something beyond, and that to something ever beyond. So, whether we go back to the past or whether we look beneath the surface of the world, we find ourselves face to face with the infinite. If I could understand a blade of grass, there would be no questions in the universe that I could not answer. If I could explain the cloud floating over my head this morning, I could understand the most distant stars and galaxies in the depths of space. Everything around us — think of this power as you will, name it as you will — has a common fountain of life. Nothing is evolved that was not at first involved. The brain of Newton, the heart of Jesus, the work of Darwin, the science of Spencer,—these did not make themselves: they are the outflowering of that which I cannot help thinking of as divine. I call it God,— not because I am foolish enough to think that one word measures it. I call it Father in heaven,— not because there is not any aspect of the working of this power that does not seem to me fatherly, or because I think these words grasp the whole meaning or sound the entire depth, but because I must say something. I

fling out these words, these terms, in the attempt to express at least a part of that which is inexpressible.

And so I believe, analyze it as far as our present power of thought will allow, we are grandly rational when we stand on our feet as men, when we survey all we are and all we have, and then, looking up and recognizing the infinite love and power as the source of it all, bend our heads in gratitude and reverence, saying, *I thank Thee.*

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APPROBATION AS A MORAL FORCE.

"Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification."—ROMANS xv., 2.

PERHAPS we should take it a little more kindly, at first sight, if the apostle had advised us to follow our natural inclinations and please ourselves. For this work of pleasing, of seeking satisfaction, of reaching out after what we regard as the good things of life, is naturally and necessarily a selfish one. We must seek for good for ourselves, for food, for clothing, for the satisfaction of our wants, for friends, for education, for social standing, as the very condition of our existence and growth, and of our being able to do anything for anybody else. But, contrary to what seems to be a very common idea, there is in reality no conflict between pleasing ourselves and pleasing our neighbors. There is a saying, Let every man look out for himself, and all the world will be looked out for. That is true, provided every one can and will look out for himself. But is it our ideal of civilized society that each should stand isolated and alone, having no sympathetic and helpful relations to any one else, because he may conceive himself as able to do so? If we have no motive higher than a selfish one, and at the same time mingled with this a little practical wisdom, such as has been developed in the history of civilization, we shall have learned that this is not the best nor the most direct way to a successful looking out for ourselves.

Let us suppose, for example, that each one of us simply devotes his thought, care, time, strength, to looking out for himself. The result of that will be that in all the wide world

there will be just one person to look after you, one person to look after me, and perhaps that the very meanest and poorest person in the world. But, if each one of us looks out for everybody else so far as he is able, standing in sympathetic, helpful relations to all the rest, why then all the world, except one, will be engaged in looking out for you and looking out for me; and the chances are that in that arrangement the work will be better done than if we attempt it on the other theory.

Again, if we consider another thing, we shall find it comes to the same result. There is no conflict between pleasing myself and pleasing my neighbor, because, in my endeavor to please him, to be of service to my fellow-man, I naturally and necessarily develop strength, character, generosity, courage, tenderness, patience, pity, love. I call into play all these qualities, and thus make myself the noblest type of man, the most rounded and complete on every side. So that, when I attempt to please my neighbor and to help the world, I am taking the most practical course toward building up myself into all that is noble and true in me.

I do not think that this quality of making one's self pleasing, this characteristic of affability, is an easy one for New Englanders to develop. It is not the most noticeable characteristic of us who have descended from this Puritan ancestry and on this Puritan soil; but there are all-sufficient reasons for this fact.

Our forefathers had to fight a hard, rough battle for life. It took them long years to win over the repellent frown of this New England soil and climate into the genial, kindly smile of prosperity. This necessity of character and life became wrought into the very fibre of their being and was transmitted to their children, and thus became the characteristics of their descendants. Thus, it comes that we have inherited this rough, hard, bluff character that does not lend itself gracefully to the courtesies of life, the desire to make ourselves pleasing. We lay our emphasis rather on the hard facts, the just, the true: the good living and the graces are of

secondary importance. If there is to be a conflict between the two, we do wisely and well. I would not have our New England population exchange their characteristics with the people of France, where there is perhaps almost an excess of politeness, of affability, of all these external qualities of making one's self pleasing to every one. Not that I find any fault with this: it is rather exceedingly grateful to me in itself. Only, while we err in one direction, it is, I think, typical of the French to err in the opposite. With them, perhaps, there is more affability than substratum of character and goodness. If the typical Parisian does not quite illustrate the saying of Shakspere, "A man may smile and smile and be a villain," he does illustrate too frequently the truth that the smile is no proof that he is not a villain.

But there are two points for us to consider this morning, that give us pause as at first thought we face a subject like this. I take it that the meaning of the apostle in his direction for us to be pleasing to our neighbor carries the idea of affability and approbation, without much regard to whether he is good or bad. Is that a hard saying? Yes, it is a hard saying; but there is a grand truth in it, nevertheless. We are told to stand in an attitude of approbation toward our fellow-men. We may be ready to say: "But what if there is nothing to approve? What if I cannot find anything that calls for commendation, but only for disapproval,—what then?"

There is still another and a serious question for us who are New Englanders, and who have inherited such ideas,—whether, in approving people in this general sort of fashion, in adding to the world's pleasure, contributing joy and sweetness to this common existence of ours, we are doing a good thing. We have been taught that pleasure was something dangerous, that threatened character; that the less we had to do with it, the better. We have felt that it was not wise in us to make people too happy, too self-satisfied,—rather that we ought to point out their faults, to spur them on to some higher endeavor, to drive them with the whip of duty. This world has been pictured to us as a dangerous place,

that we were here on probation, that we were not to stop for pleasure, but were to keep our eyes fast on the goal, and to strive for that, stopping to pluck no wayside flowers nor to enjoy the coolness of the breeze and the beauty of the sun, but to think always of the end of life and the pleasure to be gained by and by, when, if ever, we should enter heaven.

I want to consider these two points. First, is there something in every man, whether he appears to us good and worthy of approbation or not, to be approved? Is there something good in all men? Is there anything lovable even in our enemies? Ought we to stand in this affectional attitude toward our fellows without regard to their relation to us or to what we may think of their character, as intrinsic qualities in themselves? I believe we have a right to answer this question almost always in the affirmative. Every man, woman, and child on earth have good in their characters, if we will only seek for it, and if we will only find the proper stand-point of appreciation.

To illustrate what I mean, take the ability of the poet or the artist to see the noblest. Let him go into some little, quiet New England town, where everything seems as commonplace as possible, and he will find materials for a wondrous fascinating story, and yet he does not introduce into it a thing you have not seen a hundred times yourselves, — only you looked at it without seeing it, if I may be pardoned the contradiction. It required something more then sight,— insight, the ability to appreciate that which to us was commonplace. If any of you were to meet Falstaff as he appeared in Shakspere's time, he would seem to you gross, rough, egotistical, possessing almost no qualities that would attract you; yet Shakspere saw something in him,— this ideal character,— that enabled him, in spite of all his faults, to make him a favorite forever of the civilized world.

Why is it then that we see so little in our neighbors and friends that inclines us to make ourselves pleasing and helpful and sympathetic toward them? I take it that one reason is that we go through life so self-absorbed. Suppose

to-morrow morning that I go down Washington Street. I am thinking of some question, of some problem, trying to solve some difficulty, and so, taken up with myself, I walk along block after block. I see nothing on the streets, the beautiful decorations do not exist for me. I look perhaps straight in the face of a friend, and do not recognize him. I am so absorbed in my own thoughts, in my own plans, that for the time being there is no one in the world to me. It is in this way that we are too apt to go through life. We stand in the midst of society, we come in contact with our fellow-men, and, repelled by some little thing at the first blush, taken up with our own concerns, we see only the projections, the shadow of our own selves, everywhere all over the world. So we go through life selfishly, not putting ourselves out to please others, to be agreeable to others, to help others, because we are practically unconscious of the real character and wants of other people.

Then there is another reason; and that is, when we do look at other people and contemplate the character of those around us, we are apt to do so with a false and one-sided emphasis,—that is, we magnify the meaning of the word criticism. There are two methods of criticism. Give some people a book just from the press, and ask them to write a review of it, and they will scan it from beginning to end with a microscope. and pick out all the flaws and abuse them, and see nothing else, and think they have criticised the book. Approbation is just as much a part of true criticism of the book or the man as blame. One should look at the good, the noble, the sweet qualities, as well as those which are evil. I think this is one reason why we do not see more that is noble in other people. We fix our attention on their faults, on some little thing about them that we do not like, and the thousand things we might like, if we sympathized with them, never pass across the field of our vision. When we do look out over the world, we are apt to measure everything with our own personal foot rule: we measure every one and everything from our own point of vision, not trying to get theirs.

For example, let a person travel in Europe, he finds the hotels are not kept as they are here; and, therefore, he does not like them. He finds that the cooking is not like what he was accustomed to at home, and he does not like it. He finds that the customs and manners on the streets are not like those of Boston, and he does not like them. That is, he does not like anything that does not square with a method of life that he has been accustomed to. He forgets that a German, Frenchman, or an Italian, has the same right to his own independent thinking, his independent method and manners that the American has, and that he has precisely the same right to stand by these, and in the light of them to criticise America, and say he does not like it. He forgets, in a word, that the world is bigger than any one man, and that he has no right to measure it by his own petty personality. This is the reason we find so much fault with our neighbors, and find it so hard to stand in a pleasing attitude to them. They are different from us, and our first thought is that anything different from "our folks" is wrong. I think, if we consider these reasons, we shall see why it is hard to stand in an attitude of sympathy to our fellows. But, if we look for it, we shall find sufficient ground for supposing that there are good things in them that we could love, hopeful things that might lift us up. We have only to learn the secret of getting out of ourselves and finding the true place for our observation.

Now let us consider the question, whether it is a good thing for people to be brought thus into the sunlight of each other's approbation. Would the world be better, if there were more of sympathy in it, more of encouragement, more kindly words, more tenderness, more mutual approbation? I would not turn the world, if I could, into a mutual admiration society. That is not what I mean. But shall we stand in antagonistic or sympathetic relations to our fellow-men? Are we doing them good by laboring to add to their joy and happiness?

I go so far as to say that joy and virtue are twins. Joy

and goodness belong together. They are not generally separated in this world either. If they are separated, something is wrong. They ought to go together. We have a common saying, "Be virtuous, and you will be happy." I believe we have a right to say, Be happy, and you will be virtuous. Just as it is natural for right-living to produce happiness and peace, so it is natural for peace and happiness to incline toward right-living. This principle has its root in the very deepest parts of our nature. If you have a pain in your hand, your head, or any part of your body, you assume without any question that something is wrong. Pain means disease; pain means nervous exhaustion; pain means something out of place. But, when the body is in such perfect physical condition that just to feel the blood tingling through the veins and arteries is a pleasure, that just to breathe the air is a delight, that just to look out over the world is a joy, you know that is the most perfect sign of physical health. Is there a contradiction then between the physical and the moral and spiritual nature? Is there a duality in nature? Does that which means health for the body mean disease for the soul? I do not believe it. I believe that God has so organized this universe, as that law kept in every department — this perfect adjustment to one's surroundings and to one's conditions — means health and peace and joy. If there is an absence of joy, something is wrong. Just in so far as there is perfect health, perfect life, just so far there is accompanying pleasure.

Take it in regard to any one of the functions of our body: the natural, healthful activity of any one of them, unless it is performed unconsciously, is a pleasure. If there is pain connected with it, you call in a physician. You know that there is something wrong.

Joy, then, is a good. It is something we ought to seek for ourselves within proper limits. It is something we ought to confer upon our fellow-men. And so to stand in this sympathetic, approving attitude toward our fellows we ought to find a helpful thing, a positive good.

Look at it in two or three directions, and see if our rightful anticipations are justified by facts. Is it not true, all over the world, that the smile of approval, the word of good-will, confers joy and peace, that these things are the sunshine under the influence of which all the leaves and blossoms and beautiful things of life are brought out, showing us their loveliness and giving us their fragrance? Nature understands this. If there is a root, a fibre, a seed, down under the soil, nature never attempts to get it to come up, to push its little blade above the ground and grow and unfold into a flower by force, in the ordinary use of that word. It never attempts to drive a plant. It never attempts to scold a plant into being. It never thinks of driving it up by the blustering winds of March, the cold of February, by the chill in the wind, the clouds in the sky. It is always the balmy breath of the spring, the inviting of the sunshine, the blue of the sky, all sunny, sweet, gentle influences, that call out the living things of the earth and turn them into forms of beauty.

Precisely so, is it not, in regard to qualities of human character that we wish to develop in ourselves or in our friends. It is one of the laws of this universe, as formulated for us by the scientists and physicists, that action and reaction are equal. Action and reaction are not only equal, but, if not equal in kind, they are at least equivalents. Hate calls for hate. Anger calls for anger. Harsh words call for harshness. They meet their appropriate response. If you deal harshly with human character, you must expect harsh results. If you are wearing a boot that chafes or presses your foot, you will find that nature invariably will roughen and thicken the epidermis to put a barrier of self-defence against the threatened injury. So, if you bear hard upon the character of your friends and neighbors, you will find that there is always an instinctive response in kind,—hardness coming to meet your hardness, interposing a shield against you. I do not believe any man was ever won to the truth by a battle in which each tried to be the victor. If you can get your friend to stand by your side and to help you find

the truth, then there is some chance of your winning him, if you are right, or of his winning you, if he is right; and there is some chance of the truth being discovered. Sunshine in the outer world, sympathy in the social world,—these constitute the atmosphere in which all sweet and beautiful things may be expected to grow.

Then there is another truth. It is under the inspiration of joy that people can work the most easily and accomplish the best results. If you look over the history of the great achievements of the world, you will find them everywhere illustrations of this grand principle, the inspiration of joy. It is true even of the martyrs. Has not one of the writers of the New Testament set it down concerning Jesus himself, that, on account of the *joy* that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame? Every great thing has been done under the impulse of this delight in the doing. No man can do work well that he hates or to which he is indifferent. If a painter wishes to become a master of his art, he must be so much in love with it that he will sacrifice everything else to the result, and that result shall be the culmination and crown of his joy.

Think of the delight of old blind Milton, outcast as he was politically, under surveillance as he was the last part of his life, shut out of society, placed beyond political preferment, yet rejoicing in the consciousness that the world would not willingly let die that which he had written. That is the spirit in which great things are done.

Try it in your homes, and see if it will not work in this way. Husbands, try it with your wives; wives, try it with your husbands; parents, try it with your children. If you want to get good work out of anybody, make them feel that they are working in an atmosphere of sympathy. Let them feel that you stand to them in the attitude of approbation. How many times, in my country life, have I seen wives and mothers, toilers in the farm-house,—noble toilers, too,—going through the long days and toilsome weeks, faithful, patient, drudging, dragging life as a burden that must be

borne, without a word of sympathy from those they loved, never inspired by cheerful words on the part of those for whom they were laboring! The tired and hungry boys would come home only to find fault if dinner or supper was not ready on the minute; the husband would come in from his labor only to find fault if everything was not as he was accustomed to find it. But, sometimes, I have seen the burden fall off as perceptibly as it did from Pilgrim's shoulders in Bunyan's story, when some cheery word of approval was spoken. The face would light up, the blood start with a new freshness, the nerves would thrill, and that which was a burden before was now carried as lightly as a bird carries its song. The difference was not in the work; it was in the word of appreciation. It was the difference between receiving the approbation of those whom one loves and the lack of it. Try it, and see how easy it makes the tasks of life.

There is another thought. This not only makes life's work easy, but it is one of the essentials in the cultivation of that which is noblest in manhood and womanhood. In other words, there is no self-respect without it; and without self-respect there is no strongly built and firmly established character.

Now and then there is a man or woman strong enough to go through life conscious of their own purpose, and believing in themselves so thoroughly that they can be indifferent to the opinions of their fellow-men: they can wait for the verdict of after ages. Look at Lord Bacon, the precursor in many respects of our best modern thought. He had very little appreciation during his life compared to that which he has gained since his death; but so strong was his belief in himself that, when he made his will, he commended his body to the earth, his soul to God, and his fame to after ages. He could go through life with such self-trust that he could dispense with the approbation of his fellow-men.

But in most cases, in our own cases, our opinions of ourselves depend very largely upon the opinions that our friends have of us. There is a popular saying that carries in its

heart a truth: "Give a bad name to a dog, and hang him." That is, let him have the reputation of being bad, and, in the end, he will deserve it, and will be hanged. So it is true about men. Give a man or woman a bad name, keep them out of your sympathy, let them go through life neglected and alone, and they will come to estimate themselves as they are estimated by others. They will lose heart and courage, and character itself will be undermined.

If you study the crimes of society, you will find that nine times out of ten, after a man or woman has come to be a confirmed criminal, so that you say there is no hope in their case,—you will find, I say, that this is accompanied by despair on their part, by lack of hope, of courage. They have tried to fight the battle of life perhaps, but have concluded that it is not worth while. If you can make them feel that it *is* worth while, that they can do it, you have touched the mightiest spring of human motive.

In the case of most of us, this approbation of our friends goes along with self-respect in our own hearts. And however discouraged we may be, however little we may think we are worth, if we have some trusted friend who can see some good in us and who will tell us so, we gain heart and hope and strength to try and try again. And so we find that self-respect becomes the power through which is developed that which is really worthy of the respect of the noblest men and women.

This line of thought is confirmed, when we look at the result of civilization as thus far attained. What does it mean? How much has the world done in growing better? I can put it in two or three words. From the first, all up through the ages, we find that this is true. Fear and doubt and hate — these evil, antagonistic qualities — have grown a little less, and love and sympathy and trust have grown a little more. Civilization is like the coming of spring. There is a little less of cold in the atmosphere; it does not snow quite so often; it does not freeze quite so hard; there is a little touch of balminess in the air, a little whisper of the

south; the snowbanks grow smaller, and the ice fades away; and by and by, in some sheltered, sunny spot, a leaf ventures out, and bursts into prophecy of flower. And, when this condition is reached, we know that summer is very near. So as hate and fear and doubt and distrust grow less, and love and mutual sympathy and approbation and desire to please grow more and more, we know that the summer of humanity is nearer than it was. The blossoms of helpfulness and sympathy and tenderness that spring up here and there are harbingers of that time when the wilderness and desolate place shall bud and blossom as the rose.

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RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT

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thing of growth,— a gift of civilization. And even religious persecution was not a thing of mere caprice, intentional injustice, or cruelty. All the people together believed in and were afraid of their gods. And the people, as a whole, did not dare to let some one person despise, blaspheme, or even neglect the gods; for, if they did, they believed that the whole nation would have to suffer for the sins of the one. They looked upon it as national self-defence against the caprices of one. With their beliefs, and considering their then stage of intelligence, they were justified. It is in the light of principles like this that you should regard the stoning of the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath, the death of Socrates, and even the crucifixion of Jesus. Baser passions have often been mingled with this instinct of self-defence; but most persecutions, when analyzed, will reveal this as their essential element.

Personal responsibility, and so personal liberty of thought and action, is a very modern thing. It is the child of intelligence, the fine flower of human development. Notice, I say flower: the fruit will be considered later.

But even now there is no such thing as absolute liberty; and there never will be. Every other thing and every other person that exists and to which I am in any way related, and even my own nature, is a limit to both my ability and my right to either think or act. The kind of thing many people dream about,—it would give it too much dignity to call it thinking,— when they talk of liberty, would, if it could exist at all, be simple chaos. But even chaos would not be liberty: it would only be limitation and compulsion by irrational instead of responsible forces. Liberty of thought, then, can have only one sensible meaning; and that is that I have the right to think for myself, unconstrained by any other man or set of men. I take the responsibility; and, where others are not responsible, they have no right to interfere. But, when this is all granted, even then I have no right to think "as I please." I am bound: —

1. By the laws of thought. I have no right to think an

absurdity or contradiction. I have no right to think that two and two make five. If I insist that they do, people have a right to consider the placing me in a lunatic asylum, among others of my way of thinking. If I attempt to introduce such mathematics into my business, they have a right to consider my case in a court of justice.

I am also bound to think from my own personal standpoint as a man. This is a necessity of my nature. There is a good deal of loose talk among wise people about anthropomorphism,—*i.e.*, thinking of the universe and of God as related to me, a man. How else can I think of them? If I could think of them as not related to me, what good would it do me? They do not concern me, except as they are related to me. So, in order to justify God for doing what seems to me wrong, I have no right to think that what I am compelled to regard as wrong on earth may be right in heaven.

2. I am also bound to be governed in my thinking by the evidence. I have no right to think a thing is so merely because I want it so. Because I want to think certain things about Jesus, it does not follow that I have a right to, if the evidence happens to be on the other side. I have no right to reject the doctrine of evolution, because I do not happen to like it, so long as the weightiest proof is on that side. When I put weights into a pair of scales, I have no right to think that the side which goes up is the heavier. And, if the scales are mental, still the principle holds the same. Facts are facts; and it is my business to think them as they are. If I do not choose to, still the facts will remain, and I must take the consequences of my wilfulness or folly. And—

3. There is one more important limitation of my right to think. Since I must stand in certain relations of helping or hurting towards other people, and since my thinking and acting must do other people either good or harm, I have no right to think without regard to the consequences to them. But, in this matter, there is one universal guiding principle. Since a good life means a seeing things and people as they are and getting ourselves rightly related to them, it is always

safe and best to think the truth. This is sure, in the long run, to have the best consequences. So, if we try to think just the truth, we need not trouble about the results.

We have no right then to think "as we please," unless we please to think rightly. Our one right, as already indicated, is to resist the attempts of other men to coerce us, to do our own thinking and take the consequences. Let us illustrate this by considering the opposite claims and the grounds on which they are defended. The claim, put boldly, is just this: some men assume the right to control the thinking of some other men. Stated thus simply, it looks very curious. Where did they happen to get the right? Why should we not turn the proposition around, and let these "other men" control the "some men" who now claim the right? If I have a right to control your thinking, why have you not the right to control mine? As Lowell says, in the *Biglow Papers*,—

> "This is a kind of arrangement, you see,
> That is *binding* on *you*, but *not* binding on *me*."

This claim has been put forth in a good many different ways and at a good many different times. We shall need, however, to consider only the two or three manifestations of it that exist to-day and that practically concern us.

1. Notice the claim as it is embodied in the Church. Some men — otherwise very much like ourselves — are organized in an association which they call "the Church." They have certain beliefs in common, they practise certain rites and ceremonies, and aim at certain ends. Very well. They have the right to do this, subject to the limitations already indicated. But they go further. They say, Not only have I the right to think as I do, but I have also the right to make you think as I do. They used to exercise this supposed right in a somewhat high-handed fashion, backing it up with prisons and fagots and unspeakable tortures in this world and with threats of worse in the next. They claim the "right" still: only, fortunately for us, they no longer happen to have the power.

Now, on what do they base this strange claim? Why, they say, we possess God's infallible truth. Well, so far as any compulsory interference from others is concerned, they have a perfect right to think so, if they please. But, on the other hand, I have a perfect right to ask for the proof of their claim; and, if I do not think the proof is satisfactory, I have the further right to reject it. But they have been accustomed to take another step, and say, "If you do not accept what we think is the truth, you will be damned forever in the next world." I, on my side, however, have a perfect right to say: "That is my affair and God's. It is none of your business, if I am." If I wish to go to New York, and if I take a road that some other man thinks is the way to Chicago, what are his rights in the matter? Undoubtedly, he has a right to give me his opinion: he may even remonstrate with me, if he pleases; but he has no right to use any compulsion.

So, on any theory of the Church, and even if his opinions are true, he has no rights over me beyond those of persuasion. If he thinks my doctrines are injurious, I may think that his are injurious. And, if one has the right of compulsion, so has the other. It would thus resolve itself into a simple question of strength. And this is the story of history. The stronger has assumed to be right, and has persecuted the weaker. But the truth has never been decided by "a show of hands."

2. Again, this claim to the right of coercing the belief of others has based itself on the assumed infallibility of a book. Certain men have claimed that a certain interpretation of the Bible gave them infallible truth as the result. And so they have claimed the right to compel others to think as they did. But the arguments for and against this position are of substantially the same kind as those for and against the Church. They may think as they please about the Bible, and I will do the same. But, as my opinions give me no right to compel them, so theirs give them no right to compel me.

3. But, beyond the assumed infallibillity of either Church or Bible, there is one other ground for this claim that is important enough to be noticed by itself. Some people, claiming to be wiser than the rest, say, "Men are not able to find the truth by the use of their unaided reason: therefore, we, who have the truth, must compel them to accept it." They have the truth, they say; but how did they get it? If through the aid of reason or by a process consistent with reason, then of course they can give a reason that shall commend itself to the reason of others. If they cannot give a reason, then there is no reason why I should accept it. If they say, God gave it to us by a process that is above reason, then what reason can they give for supposing it came from God at all? If the whole thing is above reason, then manifestly there is no reason to think God had anything to do with it. On that supposition, as well suppose it came from some other source. If, however, they point to the results of their teaching in proof that it came from God, then they begin to give a reason; they admit that reason is the judge; they have come to our level; and we can reason and judge as freely as they. And, when they come into the court of reason, they must abide by the decision. They must not go out of court and pick up the cudgels of force.

However you look at it then, every man's right to think freely in religion is established as against any other man's claim to compel him. So far as any direct use of force is concerned, this is now conceded in most civilized countries. But, to the practical use of this liberty, all sorts of indirect penalties are still attached. In many places, an avowed free thinker is made to suffer a sort of social ostracism; he may suffer in his business; he may lose his position. A premium is thus placed upon dishonesty. I know many a minister who, if he spoke his convictions, would lose his church. Many a man is politically punished for daring to speak out his thoughts. In the last State campaign in Ohio, the religious opinions of the now newly elected Governor were used, in the meanest way, to create prejudice against

him. Colonel Ingersoll could have had almost any political honors he had chosen, if he had only been a hypocrite and concealed his opinions. Not long ago, he was spoken of for the Berlin Mission, and a howl of bigots went up all over the land. The story is told that, when he lived in Peoria, a friend was one day in his office. "Colonel, how much did this copy of Paine's *Age of Reason* cost you?" asked his visitor. "It cost me the governorship of Illinois," was the significant reply. So, if they do not burn people now for free thought, it is still, in many parts of the country, an expensive luxury. I am not saying that in all things I believe as Colonel Ingersoll does. I am only saying he has the same right to think freely that I have.

But, in this matter of freedom in thinking, let us be sure that we have enough of it to go all round. The liberal has no more right to despise the orthodox than the orthodox has to despise the liberal. No man can compel me to respect opinions that do not seem to me to be rational. But that gives me no right to despise or persecute the holder of those opinions, on whichever side he may be of any theological line.

"We are called," then, "unto liberty." Human civilization and our developed manhood have called us. This liberty, as I have already said, is the fine flower of all our progress. But the flower is not the end: it is only a stage of growth. The culmination and crown of all growth is fruit. We are free; we have a right to be free; we will defend that right against all comers; and we propose to exercise our freedom. But what of it? In the first blush of freedom, when men have gained it after long bondage, it is not strange if they simply exult for a while in the mere fact that they are free. They stretch their legs; they flourish their arms; they shout, they walk around, only to assure themselves and feel the sense of their freedom. But they will not keep on doing that always. The pertinent inquiry will come sooner or later: What of it? What are you going to do with your freedom? Freedom is not an end in itself: it is only an op-

portunity. When a slave becomes a free man, he thereby takes on himself not a smaller, but a larger obligation. If he does not prove to be a better man and do better work than before, the question may well be asked as to whether he had not better be a slave. It may not improve him at first: he must have time to learn to use his freedom; but if, in the long run, it do not improve him, then his liberty is not justified.

We liberals are now free. It is the result of long and hard struggles. It may be long still that we shall need to explain and defend it. I do not agree with those who think we do not need to say any more about it; for those who are free, or who even think that freedom is safe, are as yet in a small minority. We will be jealous for it; and we will fight for it, whenever occasion requires. But, all the while, we shall be wise to remember that it is only an opportunity, and that it brings us a larger duty and lays upon us a heavier obligation. When one is under bonds, the responsibility is the master's; but, when we become free, the responsibility is our own.

An open opportunity is now ours. But why are roads open, if one goes nowhere? An open ocean and a fine ship are useless, if one proposes to carry no cargo and sail for no port. A free field,—yes; but what if one has no seed to plant in it, and proposes to raise no crop? There is only one way now for you to vindicate your liberty. If those churches which are in religious bondage turn out better men and help on human growth toward the best things more than we do, then, in the battle of life and the survival of the fittest, we shall go under. And let us frankly confess that we ought to.

It remains for us then to ask and answer the question as to what precisely we shall do with our freedom. Let us first notice what Paul thought ought to be done with such liberty as was possessed by the Church in Galatia. He says, "Do not make it an occasion for the flesh, but by love serve one another." Translate this now into our modern and everyday speech, and see what it comes to. It will mean then, "Do not mistake liberty for license, and make it only an

occasion for doing as you please: use it rather as an opportunity for helping each other to the attainment of the best, the noblest things."

But that is not quite special and particular enough in its directions. Just what is a free church? And what is it for? A free church is a voluntary association of serious and earnest men and women; and it exists for the sake of helping in the development of the highest and truest life of men and women. Meetings, ceremonies, sacraments, are simply means. Those found useful in this work are good. None of them are sacred or of value apart from this. And whatever does this is sacred. In two special directions must work like this be carried on.

1. Use your freedom in a serious, earnest search for truth. You should have no indiscriminate itching for novelty. Turn away from no truth, because it is old. All truth is divine, and so is forever young. On the other hand, remember and be hospitable to all truth that seems ever so new. All truth is as old as God, though you may have found it out ever so recently. Each step of growth must involve the discovery of truth that is new to him who is growing.

What kind of truth is it the business of the Church to seek? Many things are true enough, which yet are not such as a church is to be primarily concerned with. And yet its range is much wider than that which is traditionally and technically called religious. Any truth that touches the question of man's growth in right-living is such as concerns both pulpit and pew. Sanitary and economic questions; politics, so far as practical morals are involved; health and the care of the body; business and social relations; science, so far as it concerns man's relations to the universe; the whole field of right-thinking as it bears on the conduct of life,— such is the proper range of the Church in its efforts to find out what is true. And whoever can speak truth on any of these themes, be he mitred prelate, astronomer in his observatory, geologist in the field, or workman in his blouse, he is an accredited messenger of God.

2. The apprehension of the truth is the first thing. But it is only the beginning. The truth that is seen is not the end: this truth is to be used. The truth is only bricks and blocks of stone, the materials of which a house is to be built. So the end and crown of all is character-building in yourselves and in others. He who has the most truth is only thereby the more culpable, if he do not make himself the larger, nobler man. To this end, then, let this church be consecrated. Let all men be able to say, If you want help in finding the way of life and sympathetic assistance to walk in it, see, these doors are open: enter in, and you shall find.

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THE

TRUTH IN THE CHRIST LEGEND.

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THE TRUTH IN THE CHRIST LEGEND.

THERE is a certain class of radical thinkers who seem unable to understand that the story of Christ can be of any value to the world, unless it is literally true. And there is, on the other hand, at the extreme opposite of these, a class of orthodox thinkers who seem to be unable to understand how we, if we do not believe the story of Jesus to be literally true, can have any interest in it, or find any value in studying it, or even have any right to any of the services in connection with it. They say that, if those who told the story of Jesus did not tell it as it actually was, then they were deceivers and falsifiers, and consequently could not have been good men; that, if the story be not literally true, they know not how it can have any moral or spiritual lesson for to-day. These, on the one hand, treat it as a piece of outworn superstition; and those, on the other hand, agree with them and say, If it is not literally true, then it *is* a piece of outworn superstition, and no longer of any value to the modern world. This seems to me, however, a very superficial and shallow way of thinking. It does not go deep into the nature of the story, nor does it go deep into the nature of the human heart. It does not take the trouble to learn what are the conditions of human thought, nor what are the lines along which the religions of the world progress.

Let me take a concrete example of a myth that has sprung up in what are comparatively modern times, and which will show tangibly what I mean. It is settled now beyond ques-

t on, I suppose, that no such man as William Tell ever really lived. The story of Tell is a myth,— a part of the great world cycle that has appeared in many different disguises, under many different names, in many different ages, and in different parts of the world. There have been a great many William Tells; so many that we feel perfectly sure there was never one.

What then? Does it follow that those who have elaborately written the story of William Tell were fabricators and falsifiers? Such an idea is absurd. The story of William Tell has grown as naturally as grasses and flowers spring out of the earth. It has sprung up as a personified explanation of certain facts in the external world. He has come to take this place as the idealized expression of these facts. No one told a falsehood, then, when he first told the story of Tell. He was instinctively telling a deeper and more important truth than if he had been writing history and fact. For consider a moment. Is it true that the story of Tell is of no importance, and has played no part in the development of the world, just because there never was a man who lived out the actual facts of the mythical story? Those who relate the legend of Tell are no more falsifiers than Irving was when he wrote the history of George Washington. It is true, perhaps, that, so far as Switzerland is concerned, this ideal Tell has played as important a part in the development of the Swiss character and the keeping up of the Swiss ideal of liberty as George Washington has played in relation to the history of this country. It makes no practical difference to Switzerland whether there was such a man as Tell or not. It is enough that they dreamed such a character, that he dominated their thought and life, and that this ideal became a molding force to create a thousand men that attempted to embody the grand virtues of the ideal Tell.

There are two kinds of truth, and this is a point we wish to notice; and, when we have noticed it, the shallowness of this kind of criticism will be apparent. What do we mean by a truth? Suppose I say I have a true idea of this book,

of this desk, of one of these flowers, what do I mean? I mean simply that my thought corresponds with a great degree of accuracy to the external realities that I call book, desk, flower. Truth is nothing more than my name for the correspondence between my thought and the outside reality concerning which I think. And, since we must live among these external realities, and since the welfare and prosperity, the happiness, the success of life, depend upon our standing in right relations to them, it is of the vastest moment that our thought concerning them should be true, that there should be this correspondence between the thought and the external fact.

Leaving aside the truth of *fact* for a moment, let me say I think of an ideal. Let me have a figure in my mind of a book or a desk or a flower more nearly perfect than any that ever actually existed. Take it of a flower, for example. I think of a rose more beautiful, more perfect in shape, in color, in fragrance than any that ever grew upon a stalk in any garden of earth. This ideal is a reality to my thought; and I may have a true or false conception of that ideal, just as I may have a true or false idea of the fact. And if, by having this ideal of something finer than ever was, I am inspired and spurred on in an attempt to realize this ideal and to make it a fact that shall correspond with it, then this may become a mainspring, a motive of human progress, and therefore much more important than that I have a true conception of half the real facts of the world.

Ideal truth then has played quite as important a part in the development of humanity as has what we call the truth of fact. There was never, perhaps, any man who embodied all the virtues and all the heroism of William Tell; but there have been hundreds of men that have embodied a part of those virtues. So if the ideal is not true of any one man, still it is true of man. Everything that is highest and noblest in the world deals with the ideal. A painting is a poor thing that is simply a photographic copy of the fact. No painter in the world ever took high rank as a genius,

unless he could combine the hints of truth concerning external facts in some grand creation finer than any fact.

What do we care whether Michel Angelo's Moses ever existed or not? If he did not, does that take away from the grandeur of his creation? We need to remember that one is as important as the other; or that the higher is more important than the lower. We need to remember that when men told themselves these fairy tales, whether the hero was Paul or Jesus, they were telling some higher truth than had yet been realized in the history of man. This ideal is simply the fore-feeling of human thought, the human heart dreaming of something better than actually is, and so becoming the motive force to its attainment.

We need then to understand something concerning the natural genesis and growth or development of a myth before we are fit to pass judgment on these great problems, one of which I am trying to deal with this morning.

I propose, then, to tell you something of how it happens that these mythical stories come into the world, by what natural process they come, and what they mean.

I have in past discussions made you familiar with the fact, if you were not familiar with it before, that the child-world was under the necessity of considering the universe as alive. It was very natural for them to think of the clouds as alive, of the sun as a god, of tree and stream and mountain as possessing some spiritual entity, divine or human, that brought them into close personal sympathy with themselves. They had only a very crude power of expression as well as of thinking; for speech or language has kept pace with the development of thought. The word is only an expression of the thought, and so must be parallel to it; though, if either precedes the other, it is the thought. And this is important for you to notice. Since thought finds expression in the phrase, the thought to be expressed must precede the language. No language quite keeps step with thought, but lags always a little behind. Early men, as we know, had no abstract ideas, and consequently no abstract phrases.

There was in their language little power of expressing anything except as personified. There was no *it:* there was only *he* and *she.* The sun was he and the moon was she; or in some cases this was reversed, and the moon became a man and the sun a woman. They were obliged to speak in this concrete, figurative way of all the movements and forces of the world. Everything was personified: everything seemed to them to be instinct with their own way of thinking, their own passions, hopes, and fears; only they recognized these forces as mightier beings than themselves.

They told the story, for example, of the sun and its birth in the east, of his adventures in travelling across the sky, of his conflict with the clouds and the storm, of his death at last, shrouded in the glowing, burning fires of the west. They told this in a figurative way, for it was a necessity of their thought and language. So, very naturally, the earliest form of literary expression was poetic and figurative.

We have not outgrown it yet, only we have come to the consciousness that we are using figures of speech. We know that we are talking poetry, while they did not distinguish between the personification and the reality. The Bible is full of this kind of personification, as is every other great poetical work. The Psalmist speaks of the sun as a bridegroom magnificently arrayed, coming out of his chamber in the east. He speaks of him as a champion and hero, ready to run his race across the sky. He speaks of the little hills as dancing for joy; the sky frowns or smiles; the storm is passionate and angry; and so everything is alive.

Language among primitive men was in a continual state of flux and change. It is so still. If you should take two barbarous nations not possessing an alphabet or any literature, and separate them, perhaps in twenty-five years they would not be able to converse with each other; so rapidly do languages change. New words come in and old ones pass out, and the old are forgotten.

The next step in the development of the myth then, to make it not merely a figure of speech, but a fully grown and

developed myth, was to forget the original meaning of the names.

Take the case of Hercules. He was at first only a sun hero. Samson was another. But there came a time when the people forgot that, when they used the word Samson, they meant the sun. There came a time when the descendants of our Aryan forefathers forgot that the word Hercules, as used originally, stood for the sun. And so the story of the sun's birth and wanderings and labors and conflicts and tragic end at last became the story of Hercules and his twelve labors, and of his death at last on the red, flaming, funeral pyre of the west.

For ages, it was a problem as to what was the meaning of these Greek and Roman myths; and it has only been solved within the last fifty years or so. How? Naturally enough. When the English got possession of India, they found the Rig-Veda, the scriptures of our Aryan forefathers; and there were found the germs of all this cycle of myths. We got back to the old words, and traced their kinship with our own. The Greeks spoke of *Zeus;* but they did not know what that meant, except that the word represented the greatest of the gods. The Rig-Veda gives Dyaus from which it comes. And there we see that it meant the bright skies, the heavens over our head. The words remained as survivals in our languages, but we had lost the key for unlocking their mystery.

In this way, then, myths and legends grow. And these stories many and many a time come to attach themselves to some one who was really an historical character, so that we have the mythical going along with the historical. Nobody told these myths, nor were they invented. They grew as naturally as language does.

What do they mean? Were they only fanciful playing with words? In their pictorial, poetic, and figurative expression, what was true? Our forefathers did not tell themselves false tales, when they talked about the birth and adventures and conflicts of the sun. That is only the poetic rendering

of the realities of every day and year. It became a myth only when they forgot the meaning. As it took on human characteristics, it would naturally be developed more on the lines of human thought and passion; and so the separation became wider and deeper. So, as we study the history of human thought, we shall find that a large part of the noblest truth of the world has been thus embodied in myth and legend, in picture and figure of speech.

Now turn to what more nearly concerns us, the Christ legend, as it has become attached to the personal history of Jesus of Nazareth. The main features of this legend are such as these: the long national expectation of some deliverer to come, the annunciation, on the part of the angel sent from heaven, of the speedy birth of a wondrous child; the virgin birth; the marvellous boy, showing supernatural wisdom even in his childhood, but yet obedient to father and mother, and living out an ideal boyhood life; then, the coming at last to the fulfilment of his public mission; his meeting the evil power of the universe face to face in the temptation, struggling and fighting for self-mastery and winning self-conquest; then, mighty in the kingship of his own nature, his going out to conquer all the evil forces of the world; his being put to death at last as a sacrifice to this principle of evil, or to the justice of God, as it is interpreted one way or the other; then, the miraculous resurrection, escaping the bonds of death, proving that death is only an appearance, not a reality; and, then, the ascent into heaven, and taking his seat at the right hand of God. That was to be speedily followed by his second advent, to reign over both the living and the dead, in a perfected kingdom of God on earth. These are the main facts of the Christ legend.

But we are to note here at the outset that not one single feature of it is original with our New Testament. This is a striking fact, that compels us to reconstruct our theories. The angelic annunciation, the virgin birth, the wondrous childhood, the temptation, the victory over death, the return to reign,— all of these are hundreds of years older than

Christianity; and this fact alone assures us that here we are not in the presence of literal fact, but of one of those wonder-stories that the world has repeated over and over again. Yet we shall miss it ruefully, if we therefore conclude that the story is not in some higher sense true; that it has no meaning for us to-day; that it does not stand for some larger reality.

I propose, then, to pick out two or three of these main features, and show the larger truth which they stand for, which they shadow forth; the truth that we may expect to see progressively realized as the civilization of the world goes on; and that you and I, if we are earnest, serious, sincere, may help to bring to pass. And, first, the story of the incarnation, Emmanuel, God with us. If you trace out the conditions by which this came, you may see that it was one of the most natural things in all the world. Men recognized in ancient times, as they recognize to-day, certain cardinal facts concerning themselves and their lives. You will recognize them, if you look deeply and carefully. They saw that there was a gulf between their lower nature and their higher,— a conflict, an antagonism,— and that one was always fighting against the other. As they looked over society, they saw that there was a gulf between the actual condition of the social world and their ideal of what it ought to be. They saw that there was a gulf between this whole human life and the universe around it; and that progress means perpetual readjustment, conquering, understanding, controlling more and more of this outer world, and getting into higher and broader relations with it. They saw that, between the highest development of man and the ideal man, there was again a gulf that needs in some way to be bridged over. Their interpretation of this was natural enough. They believed that once this gulf had not existed, but that God and man had dwelt together in peace. So the Hebrews had their Garden of Eden, and the Persians also theirs. The Latins had their dream of a primeval time, when their God Saturn lived on earth, and there was always peace and joy. But

there came a rupture, and this gulf between God and the world. Some of the primeval people of the earth went so far as to invent an evil spirit and a good in perpetual antagonism. The evil, they said, created the world of matter; and the good principle created the soul of man. But the soul of man had somehow become entangled on earth with these material bodies, and had thus become shut away from the good God. God was away off in the infinite, outside of his creation; and the problem was to bring the two together, to get God back again into this world and the world back into the bosom of God. This was the problem they were trying to solve. And what more natural than to say that this God — whose children we all were, though separated from him — should come down to us, take on himself our nature, and thus become a man; that he might, as both God and man, understand both terms of these extremes, and, understanding, mediate between and reconcile them.

The legendary story of the wondrous birth and incarnation came as the best philosophic and scientific answer they could give to this great question. It grew as naturally as any philosophic speculation has ever grown. We reject it to-day, not because we put away from ourselves the divine truth that was here shadowed forth, but in the interest of a larger, deeper, higher, grander truth. We know now that they misinterpreted these facts as to the conflict between the higher and lower in man, between the social ideal and the actual, between man and the universe. We know now that God is not outside of his world and never has been. We know that He is perpetually incarnating himself in ever higher and higher forms, climbing up from that which is low to that which is highest, ever the mainspring and motive to this wonderful ideal of ours that reaches forth to something better beyond. God is incarnated in every flower. Pick up a handful of the wonderful snow that covers the earth this morning. Separate one of its crystals, examine it with a microscope, and there you will find this marvellous movement, life, order, power that we cannot explain until we can

explain the deepest depth of things. And so this infinite life and power faces us at every turn. We believe that God was not only beside that cradle in Galilee, but that he is beside every cradle, whether of prince or peasant, whether wealthy man in city or poor man in country farm-house,— God in every cradle, God in every birth, God in the life and growth of every child, God in the eyes of father and mother in their love and tenderness and care, God in all this universe, human and inorganic. So that this myth is simply a shadow of larger and grander truth.

Men speak of the wonder of the virgin birth. The wonder of any birth is as deep, as mysterious, as unfathomable. Wherever you stand, whichever way you turn, the infinite mystery of what we call divine when we talk religion, of what we call evolutional force when we talk science, faces us.

Then, concerning that other much abused truth of the Christ legend,— false, hideously false, as it is many times preached to us, and yet eternally true,— that doctrine of the vicarious atonement, the doctrine of sacrifice, by which all higher, fairer, sweeter, better things of the earth are brought to pass. To the men who dreamed the story, according to their light and in their time, it was a poetical foreshadowing of that which is eternal, and which, so far as I see, neither in this world nor in any other can be outgrown. That Jesus, sent here as the innocent son of God, was fore-ordained — and the fore-ordination meant the crime as well as the victim — to be buffeted and abused and put to death, that he might sprinkle his blood over the burning throne of the Almighty's wrath and turn it to grace,— this, I say, is hideously repulsive. But this is not what the people meant who dreamed this great doctrine of sacrifice. Many of the views about the atonement are very modern, drawn from the governmental ideas of men, when might meant right, and the king could do no wrong. But does it not shadow forth the eternal truth of life?

When a man and a woman become father and mother, be
athing a part of themselves to create a new life that shal

bear their likeness and be the object of their devoted love, we have a type of that kind of sacrifice of self for others that, like a golden thread, runs through all life, from lowest to highest, and binds it together.

The story of all human progress is the story of vicarious sufferings,— the suffering of the wise for the ignorant, of the strong for the weak, of the innocent for the vicious, of the pure for the criminal, of the good for the bad. It is the same everywhere and all the way through. Every time we pay a tax to feed the starving poor, every time we pay a tax to lift up those that are ignorant, every time we give charity that those that are vicious may be reclaimed, every time we do anything to make the world better, are we not sacrificing patience, love, tenderness, goodness, that we may reclaim and redeem the world? One of the finest types of sacrifice is that of a mother teaching, loving, caring for, and developing a rough, cold, selfish, thoughtless, cruel boy. How many times have I seen a mother lavishing herself thus, wearing herself out, but rejoicing at last because, at this mighty cost, she has created a man of whom she may be proud! I can only hint at this law. Trace it for yourself: it runs everywhere through human life.

One more point. The mythical Christ came to establish the mythical kingdom of God on earth. The story, as it has been told through the ages, is that he was withdrawn by a cloud; but that, when the fulness of time should come, he was to be again revealed, coming suddenly, as a thief in the night, like a flash of lightning, gleaming at once from one side of the heavens to the other, coming with angels and herald trumpets. He was to wake the dead, and change the form of all the living, and suddenly create the kingdom of God. It was a glorious dream. It is to-day gloriously beautiful poetry. I would that I could believe it! How glad would I be to welcome it rather than this age-long struggle of sorrow and tears and labor! Gladly would I believe that I might wake some morning to see the Son of Man in the heavens, and to know that the world was to be instan-

taneously redeemed; but I cannot. It was a child world dream; but it was a dream prophetic of the fact, a dream embodying a hope, incorporating an ideal. And that ideal it is your business and mine to realize.

The kingdom of God on earth! What do we need to do to bring it about? We need to abolish disease as far as possible. That is a problem that can be solved. Man can solve it. He is going to solve it. We need to abolish vice and crime. Men will learn some day, as they get wiser, that their happiness and welfare are involved in living clean, noble, true lives; and, when they learn that, they will struggle on toward the realization of it. So this is a problem capable of solution. It is nothing to sit down before in despair; because it can be done. We need to abolish war and the everlasting rivalry and bloodshed between nations, as between individuals. And this can be done. I know not when. I only know the world has made progress toward it, and is progressing toward it still. I only know that this mighty force, that reaches out toward the better, is not yet spent. I believe that the kingdom of God will come, not suddenly, not revealed from heaven, but slowly evolved from earth, as you and I begin, just where we stand, to fulfil, in all nobility and manliness, the commonplace relations of our lives, making a kingdom of God where we are, that shall spread and grow until our personal spheres touch and coalesce with the personal spheres of others; and so, by contagion, it spreads over the whole round world.

How shall come thy kingdom holy,
  In which all the earth is blest,
That shall lift on high the lowly,
  And to weary souls give rest?
Not with trumpet call of legions
  Bursting through the upper sky,
Waking earth through all its regions
  With their heaven-descending cry;

Not with dash or sudden sally,
  Swooping down with rushing wing,
But as, creeping up a valley,
  Come the grasses in the spring:
First one blade and then another,
  Still advancing are they seen,
Rank on rank, each by its brother,
  Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,
  Burning sun and drenching shower,
Day by day, so slowly growing,
  Comes the waited harvest hour.
So the kingdom cometh ever,
  Though it seem so far away:
Each bright thought and true endeavor
  Hastens on the blessed day.

The Christ legend then was a shadow,— not a perfect account of something that happened in the past, but a prophecy of something grander that in the future shall happen.

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MEMORIES:

A SERMON FOR THE OLD YEAR.

"I remember the days of old."— PSALM cxliii., 5.

YOU will appreciate the line of thought that I am to follow this morning, according as you have something behind you that can be properly called a personal experience, a personal past; according to what you have been through in the years that you have remembered. Children, or those who are young, will find much more in some forward-looking theme. Children have very little that can properly be called memory; for memory is simply the recalled experience of the past; and children have no past. They are alive only to the sensations of the present, or perhaps on tiptoe with childish delight in anticipation of the immediate future. But, as we grow older, as year after year of labor, of sorrow, of experience,—glad or mournful,—goes by, as the vista of the past stretches longer and longer behind us, we find that this same past becomes ever a larger part of the life of to-day. It becomes a country of romance,—a shadowy land indeed, but very real,—through which we love to wander. We play over again the activities of our lives; we once more feel the thrill of some achievement attained many years agone; we stand again by the side of friends, no longer visible to us in our waking hours, and we hear their voices once more, we look into their faces, and we experience again the loves and the friendships that are no longer a part of the living world. And this becomes to us a country perhaps more real than this in which we play every day our part as active men and

women. It becomes a treasure-house, in which are laid away things dearer to us than all but a very few of those that are left. The older we get, the more precious becomes this experience, until at last the future exists only as a dim, undefined hope. The present almost fades away, as the edges of our sensations are blunted and worn out. The old man sits by the fireside; and of him you can say that he lives almost wholly in this land of memory that is behind him. The future means little, the present means still less, and the past means almost all.

We think of these things from time to time, waking up to the consciousness of how much memory means, how large a part it plays in our lives; and it seems to me natural and fitting that we should call these matters to mind more especially on days like this.

We stand close to the divide that separates the old year and the new. We do not know what the new year has in store for us; but we do know what the past has given and what it has taken away. The old year is very real to us, and very vivid; and, if we treat it rightly, if we listen to it, it will have many things to say that we can ill afford to forego.

But, before we go on to consider the part that memory plays, I think it will be well to consider the nature of this wondrous faculty that we call memory.

Did you ever stop to consider how it is that the past, after it is gone, is not wholly past and forgotten? Did you ever ask how it is that, by will, we can call up the figures of this past, the scenes, the experiences of years ago, and make them a part of the joy and of the sorrow of life, a means of warning, a means of inspiration for to-day?

What is this marvellous memory? We know very little about mind in the sense in which we know the material world; but we do know this, that memory has a physical basis and a very material meaning, as connected with these bodily lives of ours. Every time you think, every time you are thrilled by an emotion of joy or sorrow, every time you gage in an act of will, there are certain movements in the

infinitesimal molecules of the brain; and these movements correspond in some wondrous way with the thought, with the emotion, with the act. When I look into the face of a friend, and feel the thrill of friendship, there are certain invisible movements of these molecules of the brain that correspond to that look and that emotion, and there is a physical record of the thought or the feeling. And by and by, if something occurs,—a suggestion, no matter what it may be, a voice, a smile on a face, the smell of a perfume, a tint of the sky, a glimpse of mountain or ocean,—this same molecular motion is repeated, and all comes back again. This is the physical basis of memory. It makes no matter whether the emotion was slight, or whether it was ever so marked in degree; whether it was the most flitting thought that ever passed through the human mind, or whether it was some grief or some ecstasy of joy that, as it were, ploughed its way through the substance of the brain,—it leaves its record: every mark is there. It becomes a part of ourselves henceforth, as real as a visible scar. It is something we can never escape. It makes us thereafter what we were not before.

You are familiar with the physical law that all moving forces follow the line of the least resistance. If, for example, a little stream of water is trickling down a hillside, it does not flow straight on without regard to obstacles. It follows every sinuosity and depression, seeking the easiest way of descent. But however slight this stream may be, it leaves its mark. The hill can never be the same again. It leaves its mark as really, although not so visibly, as does the mountain torrent that ploughs its way deep into the surface of the soil.

Prof. Draper says that probably, nay, certainly, every shadow that ever fell upon the surface of a wall has left its physical impression, so that, if we had keen enough senses and had learned the conditions, we could reproduce it and make it visible once more.

A curious experiment you may try for yourselves, if you will, to impress this thought upon your minds. If you should

take a sheet of white paper and lay upon it a key, or any other metallic object, and let it lie for a while in the sunlight, and then take it away, you would see nothing there. Yet a very important change has been wrought in the paper itself by the chemical power of the sunshine. Put it away in the dark for a few months, and then bring it out and let it lie on the heated surface of a piece of metal; and straightway your spectral key will appear, and teach you the lesson that those things that seem to be the most transient are really permanent. Or if you should take a piece of polished steel, and lay upon it a wafer, and breathe against the wafer, and then take it away, there would be no result, apparently. But breathe again upon the steel, and you will find that the surface around the place where the wafer was will be moistened, while that spot will continue dry. The moisture will soon evaporate. Breathe once more upon it, and your spectral wafer is there again upon the hard and polished surface of the steel. This illustrates how permanent, even in their physical effects, are those movements, changes, and experiences which seem to us so slight and transient. In just this real way, then, every flitting emotion, every thought, every hope, feeling, wish, every experience of your life, conscious or unconscious, henceforth is a part of you. You can never shake it off. It is wrought into the very fibre of your being, and *is you* to all future time. Such is the physical basis of memory.

Now let us consider a few of the phases of this remembered past that touch upon the practical life of to-day.

In the first place, how large a part of the joy and pleasure of to-day is made up of this marvellous faculty of memory! Consider how much this means by thinking for a moment of what life would be to you if everything that ever happened to you before last night were suddenly blotted out of existence, so that the old were a perfect blank, and you stood on this little narrow isthmus of to-day seeing nothing of the future, remembering nothing of the past. How poor, how empty, how stripped and bare all these lives of ours would be!

How many of its pleasures would be gone! For is it not true that these faint shadows of the past are a large part of the enjoyment of each day as it goes by?

Suppose you could step, a shadowy presence yourself, into almost any sitting-room in Boston, and watch a mother in her rocking-chair engaged in her sewing or knitting or embroidery, or whatever it might be. The work that she is engaged in has become almost mechanical, and her mind is free to wander where it will. How many times does she wander in thought through the land of memory! She is playing again with a beautiful-haired, bright-eyed child that lives on earth no longer, or perchance has grown up and married and gone away out of the life of the present. But here she goes back at will, listens to its prattle, looks into its sweet face, watches the sunlight floating across its hair, and lives over again all the joys of the time when she was a young mother, with the little children playing about her feet. Would she not feel that a large part of her world was taken away, if this were gone?

Or take your man of business, however hard-headed and practical he may be. Will you not find him a good many times, at his desk in his counting-room, sitting quiet for a moment, having forgotten the particular thing in which he was engaged, while his eyes have in them a far-away look, and about his lips a quiet smile playing, that tells you he is wandering through a land not unpleasant in its retrospection? And if he becomes conscious of what he was doing, when he returns to his labor, he will know that he was talking with some old-time friend; that he was revisiting, perhaps, some spot precious to him in his childhood; that he was a little boy again with his father and mother, now passed out of his life; that he was living over again some of those sweet days that have gone by. Do you not see, then, that these memories are a part of to-day?

We are sometimes, in a petulant mood, or when depressed and discouraged, apt to feel as though these memories of lost joys, lost friends, lost scenes of entertainment and de-

light, are really cause for sorrow. But is it not true forever, as Tennyson has sung in those sweet, sad words,—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all"?

Would you have taken out of your life the fact that the beautiful child *was* yours, if she is not now? Would you lose that figure painted by the loving fingers of memory on the background of your past?

Seneca, that wise old Roman moralist, has written words on this theme which I frequently read as part of my funeral services: —

"The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away, without any regard to the benefit of his being once given me. Let us, therefore, make the best of our friends while we have them. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been."

There is nothing in the world we are so sure of as we are of these treasures of the past. The joy I am anticipating to-day may not be mine. The flowers I expect to pluck I may not find, or they may speedily wither; but the joys I have had, the friends I have had, the experiences through which I have passed,—these, so long as I am myself, are mine forever; and, when I cease to be myself, then it will not matter.

I could broaden out this part of our theme in many directions, were the time at my disposal. Consider, for example, how we build ourselves houses, and place upon their walls and in niches the results of the art and taste of all the world; [illegible] how much more dependent than upon these are we [illegible] umber of memory and the treasures of pictures [illegible] s walls! If you have travelled, here you may [illegible] re, finer than any artist can paint, of the cities

you have passed through, the magnificent buildings, the ruined castles, the precipitous mountains, the ever-changing sea, the landscapes you have seen. All these joys of the past are still yours, and every nook and corner of this chamber of memory is crowded with these things.

But I must turn from this phase of my subject to speak of those things in memory that make us sad as we recall them. I have already touched on the loss of friends, and showed how, instead of there being cause for sadness, there is rather, if we consider it rightly, large reason for gratitude and joy. But still there are some things that we would like to forget. At any rate, in some hours, we would wipe them out, if it might be.

What are the things,— and this is a very practical question, —what are the remembrances that pierce us through and through with a sense of pain? I tell you, friends, they are not those things that are ordinarily spoken of as calamities, sorrows, afflictions. The saddest things that we remember are not the loss of friends, the loss of property. Many a time these are sad enough. When I see a mother left alone, with her children dependent upon her and she incapable of fighting with the great rough world, I marvel not that her memory of the olden time is exceedingly sad. And when I see a man with his children about him reduced from affluence to poverty,— poverty so narrow and pinching that he is unable to educate his children properly, so pinching that it takes away the capacity for a free, full life,— here I see cause for sadness; but these are not the saddest things, after all.

Let us look at one or two things that the poets have spoken of, and see if they are the saddest things to bear. Whittier says,—

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

That is, remembrances of something that we might have done, that we might have become,— a lost opportunity, a lost friendship, a lost love. These, the poet says, are the saddest of all things in the world. But I cannot agree with him.

These very events may be turned into sweetness and joy. There is something sadder yet.

Tennyson says that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

That is, when one is in the midst of misery, an added pang is given when one recalls the happiness of the years gone by. But this is not the crown of sorrow, it seems to me. What is it?

Let us take one of the great figures of this generation as an illustration, and see. One of the saddest and most pathetic things, short of outright crime, is the figure of the old Carlyle as he sits in his study after his wife has died. He reads over her letters, recalls her life and the relations in which he stood to her. He, a great strong, rough giant, had this frail, gifted, beautiful, poetic, appreciative woman at his side through life, and never dreamed what she was until she had faded into the blue. And here he sits broken-hearted over the past, and wails with a sorrow that cannot be appeased because he cannot speak to her and tell her now what he has learned concerning her. Oh, he says, if I had only spoken what was really in my heart while she could hear it; if I could only have her back five minutes to tell her what I think of her now!

It is this experience, and such as this,—recalling the wrong you have done, the harsh words unnecessarily spoken, the tender ones called for, but not uttered to the hungering hearts by your side, thirsting for a little appreciation which they never got,—it is these things, it seems to me, that are so sad, because they are remediless. But there is one lesson we cannot fail to overlook to-day concerning them. Friends just as dear, as true, as noble as any of the past, are with you now, are in these pews to-day, are in your homes, on the sidewalks, everywhere. See to it then, before they have gone out of your sight and hearing, that there shall be no occasion for these sad and poignant regrets. Speak the words of appreciation, of encouragement, of com-

fort, of trust, of love that you will wish you had spoken when there is no longer the listening ear to hear them. And, on the other hand, say not the words that, when they are said and beyond your control, you would give your hand, if you could get back and crowd into the silence. These are the lessons we need to learn as we look over these saddest memories of the past. But we need not be overburdened or crushed by the memory of these, or of even our sins or our failures, if they can be turned to account in the future.

This leads me to my next point,—the part memory plays as a warning, as a guide, in our daily lives. This is not a mere sentimental thing. You can have no comprehension of how profound and philosophical a truth this may be until you have studied the matter deeply. What is instinct? It is nothing but organized memory. The birds and animals that do right every time, as we say, from instinct, are simply the embodied results of the experiences of all their ancestors. It is the race memory organized in them so that it has become unconscious. It is memory that we organize into our own lives in the unconscious and spontaneous activities of every day. We walk and do not think anything about it. But it was a difficult thing to learn in the first place. We remembered how we did it the time preceding and the one preceding that, until at last it became an unconscious and spontaneous effort.

What is morality? Nothing but a result of the world's experience, the memory of the world organized into precepts, principles, examples. If we could cut off all that goes with this wondrous faculty of memory, humanity would be utterly disorganized and life would be impossible. We remember what we have done, we remember how we gained our success, we remember through what came our failures; and so the past lives for us to-day as a lesson of warning and guidance.

One of our prominent wits, and at the same time a philosopher withal, has said that every man makes mistakes, but only fools make the same mistake a second time. That is, we remember our mistake when we are in similar

circumstances again. We learn the art of navigation of the years that are before us by this memory of the difficulties and experiences of the past. The mariner sailing through an untried sea observes that here is deep and open sailing; that on this side is a hidden shoal, on that a rock, which is covered at high tide, but bare at low tide; that in another place is a strong ocean current that, if he wish to keep straight his course, must be taken account of; that on such a part of the globe the prevailing wind is from one quarter, and in another part from another quarter. He sets these things down on his chart, thus making a paper memory that any intelligent seaman thereafter can use as a practical guide for his course. So we learn to navigate the future because we remember, or record, the experience of the past. And what is all the history of the world but just so much race memory set down for the entertainment and guidance of all future generations?

We need not, then, be discouraged overmuch, even though there are vices and habits that are wrong in the past, provided always that we now see the course that we ought to follow in leading manly and womanly lives, and are ready to use these untoward experiences as helps and guides for the future.

> "Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder, if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Nor deem the irrevocable Past
> As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
> If, rising on its wrecks, at last
> To something nobler we attain."

Without this fact of memory, we should be all at sea. We know no principles by which to guide us in the future, except those that we have learned by the experience of the past.

There is one more phase of this theme to be considered: that is, how large a part of the best motive force, the noblest

nspiration of to-day, is rooted away back in some remembered fact of the years that are gone. If I could become intimately acquainted with the inner life of the noblest men and women among you; if I could intrude into those secret precincts that are kept only for your own eyes, and where you sit in solitude with none but God permitted to enter, I should find, in most cases, that some memory of a lost child, a brother, a father, a mother, or a friend to whom you were bound by sacred ties, is at the root of the best things you are trying to do to-day. I should find the mainspring and motive force of your self-sacrifice, of your devotion, of your resistance to temptation, of your endeavor to make the world a little sweeter and better, in some fountain of memory, of which others perhaps may be almost unaware, but which to you is a sacred shrine, where you go to kneel in the silence and solitude of your own heart and vow that you will be worthy of the memory of those departed souls; that you will do your finest and sweetest and best, as though they were by your side giving you the dearest words of praise, or ready with the warning look of appeal to deprecate anything unworthy, anything poor or low or mean.

The past, then, for joy, for sorrow, for guidance, for inspiration, is all alive. Last year is not dead, and it never will be. You are never to be in the future such men and such women as you would have been, could one of the least of the experiences of the past be blotted out. This whole world has been influenced by it. The universe itself can never efface these slightest personal experiences of yours that have made up the dying year. You carry them as a part of yourself. If they be evil, they will tread upon your footsteps with warning, until you have outgrown the evil and made this which was a horror only a means for being a noble, true man.

There is an Eastern apologue that describes a soul in the other life as seeing a hideous, unshapely, repulsive wretch following ever upon his track, stopping when he stopped, moving forward when he moved, never to be forgotten and never shaken off, until at last he turned and faced it, and

demanded who it was and what it wanted. The answer came, "I am thine own actions: night and day, forever I am doomed to follow thee."

We cannot shake off the past, then; but, no matter if it be a hideous wretch that dogs our footsteps, we can turn it into an angel, and make it our guardian, our inspiration, and our blessing forever. So all the past of the world is ours, the evil for guidance, the good for inspiration, for peace, for uplifting in all coming time.

Let me close by quoting from Lowell's address "To the Past":—

"Whatever of true life there was in thee
  Leaps in our age's veins.
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
  And shake thine idle chains:
To thee thy dross is clinging;
  For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
Thy poets still are singing.

"Here 'mid the bleak waves of our strife and care
  Float the green Fortunate Isles
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
  Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
  With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid."

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HOPES:

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"We are saved by hope."— ROMANS viii., 24.

As WE study the religions of the world, we cannot fail to be struck by one fact, which is not peculiar to any one of them, but which is common, I might almost say, to humanity, —the fact that man has created for himself, in imagination, two Edens, an Eden in the past and an Eden in the future. A beautiful, perfect place, a beautiful, perfect condition, where there is no sin, no sorrow, no pain,— such, men have dreamed of as the starting-point of history. Another perfect condition, another beautiful place, where there is no sin, no sorrow, no pain, they have equally imagined as the goal of history. That is the thing to be attained as the outcome of human life. This, it seems to me, we may rightly take as a parable of life,— something, whether true or not of the race, true in a certain, very profound sense of the individual. These two Edens are the creation respectively of memory and hope.

Each individual has an Eden in his past; for it is one peculiarity of this wondrous faculty that we call memory that it is able to transmute and transform even the hard, harsh, disagreeable things of the past in such a way as to leave behind us, in the main, only a beautiful country.

I remember, for example, that I once passed through a terrific storm. We were in imminent danger of shipwreck,— waiting, weary, fearful, hour after hour, almost holding our breath as we heard the wind howling overhead and the big

waves striking the sides of our trembling ship, wondering what would happen, hardly expecting we should see the land. It was torture while it lasted, although there might have been no great fear of death. But now all this experience is simply a pleasant excitement in the memory. The pain, the sorrow, the sadness, have all passed away; and it remains as something that we gladly remember. Something akin to this is true of all our experience. No matter what our childhood may have been, or the experience of youth, a large part of our disappointments has been transformed by the magic touch of memory, that, Midas-like, is able to turn even the basest metals to gold.

So, on the other hand, we picture to ourselves a beautiful country in the future. No matter how many times we may be disappointed, still the ardor of this hope is not quite chilled; still imagination flies on with fresh, untiring wing, and hovers over a country lying in the mild sunlight of a better day. We imagine a life with the evils of the present outgrown, and think that we shall certainly attain to this better state.

Our actual life is passed on a very narrow neck of time. An infinite or boundless ocean called the past is behind us, another infinite or boundless ocean called the future is before us. We live only by the instant. The present is so fleeting that, before we can say *it is*, it is gone. We live only in this flitting, fleeting moment; and yet a large part of our conscious existence is spent either in the past or the future.

But what are we doing in this present passing moment? We are creating what shall be our memories. We are also creating either the possibility of realizing or the certainty of destroying our richest and noblest hopes. This very minute, the thought that we cherish, the decision we make, the kind or unkind word we speak, create for us the kind of memory that must be ours; and it is also determining whether we shall realize or fail in realizing our far-off hopes.

As we stand here this morning and look back over the

past, calling to mind things that we hoped at the beginning of the year that is gone, candor will compel us to confess to ourselves, if we do not to others, that a very large number of those hopes have not been realized. Perhaps we have been disappointed oftener than we have attained the things that we have desired. We expected, some of us, to have been in a little easier condition financially than we are to-day. We expected to have made money during the past year, while, as a matter of fact,— at least of some of us it is true,— our property has shrunk. Some of it has slipped through our fingers. And we stand here with that hope blasted, holding only the blighted stalk in our hand; while the leaves that made the brilliant flower, instead of developing into fruit, have withered and fallen off.

Some of us have stood as watchers by the side of sick-beds. We have looked upon pale and wan faces,— faces indicating pain and weariness and long waiting,— and we have hoped that the days and weeks and months, as they went by, would bring life and fresh vigor to the cheeks; but these hopes have been disappointed, for these friends have not recovered. And we see them gradually slipping down and down, nearer to the edge of the cloud that, we know, will receive them out of our sight.

Some of us have been worried with care concerning our friends, concerning property, or concerning the welfare, moral or spiritual, of our children; and we have hoped for an outcome better than has been realized. And we are disappointed, wondering whether this new year is going to do for us that which the old failed to accomplish.

So concerning almost all the hopes of our past,— perhaps it is true that a large number, nay, even the larger number, have not been realized. They have been beautiful, flitting forms, that have receded as we have advanced. As we have stretched out longing hands to clasp them, they have eluded us, fading into nothing.

What is the lesson of it? What is this wonderful thing we call hope? Is it, after all, a lie, a cheat? Is it a mirage,

making beautiful pictures on the air of something that does not exist in fact, of something that we, at any rate, shall never see? Is it a will-o'-the-wisp, leading us on, flitting ever before us until we find ourselves lost in the bog? Is it an illusion, something that does not represent a reality, something we should be better without? I hear older people sometimes saying to the young: "It is all very well for you to cherish these grand hopes for the future, but you will learn better by and by. I know it is very bright,—this dawn, this prediction of the morning sky before the sun is quite up; but you will soon find yourself plodding and trudging along the highway in the dust, with this same sun beating down upon you, a burden instead of a blessing." I do not like this way of chilling the enthusiasm of youth by those who, as they say, have experienced life and found that there was nothing in it. If you have indeed found that there is nothing in it, you have only found that there is nothing in you. The illusion of the world, if it be an illusion, only reflects the hollowness of your own hearts, your own lives, your own achievements, your own characters.

I do not believe, then, that this hope is a lie, a cheat, an illusion. I believe rather that it lies at the root of all that is best in human character.

Let us consider it for a moment, and see if we can find out what it is. I do not undertake to explain it, in the ultimate sense of that word; for I have never found anything in this universe that I could explain. When I can explain a grass-blade, I shall know God. Nothing can be explained in that sense. Yet I believe we can find out that hope bears so important a relation to this human life that we may say without any exaggeration, in the words of the apostle, "We are saved by hope." It is the salvation of the individual life and the salvation of the race, and without it we are nothing.

If I spoke as a man of science, I should say that hope is that mysterious, inexplicable, and yet universal and eternal evolutional impulse that lies at the heart of all life. It is the power that works in and works through, lifts up and

leads on, develops and creates, all things. Hope, as it comes up into our consciousness, is only the outflowering, in consciousness, of this central power of life and growth.

To illustrate by something that is not alive, in the sense in which we are,— not consciously alive, but which is yet brother and kin to us in all literalness,— take a tree and study it. As the winter passes away and the spring is coming on, we know that there begins in it a stir, a thrill of new life, as the sun rides higher in the heavens, as there is a new warmth in the air. If this tree were only conscious, as we are, it would feel the thrill of the eternal and universal life in it, lifting it up, pressing at every point of its surface; that tendency which pushes out the bud on the bough, which unfolds the leaves, and makes them swing green and beautiful in the spring-like breeze, and play with the patter of the April rain. It is this same power of forefeeling and prophecy in the tree of leafage, of blossom and fruit, which is the touch in the tree of the evolutional life and growth of the world. It is this which is the life, the impulse, the spirit of promise, of potency of the future in every man, woman, and child,— a touch of the same infinite life. And hope is only the consciousness of this, a recognition of this forefeeling, a promise of some grander development not yet attained. That is the scientific explanation, based on the profoundest study of human life not only, but of all life, from highest to lowest.

When I speak as a religious teacher and thinker, I mean this power, this force; but I call it the God in us, the divine life, the impulse that lifts up and leads on the race to the fulfilment of its destiny. Hope, I say, is only the outblossoming of this into power and life. Do you not see, then, how important a part it plays in this humanity of ours? Do you not see that it is so important that we are justified in saying that the loss of hope is the very worst calamity that can possibly befall a human being, because it means the decay of life? It means the lack and loss of that power out of which everything comes.

Suppose, for example, I stand by a steam-engine. The

steam-gauge is an indicator of the power shut up and held in reserve within the measure of its capacity; and, if that tells me that there is no steam there, the engine, for the time being, is practically dead and powerless. So hope, we may say, is the gauge of the individual and the race. It is an indicator of how much capacity and power there is in a human heart and life. And here is justification for the statement I have sometimes made, without stopping to explain it, that there is only one thing in any human life that is finally fatal; and that one thing is despair. There is no crime so crimson, there is no sin so dark, but that, if hope remains, the man may outlive it, outgrow it, even climb by means of it to something higher and better. But, if hope be gone, life and the impulse to do anything noble is gone. And so despair means death. You remember that marvellous parable of human life in so many of its phases, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress?* You will recall how Pilgrim, on his way to the Eternal City, falls into the custody of Giant Despair, who shuts him up in Doubting Castle; and he feels that all things are at an end. No more for him the sunny roadway of a morning, and pleasant conversations with his friends; no more for him songs in the night; no more for him the victory of achievement, of reaching out a helping hand to a brother; no more for him glimpses and gleams of the Eternal City. He is helplessly, hopelessly sitting in despair. It is only when, after a little while, he plucks from his bosom the key of hope that he finds he has within his grasp the means of escape. With that he opens the door, and goes out into the free air, and pursues his way, glad and rejoicing.

It is despair, hopelessness, which lies at the heart of all the evil of this world. Take a drunkard, for example, whom you say you cannot reclaim. That means there is no spring of hope in him; he himself has given up hope. He says there is no use in his trying longer; that appetite is stronger than he is, and there is no impulse that can back up any effort on his part. So you find in the criminal classes that, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the only thing needed to

make any better future for them is to give them the hope of it. Take the pauper class, too, that live from hand to mouth. They say: It is no use. We can only earn enough to keep soul and body together. There is no hope for any better social condition for us.

It is because of these things that I said what I did a moment ago about the evil of chilling this hope. Rather would I encourage it. We sometimes talk about a young man as sophomoric, and blame him as extravagant in his expectations. I would not give a cent for any young man who is not sophomoric, who does not look forward with extravagant expectation, who is not bubbling over with hope. I do not care how impossible is that which he expects. He will tame down soon enough. He will get over his magnificent expectations all too soon. He will find the reality of this life is not equal to his dream. Still, I would say, "Dream on." I would encourage even the building of air-castles. Build your castles in the air. Create a foundation, deep and strong, of the most brilliant imagining. Make it as fine, if you will, as the city of the New Jerusalem. Lift up your pinnacles. Let your flags fly from each one. Ring your bells of promise and of hope.

I believe that there is no harm in this castle-building for any one of us, so long as calm reason is at the helm, and so long as, day by day, we deal with the practical realities of life. Not only do we fly into that wonderland of memory for rest, but we actually enjoy many a sweet and noble hour as we sit in these castles in Spain that our fancies have builded. Many times do we escape from the barrenness, the drudgery of the common world around us, and rest for an hour in this country of our dreams. Is it an evil? Nay, it is a blessed refuge and place of peace.

Take the watcher by the sick-bed. Let her dream, while the sick one sleeps, of a future in which he shall be well. Will that make her less tender, less watchful, less helpful to the invalid that may never share the realization of such a dream?

Suppose you have been disappointed in business. Is there any harm in resting your head upon your hand over the books in which the balance has come out on the wrong side, and dreaming that you will have something better by and by? No. Do you not rather go back refreshed, and with a new spring of vigor and power with which to attack the problems of life, and so make more certain the realization of your dreams?

Dream, then, of your future: only keep reason ever at the helm, and remember that not out of the dream, but by practical handling of the real problems of life, is to come the nearest approximation to the realization of your dreams.

We stand here this morning facing a new year, a new outlook, new opportunities; and we find ourselves, I trust, still hopeful. I should feel exceedingly sad if any one of you should tell me that you to-day have nothing fine and high and sweet for which you hope during the coming year. You hope to make money this year, although you lost last. You hope that your sick friend will recover; and I hope so, too, with all my heart. You hope that you will win for yourselves a little easier life; that you can shake off some of the cares and troubles of the past, lay down some of the burdens you have been bearing for many a weary month and year. You hope to pass out from the cloud into the sunlight, and take some step toward the realization of that practical freedom that comes with the accumulation of money,—ability to travel, to buy books, to help your friends, to assist in the development of all things fine and noble among men. I do hope myself that you will not be disappointed.

But I wish to offer two or three considerations that should moderate the feeling of your disappointment, if your hopes should fail, and help you to believe that hope is not a delusion and a snare.

Consider then, in the first place, that, although I have just hoped fine things for you, I cannot candidly say that I believe that you will realize one-half the hopes of to-day, just as you are figuring them to yourself. The outcome of a very

large part of our lives is well illustrated in that half-humorous, half-pathetic saying of Thackeray,— that, when he was a boy, he wanted some taffy; but it cost a sixpence, and he did not have the sixpence. After he grew up, he had the sixpence, but he did not want the taffy. He gives this illustration of the way the outcome of life often disappoints the expectations. We want something that we cannot get. By and by, we could get it, but we no longer want it. Our tastes have changed. Yet, though Thackeray did not care anything about the taffy after he had the sixpence, his life was not a disappointment, and his hopes did not deceive him. He may not have gained the precise thing he wanted when he was a boy, but he gained something unspeakably finer and better. You may not, then, gain just the thing you hope for to-day; but, if you read your experience with anything like intelligence, you should have learned this lesson,— that, though you gain not the precise thing for which you hope, you may reasonably expect to gain something a great deal better.

When Columbus set sail from Palos, he hoped, by sailing ever westerly over this unknown sea, to reach the eastern coast of India. And when, after these weary months of mutiny and alternate hope and despair, with hope still dominant over all, he came in sight of land, he thought his hope was realized; and he died without learning his mistake. He did not reach that for which he hoped, he never found the eastern coast of India; but he did a better thing. He gave a new world to Europe,— a continent so much finer and better than India that here, we may reasonably expect, shall be the finest and highest development of man on this planet.

Take the father of Martin Luther. He hoped, and bent all his energies in that direction, that this brave, strong boy of his would enter the law, and become a respected citizen, attaining wealth, distinction, and power. All these hopes were dashed and blighted when, by the perversity of his religious imaginings, as his father must have regarded them, Martin Luther decided, in the freshness and vigor of his

youth, to enter a monastery, and become a monk. His father's hope was blighted in this direction; but out of the monastery flashed a light to illuminate England, America, and give religious freedom to the world.

I was talking the other day with a lady from Brooklyn, who used to be wealthy. Through sudden reverses and through the ill health of her husband, she is now not poor, but cramped and narrowed in her circumstances; compelled to live carefully, and think how she will spend a dollar, where a few years ago she would not have considered the spending of a hundred. But yet she told me, while the mist gathered in her eyes, that she was glad beyond expression for the experience that had come to her. Her hopes had been crushed; but out of this withered blossom sprang a new flower of character, of experience of human life, of sympathy with all men's want and sorrow, of knowledge of human nature,— things that she felt were worth unspeakably more than the riches she had lost. So I take it that many and many a time, if we read our experiences carefully, we shall be compelled to confess that, though the special hope was not realized, something better came in its place.

Then there is one thought more, and that is, if we will only be rational in looking toward the future, if we will only read the lessons that memory's page holds out before our gaze, we need not be so often disappointed as we are. Nine out of ten of our disappointments come because we expected something we had no right to expect. A little child is disappointed because his nurse will not give him the moon; but that is a very childish and silly disappointment, because it is something impossible to realize, and undesirable, if it were possible. So, I take it, a large part of the hopes we cherish are things that, taking our characters, our conditions, our circumstances, our ability, into consideration, we have no right to expect, and that, perhaps, if we had a right to expect, would not be good for us; and so we have no right to hope for them and no right to be disappointed. If we will only reasonable and learn the lessons of the past, and hope

only for those things that we can rationally expect to attain, and lend our energies toward that realization, many more of our hopes would blossom and bear fruit than actually do.

There is another thought that is of the first importance. Though many of our hopes wither, still there is something that may come out of the experience of life ministered to by false hopes, by disappointment, by enjoyment, and experiences of every kind, much richer, fairer, finer than all else. We may have very little control over the matter, whether our hopes shall be realized or not; but over this one capital thing we do have control.

"My boyhood chased the butterfly,
Or, when the shower was gone,
Sought treasures at the rainbow's end,
That lured me, wandering on.
I caught nor bow nor butterfly,
Though eagerly I ran;
But in the chase I found myself,
And grew to be a man.

"In later years, I've chased the good,
The beautiful, and true,—
Mirage-like forms which take not shape,
They flit as I pursue.
But, while the endless chase I run,
I grow in life divine:
I miss the ideals that I seek,
But God himself is mine."

This, then, is the lesson. No matter how many hopes fail, we have it in our power, from the experience of life, of joy and of sorrow, to develop ourselves into manliness and womanliness. I may not be able to ward off a sorrow, but I can bear it like a man. I may have sinned, but I can fight myself above and beyond the sin. I may lose property, but I can be honest in the loss. I can be true through it all, and stand at the last clothed in the nobility of a character wrought out of all those experiences. You have it in your power, then, not to control the accidents of life, but to create

manhood and womanhood as the result of them. And, when the last day of this year comes, if you are compelled to say, The thing I looked for did not come, but something else I feared did come, you know perfectly well that it will not be those things that will make up the sadness of your memories. Looking further still, when you stand on the last day of your life and look back, the great thing then will be what you are, what you have become. How much of patience, of tenderness, of purity, of nobility, of unselfishness you have extracted from the experience of life, as a bee gathers honey from flowers ; how much of these you have wrought into your character,— this will be what will make memory a blessing, this will be the root through which shall spring up and blossom out the noblest flowers of hope.

And that alone, if there be another life, is the sole capital with which you can start business there. This then will blossom, this magnificent hope of the future, so that even death cannot chill or quench it. When I try to look deeply into the meaning of life, this seems to me the most wonderful thing of all. I cannot think this glorious hope, this divine impulse leading on all the way from the beginning to to-day, is a lie. It has not proved a lie in the past. I do not believe it is a lie when it still flourishes vigorously on the very edge of the grave. It is hope that makes that daring leap in the dark, and believes that it shall light on a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Hope, looking down into a grave, declares that that is not the end. It looks through it, and, catching a gleam of light from the other side, dares to assert that even death's ashes strew the way that leads to an eternal sunrise. This seems to me the most magnificent development of this faculty divine of which we can conceive. This character that you are capable of working out in the midst of the decay of all present hopes,— this shall fit you for that grand future, if it be ; and, if it be not, it is that which shall make you look back with gladness upon your past. But I dare to trust, listening to the whisper of this hope, that it must be true. I dare to

trust in that outlook pictured so beautifully by Campbell, in the last words of his great poem : —

> "Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
> Thy joyous youth began; but not to fade.
> When all the sister planets have decayed;
> When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
> And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,—
> Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
> And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

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THE WINTER FIRESIDE.

"And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals; for it was cold: and they warmed themselves. And Peter stood with them, and warmed himself."—JOHN xviii., 18.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented not only by the divine light of the sun, but also by our common wood fire. And, as the celestial fire drives away dark spirits, so also this, our fire of wood, doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I, Chap. v.

THE passage which I have selected from John refers to the scene which took place in the palace of the high-priest in Jerusalem, just preceding the crucifixion. I have taken it as a starting-point, because I want to fix definitely and clearly in your mind this one little picture,— the fire of coals radiating light and warmth, as though it were a little sun within this narrow circle,— this circle separated from and battling against the great outer world of winter and cold; a little circle of light and warmth, and therefore of comfortable civilized human life.

Accustomed as we are to the ordinary routine of our daily existence, it is very rarely that we think of the significance of these things. We have become used to them, they are so common, so much a thing of course. Yet how much the little fire of coals in the midst of the winter, at which they might stand and warm themselves, means. You may get a partial idea, if your imagination is strong enough to picture to yourselves the sudden putting out of all the fires of the world and the utter destruction of all means for rekindling them. Consider the result. It would be nothing less disastrous than the entire destruction of perhaps one-half the population of the globe, and the reduction of the other half

to the level of barbarism. For, remember, not only are these little fires of coal, with which we warm ourselves, the means of bodily comfort, but they stand also for that power that controls the forces of nature, that enables man to conquer the adverse powers of the world. It is this fire that gives man chemical and mechanical control of the rough materials and the gigantic forces of nature. This little fire means the centre of home and all that it implies, as connected with the physical life and health of man. But it means also a power that is capable of taking the raw materials of earth, and reshaping them into forms of beauty and a thousand shapes of practical use. So that I do not exaggerate when I say that the sudden and permanent putting out of all earth's fires would mean the sudden death of full one-half of the people, and the reduction of the other half to barbarism. So much did the eternal conflict between the light and the darkness, between the fire and the cold, between the summer and the winter, the day and the night, mean to the early world that they told the story of it in many different ways. These stories became afterward what we know as legends, as myth, as fairy tales; and they have become woven into the very structure and dogma of every religion.

There was a time when men had no fire. Sunk beneath the comfort level of all our ordinary domestic animals, man led an outcast, brutal, cheerless, struggling life, fighting against all the adverse elements of nature. So important did early men regard this gift of fire that they told stories of how it was gained from heaven by the genius and the daring of demigods. They even made fire a god, and worshipped it by millions through thousands of years.

You are familiar with the story of Prometheus, of how in that old time of barbarism and suffering, when man was only half-alive, when he was neglected not only, but even hated by the gods, Prometheus dared to steal the sacred fire from heaven and bring it down to men,—a gift of inestimable worth. They received it as partaking of the very nature of the divinities from whom it came and made it a god: but

—it is the same old story in every religion—it came at a fearful cost to him who brought it. You remember how the old hero, chained on the cheerless heights of Mount Caucasus, lay there age after age, with an eagle devouring his vitals, which grew as rapidly as they were devoured, and that his torment was to last until the heavenly powers themselves were overthrown. At first, this story of the conflict between cold and fire was recognized as only a telling of the tale of nature's transitions. Then, it became broader; and, when the original meaning was forgotten, it was turned into myth, and then by slow degrees it became interwoven as a part of the very fibre, the warp and the woof of every religion.

Some of these stories are beautiful, and all of them are pathetic. Let me give you one as typical of them all. We have recovered from the tablets of that long-lost Assyrian civilization, a part of the old life of the long ago in the far East, the story of the goddess Ishtar, the goddess of love, life, light, beauty; the poetic representative of spring and summer, and all that men delight in; how her love was snatched away by the powers of death and hidden in the underworld; and how, seeking for him with broken heart and weeping eyes all over the earth, she at last determines to descend into hell itself to bring him back again. She goes through the seven great gates that shut out the underworld from this light of day; and, as she passes one after another, her garments, one by one, and the ornaments that she wore on her person are stripped away,—the winter stripping off the leaves and the flowers and the buds of the earth as the summer passes down into the underworld. At last, she stands bare and cold in this cheerless abode of the dead; and such is the pity that she awakens in the hearts of the infernal powers that by and by they release her and the love she went to seek, and, as she passes through the seven gates, she receives, one after another, the garments and robes and ornaments that had been taken from her, and she comes forth again to the bright sky and the glad, rejoicing earth, and all is spring and summer and happiness once more. Under this

thinly disguised myth, do you not see the story of the summer going down into the underworld and coming back again,—this old, eternal conflict between the fire and the cold?

This same story is told under the form of a myth in the story of Adonis, in the story of Persephone, in the story among the Egyptians of Osiris, and among the Scandinavians in the story of Balder. Besides this, it is deeply wrought into every religion, not excepting our own. It represents the meaning of the conflict of the powers of light and life and truth with the principle of evil, its temporary overthrow, its descent into hell and the coming back again. This old story has been spiritualized, and made to represent the higher and nobler life of man.

It is a curious fact that hell, which has come with the Orthodoxy of Christendom to be a place of intense heat and a lake of fire that burns forever, was originally a cheerless, dark, cold, underground cavern. Transformed among the nations that knew not the meaning of cold, but rather sweltered under the heat of southern skies, it became in the minds of the Orient a place of fire; and we of the north have borrowed it, thus transformed, and have it again as a part of our legendary religious story.

Again, it is a curious fact that nearly all the old churches of England were built facing the south; and all the good, or baptized dead, were buried on the southern side of the churchyard, while on the north side were buried all outcasts, criminals, suicides, and those unworthy from wickedness, because the north was looked upon as accursed. Each church, though opening to the south, had a northern door; and, during the ceremony of christening, this northern door was opened for the exit of the devil that was supposed to be expelled by the rite. So strongly did primeval man feel these things that in these figurative stories they told their own experiences and their own imaginings. We can hardly know what this meant to these primitive people, unless we are placed in circumstances similar to theirs.

Suppose a being from another planet who had never seen

or heard of the winter should come to this earth in the midst of the blossoming promise and beauty of summer, and watch the gradual transformation, the leaves turning yellow and falling one by one; the first little chill of air as the autumn drew on; the frosts blighting the flowers and the foliage of the forests; the song-birds one by one winging their way mysteriously to some far-off land, as though they were leaving before the approach of a calamity that they felt coming in the air; then, the first whisper of the sharp winds from the north, the dull gray clouds shutting out the sun, the first flakes of snow, the sleet, the biting, tempestuous storm, the whole world finally draped in its pall of white, with no fire, no means of warmth, no refuge, no escape from the cold,— would he not understand the reason why primeval man turned winter into a demon, that was forever to be fought by the golden arrows of the sun, in the interest of life and light and growth and beauty? Or, if one of us should take our station in the air, far away from the earth, so that we could see this wondrous hemisphere of ours in winter capped with snow; if we could see it pelted with sleet, swept by the blasts of some terrific storm; and then, if we could see dotted here and there on earth the fire glows of the million homes, and see how these were little centres radiating light and warmth around which men might cluster and warm themselves, a living and civilized human life,— would we not then appreciate, as we cannot to-day, what this eternal conflict means, a conflict not only for the physical comfort, but for the higher intellectual, moral, and religious life of man?

This leads me to consider, as the first special point that I have in mind, how the fireside is a power that turns what else were hideous and horrible into a thing of beauty and delight.

Let me quote here a fragment from Emerson, who sets forth a picture that well suggests the glory of one of our wondrous storms, and the beauty and sweetness of being sheltered by our winter fireside: —

> "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
> Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
> Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air

Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Is not that gloriously beautiful? Yet would not all this glorious beauty be transformed into a thing of unspeakable horror, were the fireplace omitted? Think of those men who seek a gate-way to the north that men have dreamed would lead them across into the Pacific Ocean! Think of Franklin and his men, ice-bound, provisions gone, materials for fire exhausted, waiting, in the midst of the blue magnificence of the ice and the drifting wonder of the snowflake, the coming of certain death. Picture to yourself Downer and his party, who have given name to one of the most beautiful lakes between here and the Pacific, caught in the storm crossing the plains, years ago, sitting down by the borders of this lake, the snow piled ten, fifteen, twenty feet all around them, utterly impassable, where nothing but a bird could move, waiting until the chill crept into their veins and they went into that sleep that knew no earthly waking. Would you not feel under these circumstances that this cold which is so beautiful as we sit by the fireside, this wind that makes such music in the winter evening, the snow that flies against the window-pane, the white glory that the winter moon makes so perfect,—would you not feel, I ask, that there was a significance in the imagination of primitive man, when he figured this beautiful cold as a beautiful demoness, folding people in her icy bosom, knowing all the while that their hearts would become as stone cold as her own? Winter is beautiful; but it is beautiful only to those who sit by the fireside, and who can create a power that can beat back the approach of the cold and master the inclement forces of the season.

And how much of all that is most beautiful and significant about the home-life of the world do we owe to this winter

fireside? I cannot conceive any such thing as we mean here in the north by the word "home" as existing in those sunny lands where there is only needed a temporary shelter and only fire now and then to prepare food, where it is pleasanter to live out doors than in the house. That which we mean by home, that of which we dream when we think of childhood, of father sitting in the corner of the great fire-place, mother before it with her spinning-wheel, brothers and sisters before the winter fireside,— these things belong to the north. How I remember some of those evenings in the old farm-house, between the time of supper and the early going to bed, before the candles were lighted, and the fire roared up the chimney, lighting up the room, making shadows dance upon the wall, and how we played with our own shadows as they were cast here and there,— all this must stand forever to me associated with the word "home." Home means the place where we enter into these long associations, where we learn to love and lean on each other. I believe that there is nothing mightier in its influence than these memories that we carry in our hearts, the recollection of the winter fireside, the face of mother, the instruction of father, the companionship of brother and sister: these are the mightiest shaping and controlling forces of our life to-day for those of us who have it as a memory.

Let me quote two or three lines from Whittier's "Snow-bound," bearing upon this point: —

> "Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the north wind roar
> In baffled rage at pane and door,
> While the red logs before us beat
> The frost-line back with tropic heat."

Then, he goes on to describe the father, the mother, and the aunt (one of the dearest memories of all our homes, I take it, with her sweet, womanly wisdom), the brothers and the sisters. Read it all, and you will see how much home means when associated with this winter fireside.

Again, the fireside is the mainspring of the best social life of the world. That which we mean by society, with the exception of that brief round of gayeties at some watering-place in summer, is associated with these winter scenes. I do not mean, when I speak of society, that perfunctory, empty, heartless, meaningless round through which we are driven by the lash of fashion, but which we would never follow, if we were at liberty to do what we please. I do not mean the society in which we have a thousand speaking acquaintances, gauged by their wealth, their rank, their standing,—people that, if they were stripped of these things, we would drop as quickly as we took them up. By society, I mean that inner circle of friends outside the family life, next in rank to it. How many of these there are that we have become associated with around our firesides who are now a part of our life. If they are not living, they form some of our dearest memories; if living, no matter where they are, they are the ones to whom we would go to unburden our cares and sorrows, who would love us whatever might happen, who would trust us though the world were against us. This kind of society that is true to us, that means something to us, has its centre also in the winter fireside.

Then there is another meaning, and this leads us over the borderland of simple home and society into the land that we cover by the names moral and religious. How many of our charities, how much of our growth in love, pity, and tenderness, are connected with the associations of the winter fireside! As we come in of an evening and sit down to warm ourselves before the glow of the coals in the grate, there springs up, of necessity, if we be human, a feeling of pity for those far off on the sea, suffering cold and buffeted by the storm. We think of the ships that go down on our coasts in the winter, and of the orphans left that must be sheltered and cared for; and the angel of charity makes her abode in our hearts. We think of the multitudes of those drawing their rags about them for scanty warmth, nursing a few sticks or lumps of coal by way of a fire. No matter

whether their poverty and want be a thing of necessity or the result of shiftlessness or crime, we cannot steel our hearts against it, as we sit warm about our own fireside. We sympathize then with those tender, beautiful words of Cordelia, when she speaks of her old father, driven out into the cold by the hard-heartedness of his cruel children. We are touched, as she calls up the picture of that storm, and cries,

> "Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire."

This spirit of love and charity for all the world grows in our hearts, until it becomes a part of our nature; while they glow with warmth like our fires, and are the radiating centre of all the noblest activities and services of humanity.

There is, again, no estimating how much the intellectual life of the world owes to the north. In the summer, we live all out of doors. The air is balmy, the sky sunny, everything invites to laxity, to ease; and our natures feel the diffusiveness of the air. There is nothing about us to induce concentration of faculties. The sky is hazy, the leaves of the trees make a mist over our heads, the stars are dim and far away at night; and we live in the midst of this diffusive air. But, in the winter, we are driven in on ourselves. There are none of these outdoor inducements to freedom. We are compelled to create our own little circle of life around the fireside. We feel activity and freshness of thought and vigor of movement. Our blood tingles in our veins, our brains thrill with more vigorous intellectual life. This is the time we think, we read, we plan and execute the noblest work of our lives. Many are the great men of the world that have been produced in this northern life,—presidents, statesmen, orators, inventors, merchants. You can call them up here and there in all departments in public life. They began by dreaming before the fire in their country homes. They used a pitch knot for a candle with which to read, thus nursing the first development of their intellectual life. They sat and

gazed into the fire, and made the leaping flames and the little running sparks on the soot on the back of the chimney take on the images of their fancy, dreaming out their inventions, thinking of the grand careers which they would pursue, and finding in the uplifting flame a symbol of their highest thoughts of inspiration and noble living. Afterward, they illustrated the meaning and power of these by natures, as Lowell says, which, like the flames, kept climbing as long as they lived in shining ways. Thus, the intellectual and spiritual life are developed very largely by the influences which have come to us from around these winter firesides.

And then, in hours like these, all that the past has given to us surrounds us, talks with us around these winter firesides, and makes us feel that we are citizens of the world and inhabitants of all the ages. Think how naturally suggestions like this can come. We look into the glowing red of our grate fire, and what do we see? It seems to me very strange that we can be so unconcerned about marvels beside which the wonders of the *Arabian Nights* are tame. What gives your coal fire its glow? It is the sunshine of a million years ago. It is stored up, crystallized sunshine. We are basking and warming ourselves by a sun that shone on this old globe thousands and thousands of years ago. Not only does the past come to us before the grate, but that other warmth of the brain and heart, crystallized in thought, written in words, printed in ink, lies on our centre-tables, fills our book-shelves, until poets and singers and artists of all the world surround us. At our winter fireside, we hear Homer tell his story; we go with Æneas from Troy, and help him lay the foundations of Rome; we descend with Dante into his hell or climb the heights of Purgatory or listen to the joy of those who have entered into the beatific life of Paradise. So all the past lives with us and surrounds us, and makes us friends, neighbors, and partakers of all past lives, as we sit around our winter fireside.

I may not saunter in the sun
  As when the days were long,
While Summer's thousand voices run
  Through all the scale of song.

I may not lounge upon the bank
  Where smooth the brook gleams by,
And gaze down where the sunlight sank
  As deep as is the sky.

I may not whisper with the breeze
  Upon the lush, sweet grass,
And, dreaming, watch the shadowy trees
  Backward and forward pass.

. . . . . .

For Winter, cheerless Winter, reigns!
  The conquered Summer dies.
Her victor lords it o'er the plains,
  And sweeps the dreary skies.

But, driven thus within my door,
  I find a world as fair,
In which dwell all the gone-before,—
  The wise, the good, the rare.

Suns of a thousand summers past
  Shine on me from my grate,—
A light from out the æons vast
  That antedate all date.

And all the singers of all lands,
  In type's strange magic kept,
Wake their sweet songs at my commands,
  Where in the leaves they've slept.

. . . . . .

I talk familiar with the great,
  I worship with the good;
Their true words still reverberate,
  And thrill to loftiest mood.

And, going inward, deeper still,
  And climbing up as high,
By hidden stairs I rise, until
  I gaze out on the sky.

swift, the beautiful, the high, the fine, the lovely, the tender, the true, have been survivors in the battle of life. It is in accordance with this principle that all social organizations have been judged in the past, and must be judged to-day and in the future. It is in accordance with this that governments are judged, approved or rejected. It is in accordance with this that all religions are tested. It is in accordance with this that all ethical ideas are tried. It is in accordance with this that this church must stand or fall; that you and I as individuals must be proved. If the church can fill its place and do its work, it will live. If not, it will die, and it ought to. If you and I can fill some worthy place in the world, serve our time and race individually, physically, morally, then we shall live and grow strong. If not, we shall give place to some one worthier than we, and we ought to. Who then dares to say that there is anything unjust, untender, unmerciful in this saying of Jesus,— "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath"? In this, we read that incompetence of every kind, physical, mental, moral, shall be outgrown, and that the good shall ultimately triumph.

When Kepler read in the stars his three famous laws of planetary motion, he said in sublime, though familiar, words, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee!" And so Darwin and Spencer of this modern world have only been more broadly and more deeply thinking over again the thoughts and methods and ways of this Infinite and Eternal Power that unfolds itself age after age, and under the uplifting influence of which all fine, sweet, true, noble things have come to be.

The one life thrilled the star-dust through,
In nebulous masses whirled,
Until, globed like a drop of dew,
Shone out a new-made world.

The one life on the ocean shore,
Through primal ooze and slime,
Crept slowly on from less to more
Along the ways of time.

The one life in the jungles old,
From lowly, creeping things,
Did ever some new form unfold,—
Swift feet or soaring wings.

The one life all the ages through
Pursued its wondrous plan,
Till, as the tree of promise grew,
It blossomed into man.

The one life reacheth onward still:
As yet, no eye may see
The far-off fact man's dream fulfil,—
The glory yet to be.

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THE MAN.

THE most interesting as well as the most important object for human study is humanity itself. And yet, since man is the product, the flower and the fruit of this great universe that surrounds us; since he is the last term, the result, of all the past; since he is woven as a thread into the warp and woof of the complex life of the present,— in order perfectly to comprehend him, we need to know *the all.* For no one thing in the universe exists independently of the rest, so that it can be detached and thoroughly studied and comprehended alone. Every unit is only a part of some larger aggregate. Each individual can be studied and comprehended only as it is related to the larger whole of which it is such part.

Springing out of the total life of things and integrated into an organism by itself is the family; the true, the eternal trinity of man, woman, and child,— these three that, without any metaphysical distinctions or jugglery of terms, are really and forever one. And, in order to study the man and the woman and the child, we must consider them as parts of this larger organism. For the man is the man by virtue of the relationship in which he stands to the woman and the child; and the woman is the woman by virtue of the relationship in which she stands to the man and the child; and the child is the child by virtue of the relationship in which it stands to the man and the woman. Each is a part of that larger whole, and their ideal must be discovered by finding out the relation in which they stand to these other parts.

It is indeed true, and it is a beneficent law, that almost

anything that is alive can adapt itself to new and strange conditions within certain limits; and those limits are not very narrow. A man can live alone, therefore, and unrelated, to a certain extent; so a woman or a child can live alone and unrelated. Each one has the power of becoming adapted to this changed condition of things. A man, for example, can take on certain characteristics of a woman, fulfil certain functions usually performed by a woman, and a woman can acquire certain characteristics of a man, and the same holds true of a child, so far as either one of them is compelled by force of circumstances or by the leadings of choice. But as far as either one thus changes, so far does that one depart from the ideal type.

To illustrate what I mean, if you had never seen a steam-engine, and I should bring to your notice some special piece of its mechanism, you would not be able to understand it. You would not know what it was for. You would say, It is a part of a larger whole, and I must find out what this larger whole is before I can comprehend it. This shows what I mean, when I say we need to know how man is related, what part he plays and the function he performs in the family and in the wider life of which he is a part.

If one part of a steam-engine is broken, damaged, or removed, the engine, of itself, has no power to supply this which is lacking. But in all living organisms there is this recuperative power, this power of one organ to become modified or changed, so as to take on the function of another organ. If we go down among the lower life of the world, we find this marvellous fact,—that, if we tear away even a whole limb, it will grow again, such is the recuperative power and fulness of life. But when you come up to man, to a being so highly complicated, so complex in structure, this is no longer true. And yet it is true that, if some one organ of man be taken away or injured so that it cannot fulfil its function, if there is power of life enough left in the system, some other organ will be modified and changed in its structure, and will take upon itself the office of fulfilling the function of that which is

removed. There have been cases, for instance, of one entire lung being taken out or dying out, and of the other lung growing across the chest and filling up the place and doing the work of both. So, if a man loses his eyesight, some other sense becomes sharper, keener, capable of supplying the lack within certain limits, and fulfilling functions not natural to it in a perfectly developed and balanced human system.

This illustrates what I wish you to understand concerning the function and the nature of the man and the woman. A man can become changed, if he needs or chooses, so as to fill the place and do a large part of the work of the woman. So a woman can become changed and do the work of a man. And a child, bereft of father and mother, as we often see, can become suddenly and abnormally old, lose its childishness, and do the work that would naturally be deferred for many a year. But just in so far as man or woman or child departs from the type of manhood or womanhood or childhood, just so far do they become less manly, less womanly, less childlike. In order perfectly to understand them then, we must study them as related to each other.

My task this morning is to attempt to outline the manly ideal, to describe to you the manly function in the development of the world and of civilization, and to outline a few of the great and specific manly virtues.

In describing the part that man has played, the manly element, in the development of the world, of course I must go back of all and below all superficial or artificial distinctions. I shall not treat of man as belonging to one race rather than another. I shall not treat of him as belonging to one social class rather than another, whether noble or warrior or peasant. I shall not treat of him as belonging to some particular calling or occupation, as lawyer, banker, farmer. Of course, you will readily see that men are in the main modified to fit them for these peculiar conditions, callings, and occupations, and that there are certain virtues which attach themselves to the men who occupy them.

There are, for instance, peculiar characteristics and qualities that belong to the German race as opposed to the French. There are certain characteristics, virtues, and qualities that belong to the ideal type of the nobleman, the soldier, and the peasant. Again, there are certain characteristics and corresponding virtues belonging to the lawyer as a lawyer, to the banker as a banker, to the merchant as a merchant, to the farmer as a farmer,— certain things that are very important for one to possess that are not especially important for the other. I must go behind these artificial distinctions, and must put my finger to-day on those things which are essential to man, of universal quality, the permanent characteristics of manhood, as distinguished from womanhood or childhood in the development of the race.

I wish to point out three great functions that man has specifically fulfilled as man. I do not wish to be misunderstood as saying that woman has never played any part in these three great functions, for there are few qualities of any kind that to some extent are not common to all who are human. I simply wish to say that these are the qualities, the characteristics, the functions, which have been specialized, emphasized, and made more important as connecting themselves with the character of man in the history of human development.

In the first place, I mark one quality or function as prime, permanent, and universal. Man has always been, and so far as I can see must always be, what I mean when I call him the warrior or fighter, the combatant. And this is the very first essential function of the manly character in all the world.

Before there could be even the beginnings of civilization, man had to fight against and conquer the rough elements of a wild and savage nature,— subdue a place where he could stand with woman and child. Next, he had to contend with the wild beasts of the earth; and this conflict, although we cannot understand it without the help of the imagination, was very important in the early development of civilization.

Man himself had but recently escaped from the condition of the animals. He had no weapons : only he had a little more cunning finger, and had a little more cunning brain, and so he became a warrior against the beasts that rose in competition with him. He had to fight with the wild beasts of the earth, in order to drive back barbarism and create the conditions of civilization. As late as the time of the Judges, long after the children of Israel left Egypt, we find the Bible speaking of the possibility of the children of Israel being driven out of the land of Canaan by the wild beasts, that increased so rapidly and developed such dangerous power. Then, he had to fight against hostile men, and so create around himself a sheltered spot, where he might build his home. If I were an artist, and could erect a monument idealizing the part that man has played in all history and through all time, I would picture him standing armed, with uplifted hand and watchful eye ; while behind him, sheltered by his power, should be the wife and the child, in the place of peace and repose which he had created for them. This quality of warrior has not ceased. The transformations of life have changed its characteristics, so that man needs not so much to fight with wild nature and beasts and hostile men, though now and again called upon to resume this, the most important function of his early career. Man still fights for a place in the world, for standing ground, for bread, for home, for an ideal civilization, for the conditions of education, for those dependent on him,—for all these he fights. This same warrior-like quality and element in him is still exercised, when he stands out in the midst of the great forces of nature, now as of old sheltering the home and those dependent upon him.

The next great function of manhood in the development of the world I will call that which has made him the explorer. After he had created for himself a standing place and built himself a home, the increase of this home, or the exhaustion of the conditions of life immediately about him, called him to go forth and find new regions to conquer, and

to create new places of peace, quiet, and civilization, like the old. So that man has ever been starting out, and seeking for new fields, exploring the unknown; and, generally, these first expeditions have been confined to him alone. He goes forth as Columbus did, seeking a new world; as men of this country did in exploring the wilds of the West, and the new land beyond the mountains, with bands of men. When they have created the conditions of home, then the woman and the child follow after. So we find everywhere that man has less local attachment than woman, less love for the concrete, less sentiment in regard to old associations. Man adapts himself more easily to new conditions, and makes himself a new home with more ease than does the woman.

This same characteristic, or quality, has manifested itself in the higher regions of thought. It is man that has explored the new worlds of science, of philosophy, of religion. The man changes his belief much more readily than the woman. He more easily finds a home in the midst of new ideas. He cares less for the sentimental side of religion. He explores new realms of thought with delight; while he finds it hard to persuade his wife to follow, and stand by his side, until he has conquered and made familiar these new conditions. So man has been the explorer in realms of thought as well as in realms of nature.

One other thing: man has generally been what I will call the builder. He has built the home for the sake of the wife and child, and under the inspiration of this love. So that you may say that the wife and child are always the motive force, the mainspring, the inspiration of all grand things that man has done or will do. But still it is he that goes before, and works out, in the midst of the rough materials of life, these great results.

Man not only builds the home, but he does another thing, which only humanity has yet shown ability to do. A bird will modify its nest, if you change the conditions of the place where it must be built. It shows enough intelligence and adaptation to accomplish that; but no bird, no animal, ever

yet created a new environment. You know the law of evolution,— how men and animals both became naturally adapted to their surroundings and the conditions of their life. If these conditions should suddenly be changed for the worse, it might mean human degradation, because man tends to adapt himself to any new conditions, whatever they may be; but he has also the power of a creator,—a power to take the conditions in the material world, in the social world, in the political world, and create a higher and grander environment, one above himself, one that will tend to lift him up.

The peculiar functions that the manly element has played in the development of this world, then, I think, may fairly and philosophically be summed up,— though it would require more analysis and detail than I can possibly give to justify this statement,— as those of the warrior, the explorer, the builder, or creator.

Now, of course, it follows, according to the principles which I have already touched upon, that man, in fulfilling these great functions, has developed certain peculiar characteristics and qualities that have fitted him for them; and, therefore, certain great typical virtues have been developed as the results of the part he has played,— certain virtues that fit him to fulfil these functions in their completeness.

I wish, therefore, now to ask you to give me your attention, while I attempt to outline three or four specific manly virtues. Of course, you will understand, as I said a moment ago, that, by calling these manly, I do not say that women do not possess them to some extent and some degree. I do not deny that they are human qualities: they must be in a certain sense common to whatever is human. I only say that these are the typical, specific and peculiar manly virtues.

I cannot go into that infinity of detail which would be required to outline in full the virtues of the man. I only propose to call your attention to the three or four which are of so much importance that, like the sun in the heavens, they draw after themselves as satellites all lesser, minor virtues which belong to and distinguish man.

What then are they, these peculiar, specific virtues of the manly character?

In the first place, *strength*, power; and this is the prime condition, the essential of everything else. Suppose, for example, that you should go with me down Boston Harbor, and there we should be taken on board a magnificent steamship, and we should find it built after the finest model, complete and perfect in every part, except that there were no sails, and, as we go down into the hold, we should find no boiler, no shaft, no paddle-wheels; you would say at once that, however finely she may be constructed, however perfect, however laden with all the wealth of the world, that the vessel is practically useless, for the simple reason that it lacks the power that might make these other things of practical value.

So you may construct a man, a very Apollo in his physical being, and you may put within him the finest structure of brain and heart, everything except that in some unaccountable way he shall lack force, strength, power, and he counts for nothing in life, for the reason that there is no motive force to bring these fine qualities into activity.

There must be, in the first place, a grand physical being,— blood, brawn, stomach, lungs,— a complete body. A disembodied spirit may be a fine thing somewhere, but it is not worth much in a world like this. It must be embodied, and embodied in power, before it can accomplish anything. Strength is the great prime quality of an ideal man,— not only this physical power, but brain power. Had I time, I could fill your thoughts and imaginations with illustrations from all the mighty names that shape the thinking of the world to-day, because of their mighty power. To name them would be to name the great men of the world.

To show how useless fine quality and ability may be without the physical strength, take a man like Keats. No man since Shakspere has possessed a finer poetical quality than he; yet his was a life of failure, cut off in the midst of his youth for the lack of this every-day thing we call physical strength.

In order, then, that man should have played the part that he has in the history of the world, the first great essential was strength. I take it that I shall not go far wrong, if I say that the one quality above all others which a woman naturally admires in a man, and the one she ought to admire, is power; because it is that which is the prime essential of all that he shall be able to do in the way of defending, sheltering, lifting her up, leading her on to that which is best and highest in human life.

With what admiration we look at typical, great examples of power,— not only of execution, but of patient endurance, like that of Palissy, the potter, of Elias Howe, of Lincoln, of Paul! Ability to endure all things,— hardships, persecutions, enmity of friends, everything, and, having done all, to stand like a tower against the buffeting winds and tempests, — this is the first great virtue of manly character.

What is the next? One that naturally springs out of it,— *courage*, a courage that faces whatever must be faced, and dares unto the end. I thrill as I read the stories of mere physical courage that ennoble the history of humanity. I cannot read unmoved the story of that French officer who, when shot through both legs and told that one must be amputated, would not be bound, but sitting up on the table, smoking his cigar, without flinching suffered the operation, and then, when the surgeon told him that he must lose the other also, although he would rather have died than suffer it, told them to go ahead, and calmly suffered to the end. Such courage like this, even on the lowest level of life, is something to make us proud of men.

But, when you come to that higher region of moral, spiritual courage, how men tower above the world, and prove themselves fit to be masters! Who can read unmoved that ever familiar, because ever wondrous story of Martin Luther,— how he stood facing Christendom, the pope, and all his hierarchy, the Emperor of Germany, all the powers of the world, the howling of the rabble, and, possessed by his high ideal, said: "So help me God, here I stand. I can no

other"! Or when he said again, in those familiar words, "I will go to Worms, though there are as many devils there as there are tiles upon the house-tops." It is this moral courage that makes a man strong; and how much is it needed to-day! With admiration we confront it, when we find it. How it is needed in the Church, needed in every great moral and political reform! How much we need men who know that their course is true, and who dare take it, whatever the consequences! How much there is of truckling, of petty calculation, of ministers wondering whether, if they say what they know is true, the pews will bear it and pay his bills, whether the officers over him in the church will endure it! Oh, with what contempt I look upon a man, when he gets reduced to that!

It is courage that makes a man dare face all the problems of the world. How it is needed to-day to look through these great questions, upon which human destiny depends! What a lack of faith in the universe the lack of this courage reveals! It seems to me — let me speak it with all reverence — that, if God sits on the throne of the universe, if he possesses those qualities which we think are highest in man, he surely must have contempt, and contempt alone, for those who fear to stand and look the world and heaven in the face, and demand an answer to the great questions which thrill the thoughtful man. It seems to me that he must have an added respect for the man who dares to look into the sky and frankly say: I wish there were a God. I wish I could find some evidence of his existence, but I cannot. The universe is not governed as I would govern it; and, it seems to me, there can be no king upon the throne. I say, then, that it seems as though God must respect a man who dares to look even him in the face, and speak the deepest truth of his heart. I certainly could never find it in my soul to worship a God who would hold it a crime worthy of punishment, were a man to be thus courageous and true.

The next great moral virtue is summed up in what seems to me, in some ways, the finest word in the world,—*honor*,—

that which makes a man true to his ideal of himself, true to his enemies, true to his friends, true to those who are dependent upon him, true to any one, at whatever cost, whose secret of life or death should come into his possession,— the man who does not need to be put under oath, the man who resents it as an insult to be bound to be true.

This is so important a part of human nature, because it is that which, by its integrity, keeps the world together. It is the attractive force of the particles that make up this globe that makes the globe possible. It is by as much honor as there is in the family that there is a family, by as much honor as there is in society that there is society, by as much honor as there is in government that there is a government. This principle of honor is the cohesive power that holds the individual fragments of this larger and finer unity.

I have respect, so far as it goes, even for the prize-fighter, who is too honorable to strike below the belt. In that grade of life, it is admirable. To go up a little higher, to the level of that social state where duelling was considered reputable, I read with admiration of those characters who, believing that it was honorable, were true to the ideal of that condition; who would not strike a foe unwarned, unarmed; who would even give him the choice of weapons; who, when the sword was struck out of his hand, would wait until he had recovered it again, and said he was ready; who were true to the ideal, though life hung in the balance. It is this same honor all through that makes the finest and noblest character of man.

How we admired, as boys, reading of the honor of a man like Regulus, who, having pledged his word to his enemy, goes home to Rome, and, because he believes it is for the interest of Rome, advises against the terms offered by the Carthaginians, and then goes back to keep his word, though he knows it is to a horrible death; the honor of a man like Sir Thomas More, standing true to his convictions while even his wife clung to his feet, pleading with him to be false for her sake and to save his life; who was honorable and true enough to stand, even at the sacrifice of all he loved!

The spirit of that noble despatch which, it is said, Francis I. sent to his mother, after the disastrous battle at Pavia,— "All is lost save honor,"— illustrates this principle. Is it not true that, if he kept his honor, he kept all that was essential to his being a king? If that be gone, no matter what else a man may have, that man is lost.

We need to cultivate this spirit of honor,— not a lawyer's honor, that says, I will be true to my position as a lawyer; not a banker's honor, a merchant's honor; but we need to have something higher and better than that, which shall include them all. That is, the honor of a man.

There is one other virtue that I must outline,— the crowning quality of all,— that is summed up in that very much abused word, *chivalry*, courtesy, the tenderness of strength. We look with admiration at such a piece of mechanism as a great trip-hammer, that can strike with the force of tons, and that yet is so delicately adjusted and balanced that it will crack a nut without crushing it. We admire the tenderness, the poise, the balance of mighty power, that yet reserves itself and tones itself to the utmost gentleness and courtesy and tender care. And so it seems to me that this quality of chivalry is the one crowning quality of manhood. Many illustrations crowd upon me, that would tell you what I mean better than words of abstract definition. I have always been touched by that story of David; how, when he was in the cave of Adullam, fleeing from his adversaries, surrounded by the Philistines, he longed for a drink of water from the well by the gate of Bethlehem, his old home. How natural that longing seems! No other water would taste quite like that. How human it is! When one of my brothers was dying,— a strong young man, beyond anything of childishness,— he begged to be taken in an easy-chair into the old kitchen of the farm-house. And then he wanted to drink again from the pump in the corner, not from a tumbler or goblet, but from the old dipper that he used to drink out of, when he was well and strong, and came in from his work. That seemed to him then better than anything else in the world. I al-

ways think of that incident, when I read this story of David, who wanted a drink from the old well at home in Bethlehem, by the gate. Though it was in the hands of the Philistines, he rashly expressed a wish for it; and three of his strong guard — brave men — leaped from his side, against his protest, took their lives in their hands, rushed through the bands of the Philistines, drew water from the well, and brought it to him. But, when he held it in his hand, he said: "I will not drink it. It is the blood of the men who took their lives in their hands to gratify my whim." And he poured it out upon the ground. This chivalry, this nobility, was akin to that which Sir Philip Sidney showed at the battle of Zutphen, when, shot through the leg and mortally wounded, hobbling a mile to his tent, thirsty and ready to faint, he asked for water; and, when with difficulty it was brought to him, as it was at his lips, he saw a common soldier looking wistfully at it, with the dying thirst in his eyes, and he said: "Give it to him. His necessity is greater than mine."

Such was the courtesy of Alexander the Great — an oasis in the wilderness of the devastation of those old times — toward the mother of Darius, his conquered foe. When brought to him, he treated her with all the tenderness he could have bestowed on his own mother.

If I were asked to choose the typical, the sweetest, and finest example of one having all these virtues, I should select Jesus. Think of the courtesy he showed to the fallen woman, that came and bathed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair,— a woman whom all others cast out, and would not speak to! How with all gentleness and delicacy he treated her, lifting her up to the plane of her lost womanhood once more! Jesus is sometimes spoken of as very feminine, just because of the excess of this gentleness and courtesy. And this idea is helped on by the pictures that give him hair parted in the middle, long locks that curl down to his neck, and a sweetness of face peculiar to woman; but this is artist's work. The Jesus of the Gospels, of history, was no such man as that. He was strong with the power to

endure and to do. He had courage enough to face death, to speak words of principle and truth, when even his peculiar followers fled and left him alone,— courage enough to face the cross. And yet, along with these grand qualities of manhood, there was this rare courtesy and gentleness to all men, women, and children,— the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been displayed.

Strength, courtesy, honor, courage,— these, then, are the qualities which, with other virtues akin to these, and which circle about them, make up the ideal man.

Strength, like a tower, to stand
  Howe'er the tempest blows;
Strength that still bears right on
  Whatever may oppose.

Courage that fronts each foe,
  Fixed deep in noble pride;
Courage that dares to seek
  The unknown and untried.

Honor that needs no bond
  In heaven or earth below;
Honor that, true to self,
  Is true to friend and foe.

The courtesy at heart
  That's sweetness in the face;
The courtesy that clothes
  The mighty man with grace.

These, fused and fired with life,
  Reveal the age-long plan
On which the years have toiled
  To mould the perfect man.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I SHALL not choose a text, for the reason that, if I took one, I should need to select many, in order adequately to indicate my theme. I will, however, give you two Scriptural mottoes, which, in a certain sense, seem to me fitted to stand as characteristic of Wendell Phillips' life work. One is the apostolic saying, "First pure, then peaceable"; and the other is the saying of the old prophet, quoted by both Matthew and Luke as applicable to John the Baptist,—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

It is a very difficult task to estimate, in any way that the general public will be inclined to accept, the character of a man, so long as the passions and prejudices which followed his career are still alive in the public mind and heart. And that these passions and prejudices are alive concerning him who is the theme of our morning discourse is plainly indicated by two contrasting estimates made of him only last Friday. In the memorial meeting at Faneuil Hall, the Rev. Mr. Babcock on the one side declared that Mr. Phillips was an absolutely perfect character; and he was inclined to resent anything in the way of criticism either of his utterances or of any part of his career. That same day, ex-Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, now member of the House of Representatives, when the joint resolution was proposed in Congress in honor of the great dead, objected, on the ground that Phillips had proved himself an enemy to his country. These two extreme statements may represent not simply the men who gave utterance to them, but large sections of popular feeling. We are not far enough away from him. Time only can pronounce a final verdict.

I am also aware that he who attempts to estimate a great character and life thereby pronounces judgment on himself — on his ability both to appreciate and to outline that which constitutes a great character and career.

I purpose, however, so far as may be, without passion or prejudice,— for I am conscious of neither,— to estimate what seems to me to be the great service which Wendell Phillips rendered to his time. I offer it as my contribution, conscious, as I have said, that time will by and by modify all our judgments and assign him his final place in history.

I will, in the first place, run rapidly over his life, touching only here and there important incidents, so far as they may have some bearing on our opinion concerning him. Here, of course, I shall trench on ground made very familiar by the newspapers during the last few days. I will then touch on what seems to me the central fact of his career, the service he rendered, and outline, as far as I can, the equipment for that service with which he was endowed. Finally, I wish to draw two or three lessons from his time and the relation in which he stood to it,— lessons good for to-day, and that, I fear, will need to be remembered for many a long year to come.

First, a brief outline of his life. As we look at this, we cannot help seeing that it naturally falls under three main divisions,— from the day of his birth to the Lovejoy meeting in Fanueil Hall; from this Lovejoy meeting to Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation that set free the slaves; from this date up to his death.

Mr. Phillips was born Nov. 29, 1811, in a house still standing on the southern corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets in this city. His father was the first mayor of Boston. His oldest American ancestor came to this country with Governor Winthrop, and was the first minister of Watertown. Phillips adds another to the long list of famous names who descended from a Puritan and ministerial ancestry. He inherited their long training of conscience, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty; something also of the stiffness and un-

bending quality of their mental and moral fibre. His father was said by the people of his time to be possessed of a pliable disposition; but we shall agree with the New York *Nation* in saying that this quality his son did not inherit.

I know of nothing remarkable about his childhood. I have heard one incident of it, that told by Mr. Thos. G. Appleton, of how he and J. Lothrop Motley and Wendell Phillips used to play in an attic of the Motley house; how they used to dress themselves in any fantastic way they could; how Motley and Phillips used to delight in displaying their youthful oratorical ability by shouting at each other scraps of poetry and dialogue. I do not find in this fact anything unusual. My experience with boys and men has led me to notice that, while there is a large number of remarkable children, there is always a small number of remarkable grown people; and these remarkable qualities are shared by a great many who did not fulfil the promise of their early years.

Wendell Phillips was educated at the Boston schools, was graduated at Harvard College when quite young, went through the law school, and then, like hundreds of other young lawyers, opened an office, and waited for clients who did not come. But for a man like him there would have been plenty of clients, had there not occurred something which turned his life forces into another channel.

This something occurred when he was twenty five or six years of age, when the gentlemen of wealth and position in Boston dragged Garrison through the streets with a rope around his body, constituting themselves thus what Phillips stigmatized and labelled for all coming time as "the broadcloth mob." Phillips was intensely stirred by the scenes which then agitated this city; but there is no indication of his having said or done anything, until Lovejoy was murdered at Alton, while defending his press against a pro-slavery mob. Such an infringement as this on liberty of speech, of writing, and of printing, could not pass unnoticed by the people of Boston. Mr. Channing — and we are proud to remember that incident in his career — applied for the use of

Faneuil Hall for a meeting in reference to it. It was denied him. He then appealed to the public, and the pressure brought to bear on the city fathers was so great that the Hall was at last granted. It was packed with people concerning whose temper no one, at the time, felt at all sure. Mr. Channing addressed them; then two young lawyers. Then the State Attorney-General Austin rose and spoke in favor of and as an advocate for the mob. He defined them as standing up for their rights, which were being infringed by Mr. Lovejoy; and he compared the pro-slavery people of the time to the men who made up the Boston tea-party. Then it was, while the shouting and cheering and confusion of the hall testified to the sympathy of a large part,— no one knew how large a part,— that young Phillips sprang to his feet on the platform, unknown then to Boston. It was a long time before he could be heard. But, by and by, the crowd became aware that the man who was speaking bore the time-honored name of Phillips; and then they listened. Then, Phillips spoke those famous words, in which he stigmatized the Attorney-General as a recreant American, and in which he said that he had expected the pictured lips of Otis and of Hancock and the other noble men of old would have broken into speech to rebuke this slanderer of the dead. Then confusion worse confounded in the hall. But Phillips was master of himself, and proved, as he did all his life long, the master of the crowd. And, when at last silence was restored, he uttered that which was an indication of the spirit that always characterized him: "I cannot take back my words." By this speech, he created an epoch in the anti-slavery work of this country. It gave the anti-slavery sentiment of America a voice that it had not possessed before. This was the blow that struck out the latent fire in the young man's soul, which soon became a flame that fused all the elements of his character into one life-long, red-hot purpose, from which he never deviated until the last hour of his life.

Here begins the second epoch of his life. This public sentiment for freedom had a voice; and this voice was so

musical and so persuasive that, in spite of the obnoxious sentiment to which it gave utterance, men were compelled to listen. Time and again, men came banded together with the purpose of breaking up the meeting and ejecting him forcibly, and, thinking they would listen for a little while first, would soon find themselves applauding the sentiments which they came to curse, and did curse, in their sober second thought, as vigorously as before. Such was the power with which he spoke. His voice swelled until it became a song,—a song of the captive and the oppressed, a song wailing its appeal to heaven, a song sweet and beautiful, until all the world listened to it. Then, the song became a trumpet blast; and he, with his followers, sounded this trumpet of truth and freedom, marching round and round the old walls of oppression, as did the Israelites around Jericho, until the earth swayed and rocked to the music of his speech, and at last the walls fell outward and millions were free.

Phillips stood for this truth. He consecrated himself to it, spoke for it, lived for it all these long years, until his life work was accomplished. He identified himself so completely with the cause to which he had committed himself as to create for us a new type of character in American history. He, a born aristocrat, one of the first families of the blue blood of Boston, independently rich, with all the fine instincts and tastes of the traditional gentleman,—one who was said by an English visitor to be one of the only two perfect gentlemen he had ever seen in Boston,—was willing to mingle with the lowest. Frederick Douglass tells us that, when he was not permitted to ride first-class, Phillips always rode beside him second-class; and, when on a steamboat he was not allowed to go abaft the wheel, Phillips walked with him on the forward deck. He gave of his money, his time, his influence, casting all into the scale for that which he believed to be true and right.

I cannot, for one, speak with so great enthusiasm of Phillips, when I come to the third part of his career,—his life and work since the close of the war; and yet I wish to be under-

stood here. If Phillips had any faults, they were always the faults of his virtues. There was not any falsifying, any cowardice, any shrinking from what he believed to be true. He always held fast to his grandest ideal, true to the last to the dream of his youth. He committed himself always to what he believed to be the cause of the poor and the oppressed. It was no mistake of his heart, then, or of his conscience, no perversion of his ideal of right, if he made any mistake: it was simply an error of judgment; and such mistakes, sometimes serious ones, he did make. It must be remembered here — for it is an important point not only in drawing his character, but for all reformers to consider — that many and many a time the most serious errors that he who loves his kind can commit are the errors of interfering with the work of the great forces of society before taking the trouble to comprehend these forces. The chief mistake that Wendell Phillips made is here. The anti-slavery cause was not complicated. Only one moral principle was involved in it. Slavery was created by statute, and all that was needed to free the slave and to accomplish this great reform was the passing of another statute; that is, slavery could be abolished by law. Phillips made the mistake of applying this same principle to the cause of temperance, to the cause of the contest between specie and paper money in finance, to the cause of woman suffrage, to many another cause in which there are a thousand moral, social, political principles involved, each one of which must be controlled and dealt with in its own special way. You cannot abolish intemperance by any law of a statute-book any more than you can abolish lying by constitutional amendment. It is a moral, not a political problem,— not a thing to be set up and put down by a mere act of Congress.

These great questions of finance, of political economy, of rights of labor and capital, are complicated problems that must be treated by themselves. But Phillips seemed to apply to them the simple principles which he had applied to the question of slavery. Just here is the secret of whatever

mistakes he may have committed in his later years. He seemed to espouse, from the first, in the most chivalric, humane way, the cause of the under dog in the fight, and then afterward to have forgotten that some dogs are under in the fight because they ought to be. He seemed to espouse the weaker side, without much regard to the principles involved or the question whether it ought to be the weaker. There is a familiar anecdote — I do not apply it to-day in any flippant way to Wendell Phillips, but it seems to me that it touches this characteristic, which made him so grand as an anti-slavery champion — of an Irishman who came to this country, and, as he was stepping from the plank, he saw an old townsman from Limerick, and asked, "Is there a govermunt in this country?" His old friend said there was. The newcomer's reply came quickly and characteristically — "Then I'm agin it." It seems to me Mr. Phillips too frequently assumed that whatever is, is wrong, and so was against whatever was instituted and established. This, while it may be a perfectly safe principle in dealing with the great plain moral problems of the world, only leads one astray, if he attempts to apply it to questions not so simple and easy of solution.

But Phillips was the same grand, true, noble character to the last, speaking his word without fear or favor for any cause that seemed to need his championship, whether it were in Russia, in Ireland, or in his own country, no matter where,— displaying an innate chivalry always. As an instance of this courtesy, he once went with two women delegates to a convention in England, and, when he found the women would not be admitted, he stayed out himself rather than do dishonor to the cause in which he had enlisted.

Then, what a tender chivalry is betrayed in the relation in which he stood to his invalid wife! I know few death-bed scenes more touching than that of his. His wife had depended on him as a sick child depends on a loving mother. At the very last, he said, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die, and would as soon die to-day as any other time, but for my

poor wife,— I had hoped to outlive her." And this simply that he might not give her the pain of seeing him go first, but might watch over her to the end.

Phillips then has died,— died not as other men die; died into immortality; died only to rise to his place among that group of noble Boston men whom our spiritual ears hear forever, whose footsteps are always echoing on our streets. Phillips has taken his place with these, the little group of those who were not born to die.

I wish now to turn, if I may, to the one great characteristic of Phillips' life, the one service which he rendered to his time. If you have ever heard his great oration on O'Connell, you know his ideal man was an agitator. It was a part of Phillips' philosophy that the manna of political principles should be gathered fresh every day, or it would spoil. He believed that no water was clear and translucent except that which was running; and so he believed that all great questions of humanity needed to be perpetually agitated, in order to be kept alive in the popular brain, conscience, and heart.

What did he mean by the word "agitate"? I propose to change that for another phrase, and say that the ideal of Phillips and of the work that he accomplished is summed up in the word "educate." He educated the moral sense of America as no other man of his generation has done. For twenty years, his voice rang on our American ears, penetrating every heart; for his was the only voice, whether people believed in it or not, to which they must listen, to which they were compelled to listen; and, if they would not hear it at the time he was speaking, his words were still sown broadcast over the world by the reporters. As a characteristic incident of his power over an audience and the way he knew he was doing his work, I may mention a certain occasion in which his audience tried to drown his voice. Catcalls, hisses, and sounds of various kinds were made, till they supposed they were killing his effort. When they became a little quieter, they found that he was standing calmly in his place, talking to the reporters. Looking up at last,

he said to them: "Howl on, if you please. I am speaking here to thirty millions of people." And he did speak to those thirty millions. He educated the consciences of those people.

When the time came that Sumter was fired on, even then how the public sense of the United States declared that there was no purpose of touching slavery. It was a great question among those who believed in emancipation, whether the army would be true to them, if they attempted to carry it out; and it is my belief that, but for this year-long process of education which he carried on, the proclamation of emancipation might have been impossible. He had educated the people up to this degree. His sarcasm had bitten into the conscience, the moral sense, the brain, the intelligence of the people all over the land. The sharp teeth of his words, like those of the fabled dragon of old Greece, were scattered over the world, to spring up armed men. No one character in America had more to do with the ability of this people to fight out the war to its successful issue than had Wendell Phillips.

And how did he achieve these grand results? What was his native equipment for the work?

Of course, the first thing, that which I have implied already, was that wondrous oratorical power of his. It is a proverb with us that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. I wonder how many people there are in Boston, in spite of all that has been said, who know how great an orator has passed away. I am ready to stake my reputation as a judge of such things that only a very few orators have ever lived in any nation or in any age, whose names deserve as orators to be written higher than his. Yet it was of that wonderful kind that made you forget until afterward that he was an orator. I remember taking my little boy once to see Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." And, as he looked at him, he said: "Is that acting? Why anybody could do that." It seemed so natural that he thought anybody in that place would do just as Jefferson

did. So, in listening to Phillips, our feeling was that it was so natural that, if any man had anything to say, that was the way he would say it. There was no forced oratory, no grandiloquence, none of that brilliant antithesis that characterized Everett and so many artificial orators. He had none of that piling up of granite, tier on tier, of massive words and sentences that characterized Webster, that made you feel as if you were in the presence of a giant playing with ideas with which ordinary men were not able to cope. He was not like Henry Clay and that other famous Southern orator, Prentiss, — a voice, and nothing more. It is a marvel to me, as I take up the printed addresses of men like Clay and Whitefield, to find that they have left not one single idea that is worth reading. It must have been the music of their voice. Phillips had all this, and had besides a graceful, finished, nobly-beautiful presence.

> "A combination, and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

And yet he had more than this. He had, perhaps, one of the most musical and persuasive volces that were ever heard; a simple, quiet, dignified manner, using very few gestures. He did not prepare his speeches very carefully beforehand. He told me, about the time of his oration on Garrison, that he had never written out but three or four addresses in his life. He simply filled himself with his subject, and then spoke as the occasion demanded and the time allowed. And yet his oratory will stand in history as one of the most wonderful examples that the world has ever produced. This, of course, was the first equipment. It gave him a hearing, the only thing that he needed; it gave the anti-slavery cause a hearing, the only thing it needed, in order to reach the consciences and the hearts of the people.

The next great quality or characteristic of the man that fitted him for his lifework was that tremendous power of consecration and concentration. He thought of nothing else. He

gave his whole heart and soul to this one work. Do you know what that meant at that time? Remember that was the day when the public sentiment of Boston justified "the broadcloth mob" in dragging Garrison through the street. Many a time he spoke at the risk of his life, greeted with all sorts of material missiles, with opprobrious epithets,— outcast, lunatic, fanatic, fool, everything that could mean obloquy and disgrace,— and he the perfect gentleman of wealth, property, station, with the highest careers open to one of his social standing and ability.

This was the time when Harriet Martineau came among us. I heard him tell about it in the last speech he made in public, on the occasion of the unveiling of her statue at the Old South Meeting House. She came to this country with all arms open to receive her on account of the reputation she had made at home. She was stopping with one of the magnates of Harvard College, who was proud to be her host. A little knot of people held an anti-slavery meeting, and asked her to attend and say a word. She went. From that minute, the doors of respectable America were slammed in her face, and the newspapers exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in decrying her whom they had before delighted to honor. The *Daily Advertiser*, at that time the leading paper of Boston, was so outrageous in its abuse that, although the gentleman whose guest she was was in sympathy with its position, he tore it up lest she should see it.

It was in a Boston like this, with such a public sentiment, that Wendell Phillips espoused the cause of the lowest, the outcast of the land. He took a small house in a quiet part of the city, lived simply and economically, earning all he could by lecturing, and giving all his surplus, as well as his time, brain, and heart, to this one great cause.

How devoted he was you may see by this fact. He had become recognized as the most fascinating orator in America; and all the lyceums in the land would have been glad to hear him, if he would have let his hobby alone. When they wrote and asked him his terms, his reply would be: "On the

subject of anti-slavery, nothing. On anything else, the highest price paid to anybody."

Another part of his equipment was his tremendous will-power, the persistence with which he consecrated himself to this cause, following it year after year. And we must remember that he did not expect to accomplish this work in his lifetime any more than the rest of us expected to see it done, so that what he really committed himself to was life-long labor and disgrace, not looking for the laurel crown that so speedily was to be placed upon his brow. This persistence of his witnesses to his grand faith in truth. For, even in the howling mobs that he addressed, he recognized an underlying humanity and stirrings of truth and justice; and, down deep beneath the howling, he appealed to them, believing that, if he could reach them, a response human and true would come. He believed that the truth, however long outcast, must prevail at last.

It is time now to turn to the third part of my theme, and consider the lessons to be learned from a career like this.

The first one is that the conventional morality of the "broadcloth mob," the silk and lace mob, of any age or any country, is utterly inadequate to meet the exigencies of any great forward movement on the part of the moral and intellectual life of man. This is a lesson that all history teaches, and yet men do not seem to be capable of learning it. I marvel at the thoughtless stupidity of people who are educated, intelligent, and refined. Look over history and see. It was the respectability of Jerusalem that crucified Jesus,—the scribes and pharisees, the best moral, religious, and political life of the times. It was these that signed his death warrant. It was not a peculiarity of the Jews either. Step over to Athens. Who murdered Socrates? It was the same respectable morality, the gentlemen of Athens, the best public sentiment of the time, judging by the great mass of people. It was these that forced the hemlock to his lips. Who was it that burned Savonarola in Florence? Why, the very best people there. It was the infallible Church. The

respectable people were all against him. Who was it that put to death Giordano Bruno? Again, the highest and noblest people of the time. Who was it that made the life of Martin Luther so hard? The court, the nobility, the Church, the priesthood. All the best people of Europe were against him. And so you may go on down the ages, and take any name you please, and you will learn, over and over again, this lesson: that the silk and broadcloth mob of any age is utterly inadequate to comprehend any grand moral issue that means a forward movement on the part of the race.

Noting that fact, I want now to take another step, and look for the philosophy of it. Let us see if we can comprehend it; and also learn the lesson, so that we shall not be guilty of repeating the stupidity of such blunders.

What does it mean when a law goes on a statute book, when an institution becomes incarnated as a philosophy, a body of science, a church, an educational establishment, or what not? When a set of ideas becomes incarnated they must be those that represent the average public sentiment of the time. People have got as far as that. That is what it means. The conscience of the people indorses it. That is, it is the average common sense of the times. But — and here is what people forget — the world was not always up to that level. It was away down below; and, if there is to be any progress, it cannot always stay at that level. It must come up higher. But, when a reformer comes along and attacks this instituted education, this instituted religion, this instituted morality, he attacks, of course, the common sense, as they say, of the age; everything that is respectable; everything that is settled; everything that is considered a matter of course. And, of course, the reformer is regarded as a disturber. They forget that, when the men below made the movement that led them up to where they are now, they were treated just precisely as they propose to treat this man, but that by and by they came up to his point, and that, if the world is going to make any progress, it has got to go beyond it. Governed by the passion of the hour, they

wish to remain where they are. But consider the method of human progress. This humanity has marched up the ages much like an army. There is first a great central squadron, the average multitude, with a lot of stragglers behind and a small van-guard ahead; and the army wants to camp. Of course, the majority sentiment rules, and they encamp. Then, they think they can stay there forever. But some one proposes a forward movement. They do not want to be disturbed, and cast him out, perhaps put him to death. But the agitation works, until they recognize that the reformer reached a standard higher than they had attained. Then, they break camp, and march on to his position. Then, they gather up his ashes, and build a monument to his memory, and take his set of ideas as the average morality, the average respectability. This is repeated over and over again. Your fathers slew the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres, said Jesus; and that seems the history of human progress.

Take it with ourselves. Take those great names who have been persecuted or martyred or subjected to torture worse than martyrdom, because they showed a new advance to the world. It is not only in the orthodox bodies that this occurs. Channing did a grand work, but to-day the world has moved far beyond the position occupied by Channing. There has been something no less than a revolution in scientific and religious thought since his day,—a revolution affecting the civilization of the world; and yet, utterly oblivious of all these lessons that I have pointed out, you will find hosts of people misusing that grand old name, calling themselves Channing Unitarians, and crying "Halt!" in the name of him whose first and last and only word was always "Forward!"

The world, when it heard Theodore Parker, persecuted him, and cast him out; but, to-day, the Unitarians have embraced him, and christened him as one of their saints. The next thing is, that no one must learn anything that Parker did not happen to know. And so the same thing goes on forever. This one lesson the career of Phillips ought to teach us so that we will not forget it.

There is one more lesson,— a lesson of hope for the outlook of humanity. As we look over the past, we see the great monumental names, characters rising here and there as mile-stones marking the progress of the race; and we are apt to think that these men are wholly exceptional,— not a product of common humanity, not like common men. And we, in the name of these grand outcomes of human nature, proceed to decry and degrade our belief in human nature itself. Now that Phillips is dead, the newspapers are all saying that all the orators of the world have passed away, and that we have tumbled down to a flat, dead level; forgetting that the grandest pulpit orator that has lived for a hundred years, himself a great co-laborer with Phillips, is still alive; forgetting the lesson taught by the history of the war. At the opening of the war, we had no officers. The whole nation went into mourning because General Scott was so old, and because it thought there would be no military ability to lead us out of our trouble. But, when the call came, there stood up the grandest group of martial men that the century has seen. They forget that whatever humanity has produced is a part of human nature. When a great want is felt, there comes the response to meet that want.

If you have ever stood at the foot of Mt. Washington and looked at the gravel at your feet, you have recognized the fact that it is precisely the same kind of soil as that which crowns the summit. It is the same soil lifted by circumstances into the clouds, and taking on from its position the characteristics of the sublime. So, in order that Phillips might do his work, it is needful to recognize the truth that he appealed to that in common human nature which was akin to the best in himself. The lesson, then, is one of hope for humanity.

Who were the heroes of the world in the past? We have just passed through a heroic age in American history that will be looked back on in future centuries as equal to any that the world has ever seen; and it was your fathers and brothers and mine that created it. It was these common

American homes that sent out these heroes. Where are the heroes now? They are here this morning. They are in every church in this city; they are in every home; they are on our sidewalks; we look into their eyes; we shake them by the hand. It only needs an occasion, and the God in man leaps forth, flashing with light, and speaking words of eternal truth that shall never be forgotten.

It was Boston that persecuted Phillips, and cast him out, — Boston that, in figure at least, if not in reality, killed this prophet, or tried to kill him. Now. Boston is glad of the honor, as it comes, with fulness of pride, to gather up the ashes, and erect over them a monument that shall be worthy of him and worthy of her. It is fitting that you should build his monument; but remember, while stone rises on stone, that he does not need it. Build it as a lesson for yourselves. Build it as an act of penitence for your fathers. Build it as an expression of your faith in human nature. Build it as a new consecration and allegiance to that truth which has taken him in her keeping, and which will see to it that, whatever becomes of us, he shall not be forgotten.

"Oh, who will go and speak my word of flame?"
So called the voice divine, when every knee
Bent abject to the idol, slavery.
"He must not shrink from obloquy and shame;
For, lo! the Church is false to her high name,
And wealth and power and all of high degree
Pass by the robbed and wounded Liberty,
Excuse the robbers, and brand her with blame!"
Then came one in the beauty of his youth,
And, casting fame and all ambition by,
Stood to defend the voiceless One and poor.
Then, flinging by her rags, refulgent Truth
Shone out, the deathless daughter of the sky,
And cried, "*Because I live, shall Phillips' name endure!*"

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SERIES ON

MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD.

II. THE WOMAN.

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THE WOMAN.

In the first sermon of this series, I laid some emphasis upon a point to which I wish to recur again for a moment. I said that, when you were treating of any individual unit which is a part of a larger organism, in order that you may comprehend it properly, you must study it as a part of this organism; not as something by itself, but as related to the other parts. If, for instance, you had never seen a fish and knew nothing about the kind of life that the fish lives in the water, and some one should bring you a fin and ask what it was and what function it fulfilled, you would only be able to answer that it was a part of some larger whole; but, being unfamiliar with this larger whole, of course you could not explain its relations to it. So, when we study the man, the woman, and the child, we must study them not as independent and complete in themselves, but as related to this larger organism called the family. For we find their meaning and their peculiarities in the fact that they have been developed in relation to each other.

Taking that as our stand-point, I wish to consider another principle, which is of first-class importance in connection with our theme. As you trace the development of life from the lowest forms up to the most complex structure, you will find that there has been a progress all the way in the direction of specialization of function; or what — to use a more familiar phrase — you would recognize as division of labor, implying divergence of parts, multiplication of faculty. If, for example, I were able to exhibit to you here to-day one of the lowest forms of life, I should show you an almost unorganized gelatinous substance, that is alive yet has no

organs, every part of the organism fulfilling all the difficult functions that are necessary to its life. It is all tentacle, all feeler, or what comes ultimately to be hand, eye, perception, and sense. It is all locomotive faculty: there are no specialized organs through which it is able to move about. It is all mouth, all stomach, all digestive apparatus. But, as we come up in the grade of life, from this simplest form, we find that nature always proceeds in the direction of division of labor, specialization of function. That is, a certain part of this organism is set apart to take the place of tentacle, feeler, hand. Certain other portions are set apart to do the work of locomotion, as foot, fin, or wing. Another part is developed as mouth, another as stomach, another as nervous organization, and so on. These are fixed and permanent parts, so that the development of life is always toward this complexity, toward the emphasizing of differences. When you come to human society and study the first rude organizations of men, you can easily see that there is no division of labor that is worthy of the name. Every man is his own boot-maker, if he has need of boots, and hat-maker, if he wears a hat, or manufacturer of weapons, if he is a hunter. He fulfils all social offices, so far as they are required. But, as society develops, all these things become specialized; and one class of men takes on itself the office of boot-maker, another that of hat-maker, another the manufacture of weapons.

The same thing is true precisely when you come to deal with the family. I have given you these illustrations, that you may comprehend this principle more clearly. In the lowest type of family, the relations of man and woman to it are more alike than they are in the higher orders of life. There is more interchange of function. The man does more of the woman's work, and the woman more of the man's work, in different directions. But, when we come to the highest development of social and family life, we find that the man and the woman have grown perpetually more and more apart. The differences are more emphasized. They are more unlike each other in every way,— more distinct in physical organiza-

tion, more distinct in mental faculties and moral qualities, more distinct in the parts which they play in the development of life. So, if we wish to find our ideal of woman, and follow nature's method, we shall look not for the woman who is the most like a man, who has been educated most like him, who is able to do most of the things that he can do, whose thoughts, emotions, and feeling most nearly resemble his. We shall find as that ideal one who has developed into as great a degree of unlikeness as possible,—a dissimilarity which does not separate her from him, but makes her more and more necessary to him, and which enables her to complement those faculties and qualities which he possesses. I shall have occasion to speak of this point, when I come to treat of the woman's sphere as distinct from the man's; but I wish to say here that, when I discuss these subjects, there ought not even to arise in the mind a question of relative superiority or inferiority. You might as well ask me to choose between the superiority of a circle and of a triangle, or between a rose-bush and an oak. It would be very bad economy of nature's resources to get rid of either of them, even if it could be done by making one into the likeness of the other. We need the two, and we want them just as distinct and as definitely developed as possible. So, as I outline to-day what seem to me the essentially feminine qualities and characteristics, I do not, by the most distant implication, say anything whatever as to the relative superiority or inferiority of the man to the woman. They are each what they are; and we want them both, with all the distinctions of mind and soul emphasized and developed to their utmost.

I wish now to point out two or three qualities which seem to me to be distinctive of the typical woman as opposed to the man. I wish to say here, as I did when treating of the peculiarities of man, that you are not to understand me as saying that men do not possess these qualities too; for, as I said then, a man, a woman, and a child, all three, share together those qualities which are essentially and permanently

human: only, in the development of life, the man has come to emphasize and make more distinctively his own certain qualities, and woman has come to develop and make more definitely her own certain other qualities.

I will mention three of these characteristics.

Take, first, one of the permanent mental peculiarities of a woman. She has a very much more largely developed faculty of intuition than has a man. That is, she possesses in a degree higher than man those intellectual qualities and faculties which are the result of the experience of the world in all its past and which are common to the race. A woman's intuitions are quicker than a man's in dealing with the practical problems of society, of the family, of morals, and the practical every-day questions perpetually arising. A woman's instincts are generally safer to follow in common matters than a man's reason. You will see the reason for this very soon.

Then, there is another quality, this one pertaining more to the heart, the affectional side of her nature. A woman is stronger in the region of sentiment than a man. She is more conservative, not only in religion, though this is true, but everywhere else,— concerning social questions, political questions, concerning all matters where this principle can apply. The woman has a stronger love for the accustomed, that to which she has been long used, that with which for many years she has been associated. She has a stronger attachment to the old home than the man. She finds it less easy to have the roots of her life uptorn and to be transplanted into another soil and to breathe an unaccustomed air.

There is another distinguishing quality, more definitely moral. A woman does not care so much as a man does for abstract truth. But she cares more than he does for what she is accustomed to call the truth, the truth as embodied, the truth as instituted in the church, the creed, in political institutions, in social organization, or custom. She has a deeper and stronger loyalty, but generally this loyalty is rather for embodiments of ideas than for the ideas treated

abstractly. These three qualities, then, I regard as characteristic of woman.

I wish now to treat of that which goes to the root of the whole matter; and, as I do this, you will see that these qualities of which I have just spoken all spring, of necessity, out of this deeper root of fact, as it applies itself to the development of life in the world.

You hear the word "heredity" mentioned a great many times; and, if you are familiar with the nomenclature of science, you also hear the word "variation" referred to very frequently. What are these two principles? That which scientific men call heredity is the tendency which all forms of life have, whether vegetable, animal, or human, to perpetuate themselves. By heredity, the scientific man means that tendency to hold all the best that has been gained, and repeat it over and over again. By the word "variation," these men wish to express that tendency, also observable in all forms of life, to diverge from the parent form and send out a new shoot, a new sprout, a new leaf here or there, to develop some peculiarity that has not existed before, to become unlike the past, to take a new step in the development of life. These are the two great principles and forces without which life and progress would be impossible. Neither one could exist without the other, except by the destruction of all life and all progress. Take an example. A few years ago, I walked through the private garden of a gentleman who was cultivating twelve hundred kinds of roses. All the known varieties of roses came originally from one; and all these — and there are many more than these twelve hundred — had been thus developed. Now suppose, when there was only this one kind of rose, the principle of heredity, the tendency to repeat itself, had been the dominant one in the world, able to control and crush out all other tendencies, we should then have gone on for thousands of years with only one kind of rose. There never would have been any other developed in all time. Suppose, on the other hand, that the other principle should become supreme, the tendency to variation: the result would

be, after a little while, that the roses of the world might be varied out of existence, and we should have none at all. In order, then, that we should have hundreds of roses, differing in color, form, and fragrance, it is necessary that these two forces, heredity and variation, should exist and counterbalance each other. These are essential to all progress; and what I have illustrated in regard to roses is equally true of every form of life from the lowest to the highest, up to the loftiest development of human society and thought.

Now, then, what I wish to call your attention to as emphasizing the significance of the masculine and feminine quality and function in the development of life is simply this: It has been proved, I think to demonstration, that, from the lowest type of life up to the highest, it is through the feminine element that the law of heredity displays itself. And it is through the masculine element that the tendency to variation displays itself. You see how consistent this is with the point I made in my first sermon,— that man was the warrior, the explorer, the builder, the one who goes out into the realms of nature and of thought. And we see how natural it is, when we remember these two parts which the manly and the womanly elements play, that we should find the woman strongest in those qualities which are common to the race, which represent the stored-up accumulations of the past, that we should find her intuitions more pronounced than man's, that we should find her caring more for the past than man does, more loyal to that which has been attained and instituted than man. These qualities necessarily spring out of this great function. I wonder if you appreciate how much this means? It is through the feminine element, then, that the tendency to heredity manifests itself, to the repetition of that which has been done in the past. It is through the masculine element that the tendency to vary, to branch out, has manifested itself.

I wish now, then, to speak of what seems to me the permanent function that the woman plays in human history. I said that the man is a warrior, an explorer, a builder. What

has the woman been? I am not discussing what she is to be or even what she ought to be, but what she has been and is. In the first place, the most important part that woman has played in the history of the world and the development of human life has been as the inspirer, the motive force. Trace human history all through,—and the exceptions to this are very rare,—and, when you have found something that the man has done, whether it be good, lifting him to the highest heaven, or bad, sinking him to the deepest hell, you will find that some woman has been the mainspring and the motive force of it all. If he has fought, it has been under the inspiration of her love. If I wished to set before you a typical example that should represent this idea, I would choose a mediæval knight, with his lady's favor woven into his helmet, astride his horse, with lance in rest, tilting for her against all the world.

She has been the inspiration of all the grandest deeds that have been wrought. She has been the motive force not only in long wars and in the destruction of great cities, as in the case of ancient Troy, but she has also been the mainspring of all the activities by which noble cities have been builded. It is the music of her voice, the inspiration of her presence and love, that, like the lyre of Amphion, has moved the solid, stony forces of the world, and lifted them to their places, and symmetrically arranged them in the walls of the world's Thebes-like structures.

Woman has been the home-maker. Man has gone out over the world clearing the wilderness, seeking new continents, making a place where human life could find shelter and peace. But, if he has done this and even if he has erected the walls of the houses that should make a home, it never has become home except through the presence of the woman. How many times have I seen, years ago when I was living in California, those rough miners who had left the East, following their dream of gold, living there they cared not how, working early and late they cared not how wearily, dressing in roughest fashion, with no polish of manners or

speech, building themselves a cabin simply for a shelter, while they pursued their labor, suddenly transformed; and I have found that it meant only that the ones they had left at the East were coming now to join fortunes with them. They had earned enough, had risen enough in the social scale, had waited long enough, and now they proposed to have a home. A complete metamorphosis of the man's manners, speech, dress, cabin, and all, was the instantaneous result of this coming.

A man may build ever so beautiful a structure and furnish it with all that wealth can buy,— hang pictures on the walls and have works of art in every niche and corner, but every man knows that it is not home, and cannot be home, till a woman has made it so. Let her pass through it, and you hardly know what she has done,— the same things are all there,— but the place is transformed and transfigured; and you say that that which was a house has become a home. This is not only true of this lower realm of making a home for the body: the same principle runs all the way up. The woman is the home-maker of the world, the one that makes the nest attractive, habitable, beautiful. She turns what was a simple shelter into a place of joy and peace and rest.

Next, I name, as another function that the woman has played in all history, the part of comforter. I touch upon this word reverently. It has for me a sacred significance. You know that John tells us that, when Jesus was going away, he told the disciples in their sorrow that the Paraclete, the Comforter, should come in his place, and that then he would hardly be missed by their loyal hearts. It is all this and more that I mean, when I say that woman has played the part of comforter in all the world, from the time when she first welcomes the dawning life as it comes to her, and shelters it and folds it upon her bosom, to the time when she bends over the sick-bed, and says farewell to the loved one just vanishing into the shadow. All the way through, the consolation, the sweetness, the joy, the peace of life, that which makes it possess an atmosphere, which gives it mean-

ing and beauty, man owes to her. I have no time, as I would like, to enlarge upon this thought, to dive deep into its meaning, to rise high in the attempt to measure its significance, or I might outline for you such characters as that of Florence Nightingale, and the angels of mercy, the ministers of love and peace, that turn the horrors of the world's battle-fields into places of tenderness and peace. But such, in outline, and in the rough, has been the function of woman up to the present time.

Following parallel with the virtues of the man, I propose to mention three or four essentially feminine virtues, those that naturally spring out of these functions. Here, again, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that men do not share these virtues. Now and then, a man may possess them in a degree greater than some one woman may. I only mean to say that these seem to me to be the essentially feminine virtues of the ideal woman, as she has been in the past and is to-day.

I shall not go into a particular description of the minor virtues of womanhood. I only treat of those great ones which include and imply all the rest. And if, when I get through, you think my catalogue is anything but complete, or that I have taken one virtue when you have chosen another, I only ask you to note the fact that whatever belongs to the noblest womanhood will be found under some one or other of these.

And what is the first, the prime great virtue of womanliness?

Possibly, you may be surprised at the opinion which I shall express, when I say that, to my mind, it is *beauty*, fascination, charm. I said that the prime virtue of manliness was strength. What I mean by beauty is woman's power. And, whatever she has been able to do in the history of the world, she has done by the possession of this. I put this first, because, whatever else she may possess, she stands weak and without any influence in the world, unless she possess this. You will not of course think me shallow enough to mean by

the word "beauty" simple symmetry of the person, beauty of form, face, feature, beauty of dress or adornment, although I do place a larger emphasis on these than many. It is the duty of the woman to be just as beautiful as she can. If she throws away, from carelessness or from any other cause, the beauty of adornment, the beauty of person, the beauty of neatness, of grace of carriage or speech, any charm which she can cultivate and develop, she makes, it seems to me, a grievous mistake.

A woman, then, is mighty in this world by as much as she possesses the power to charm. It may not, as I said, be beauty of feature that does this. There is a deeper beauty than that. It is trite, because it is so true, that this external beauty is transient, lasting but a little while; but even this may be cultivated. If it was once possessed, it may be kept to a large degree. Even if it was not possessed, it may be largely cultivated; for those invisible sculptors, thoughts, feelings, emotions, hopes, fears, with their tiny chisels day and night cut and carve even the features themselves into a beauty which they did not possess. A sweet, pure, and noble life makes transparent the face, so that the beauty of the mind and the beauty of character shine through. It was a very profound piece of philosophy, though the little boy was not aware of it, that he gave expression to, when, playing with his mates on the streets, a lady passed him, very plain of feature, who treated him so courteously and so kindly on account of some little matter that, when one of the boys said, "Oh, wasn't she homely!" he replied, "I don't care if she is, she's got a beautiful soul." It does not make so much difference whether the features are naturally symmetrical or not. It makes all the difference what kind of mind and character are behind this veil, shadowing themselves forth so that they become visible. Some of the most fascinating women I have ever seen would be called homely at first sight, but yet they possessed this power of charming. It makes no matter how, whether by qualities of mind or qualities of heart, every woman can charm. Every

woman ought to charm, and she is strong in her womanliness by as much as she develops this capacity. This is that power which gives her sway and queenliness over the world. No matter then what else she has, if she does not possess the power to charm, to conquer men, and other women, to lead their thought, to move their hearts in some way, then she is weak and powerless.

The next great feminine virtue I would call that which seems to be the counterpart of manly courage,—that is, womanly *endurance*,— that which is summed up in the word patience, or negative courage, which many and many a time rises superior to all the bravery of men. I have, perhaps, as much admiration as any one for that courage which men possess, which is able to face a hostile army, and look into the mouth of the cannon, or feel the touch of cold steel bayonets, without flinching; but it seems to me that this quality is cheap and easy, compared with the womanly power of endurance, that patience through long years, which has been a thousand times displayed in the history of the world. Marching shoulder to shoulder with other men, under the inspiration of martial music, under the fear of being charged with cowardice, lured on by ambition and honor, it is comparatively easy for a man to risk death. It was courage, when Lord Nelson said on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, "This day makes me a peer of the realm or takes my life." It took courage for Kilpatrick, one of our officers in the war, when he said nearly the same thing; but this is easy, compared with that lonely, hour-long, week-long, year-long patience, that bears with, suffers with, that will not be worn out or wearied. There is no type of woman more wonderful to me than the one that meets with eternal patience the rough onset and attack of the vicious and evil character of the boys she is called upon to train. How I have watched such a process as that, and seen this loving patience wear away all the roughness and the evil! Woman has this power of weaving around a man these subtle fibres of influence; then he may wander long over the face of the

earth. He may be false to her, false to himself, false to all truth and nobility; and yet this patience, this endurance, follows and waits. I see sometimes this sort of patience on the part of a wife for, what I should call, a worthless husband; and it seems to me a waste of all that is divine in womanhood. And yet, time and again, these invisible threads at last are felt, their pull is recognized, and the life is redeemed. Manhood is brought back to her feet, and he sits clothed and in his right mind once more. It seems to me that this negative courage,—if you will call it so, without any disrespect to it,— this positive power of endurance which is essentially womanly, is something more sublime and grander than all the dash and flurry and display of courage on the part of man.

There is another quality, akin to this in some respects, which I name *fidelity*, devotion, consecration. A woman has this power unspeakably more developed than has a man, this power to be faithful through long years to any trust, to any pledge. One of the most beautiful types of womanhood that has ever been developed in imaginative literature is that which Homer has pictured in the Odyssey, the character of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses. You remember the story, how she sits weaving at her loom as year after year goes by, waiting for the return of him to whom she has pledged herself. And how she is surrounded by suitors who would persuade her that he is dead, and how, pressed beyond endurance, she is obliged to promise them that she will select some one of them for a husband when she shall have finished the weaving on which she is engaged, and how she rises by night and takes out the work she has done by day, so that the completion should be indefinitely postponed. It seems to me that such fidelity is one of the noblest as it is one of the most pronounced characteristics of woman.

And how easily this devotion passes into a grand self-sacrifice! With what a power of self-forgetting love a woman can consecrate herself! She wastes herself like leaven, to permeate every cause she loves. She lavishes

herself like the perfume of a flower garden that is wasted on every wind, only that it may make fragrant all the country side. Thus nature sees to it that all life that is lost for love shall be found again transfigured and ennobled.

There is just one more that I must touch upon, and that is the virtue of *gentleness*. It is a quality that pervades and permeates all the other womanly virtues. This gentleness, like an atmosphere that softens the outlines of the ragged tree-tops and the rough hills and the jagged mountains, clothes all with a softness, tenderness, and beauty that else were lacking! It is like the ivy that climbs over the rough castle wall, and hides the angles of the cathedral in the Old World, changing them into things of picturesque beauty. This quality of gentleness crowns and sweetens all the rest, and gives woman a power mightier than any aggressive force that the world has ever seen. It is this that wins at last, and which brings the hearts of all men into submission to the noble ideal of that which is womanly, and which stands to us for our highest thought of the divine.

The ancients fabled Æolus as the god of the winds, who, by the roughness of his power, could blow the ocean into tempestuous billows. But let Venus appear and look out over the sea as she rode the crested waves, and all became calm: the wide reaches of the ocean rippled into a million dimpling smiles. So the gentleness of womanhood smiles the roughness of human life into calm; and, like the blue sky over the ocean, sees its own sweetness reflected back from below.

That beauty, whose control
  Puts strength beneath her feet;
The person, mind, and soul,
  The symmetry complete;

The patience that can bear
  Earth's sorrow and earth's sin,
That can endure all care,
  And by endurance win;

Fidelity that keeps
  Its trust through pain and tears,
That wearies not nor sleeps,
  Though days stretch out to years;

That gentleness, whose breath
  Pervades life like the air,
Charms budding life from death,
  And makes all rough things fair, –

These, life's consummate flower,
  When come to perfect birth,
Confirm the woman's power,
  That makes her queen of earth!

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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SERIES ON

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III. The Evolution of Marriage.

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1884.

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THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE.

In the popular mind, the perfect man has for many ages stood away back in the beginning of creation; and all the deteriorations of human nature, all the savagery, all the barbarism, have come as degradations of this perfect man. We now know, however, that the precise reverse of this popular idea is true. The perfect man is as yet only an ideal. He is before us, leading on the race to that toward which, through toil and struggle and tears, humanity is striving. Then, as the perfect man has been thought to stand at the beginning of the race, so also has the perfect marriage; for beside this perfect man in his ideal home, created by the hand of God, has stood the perfect woman. And they, hand in hand, represent the perfect social union of the world; and whatever other types of marriage may have prevailed, or whatever looser associations that are not worthy of the name of marriage may have existed in the course of human development, these have all been regarded as degradations of this primitive type. This idea also we now know to be simply the reverse of the fact. The perfect marriage, as well as the perfect man, is an ideal which is still ahead of us, something that lures us on in that future toward which, through manifold struggles and strivings and tears, humanity is making its slow and gradual approach. This is exactly what we should expect, if the law of evolution be accepted as true; for this law starts with the assumption everywhere, which assumption so far as human investigation has gone is always justified by the fact, that all progress is from the general, the unorganized, the indefinite toward

the special, the organized, and the definite. That is, the highest and finest results are at the end; and the crude material only do we expect to find at the beginning. In accordance, then, with this law of evolution, we shall find that the progress of the family has been from the general to the special, from the indefinite to the definite, from the simple to the complex, precisely the same as all progress has been made in all departments of nature and of life.

We need, in order that we may rightly estimate the family as it exists to-day, that we may appreciate its value, that we may understand the numerous aberrations from it, the failures to rise up to its level, that we may comprehend its real nature, and know how to strive after its realization, that we may work in the direction of true reform,— we need, I say, to understand the genesis of the family; where it came from, from what low and crude beginnings, through what steps, by what processes. Then, we can comprehend it as it exists to-day. We can understand the failures to attain its ideal. We shall have some key whereby we may be able to unlock the difficulties connected with the still needed social reforms of the world.

As we review this long line of progress, we need to have two or three ideas firmly fixed in our minds. We must, in the first place, remember that no high, fine, sweet, sacred attainment or organization of the world is to be looked upon as dishonored or degraded on account of any facts which we may discover concerning its lowly origin, or the crudeness of the steps by which it may have been attained.

To illustrate what I mean. There are a great many people who have been very seriously troubled concerning the nature of man, because they have been compelled to believe that, instead of being made directly by the hand of God, perfect and complete as he now exists, he has been developed, through the process of ages, from lower orders and types of life. They have seemed to feel that somehow or other they were going to lose their manhood, if it were really true that men came by development from the animal world.

But wherever man came from, by whatever processes of development, he is; man is what he is, and man will be what he will be. No question as to origin, as to method of development, can change any of the facts of human nature. or human life. If you look upon the rare, delicate beauty of a white pond-lily, you are never troubled, if you are wise, by any consideration of the fact that it has been developed from the black, slimy mud at the bottom of the pond. You take it for what it is,— a rare, precious, sweet development; and you wonder, all the more, at the marvellous chemistry of nature, which is able to produce such results from such unpromising conditions. So, when you are rejoicing in the delicacy of a perfume, it does not trouble you to be told that the chemist, by his skill, has extracted it from the refuse of the gutter. You only marvel at the results of a science that is able to produce such a wonderful transformation. And so, as we said of the origin of the family, you will not need to be troubled, if you are wise, by any crude, coarse, apparently immoral precedents,— things which have occurred in the order of its development. You are to take this same type for what it is,— sacred, sweet, holy, and conducing to the highest development and the noblest welfare of man,— and you are to cherish it all the more, when you learn at what a price of human struggle and effort it has been developed.

Then, again, you are not, as we look down to-day from the heights which we have attained over these lower orders of social life, to judge them for one instant by the moral ideals which we have reached in this nineteenth century of time. You are to remember that these ideals were not only not attained, but were not attainable at any of those earlier stages or steps of progress. You are not to think that those steps were necessarily immoral from their stand-point, because we should be immoral to-day, if we should adopt their customs and practices.

When our American missionaries first went to the Sandwich Islands, they came there face to face with a type of social organization, with a specimen of moral life, that has

been very widely prevalent over the world in past ages; and yet they lifted their hands in horror, and saw in this, which really represented a higher stage of life than a good many others which had preceded it, the practical work of the evil one, something indicating not the fact that this people were capable of progress, but rather that they had been unspeakably degraded. They assumed what I referred to in the beginning,— that the original type of the family was that which we have only as an ideal to-day, and that this people had retrograded from that type.

You are to remember then that, when you stand in any grade of culture in the world, the people occupying that position are to be judged not simply by what they are to-day, but by what they have been in the past. They are to be looked at as coming up from below, not as descending from above. I say you need to bear this in mind as a principle, lest you misjudge and blame those people who are living up perhaps as nearly to their moral ideal as we our selves are to ours.

You are not to misunderstand me concerning another point of prime importance. From what I have said, you are not to understand that morality is a thing that changes with time, locality, or neighborhood. Here, you need to make one nice and careful distinction. The essential principle of morality is the same, unchanging, eternal from the beginning until the end. The applications of that principle may be almost infinitely varied. What is that principle? Merely this. Men have discovered, as the result of experience, that certain courses of conduct, on the whole and in the long run, conduce to the life, the welfare and the happiness of man. Those courses of conduct they have agreed to call right. They have learned by the same principles of experience that certain other courses of conduct, on the whole and in the long run, conduce to the unhappiness and the destruction, the evil and the injury of man. These courses of conduct they have agreed to call wrong. Whatever, then, men believe to be good for men they call right. And whatever

they believe to be injurious to man they call wrong. This distinction is eternal. It has always existed, and men have been just as moral as their intellectual and social development has enabled them to be. Judge then the past in the light of this principle, and this method of the application of the principle. If you find people anywhere along the line of human development practising a course of conduct that you would reprobate and regard as immoral to-day, say that it is immoral, and reprobate it, if you please; but remember that what would be a backward step for you, who have risen to the position of a higher ideal, may be a forward step for them, because they have come from a lower level than that of to-day. So much, then, by way of preface and of explanation, which seem to me necessary to precede the story which I have to tell you.

It is now time for me to give you some practical illustrations representing the main steps of development in the progress of the family life of man. I shall not be able to go into very minute detail, but I hope to give you enough to enable you to follow the general origin and progress of the family relation.

As we go down below man, among the animals that stand next to him in the order of life, we find, and are not shocked to find, that there is very little of organized relationship between the sexes. There is a general condition of promiscuity. The only governing law is impulse, caprice; and yet even here, among the higher animals and among some of the birds, we do find, what surprises us as the other does not, a positive advance upon this condition. We find among these higher animals and birds, in many cases, a pairing, at least for a season, and sometimes for many seasons together, if not for life. Here is the root, or germ, or beginning of that toward which the highest types of earth have been struggling through the course of untold ages.

As we come up out of the animal world and reach the lowest level of that which we can call human, we ought not to be surprised to find that substantially the same condition

of disorganization, or lack of organization, exists. Men and women live without any permanent relationship, governed by caprice, impulse, by the feelings of the time and circumstances in which they are placed; for as yet they have learned no higher type of life. They have developed no refined sentiments. They have not begun to appreciate the meaning of love either for each other or for their children. They have no conception of social order, no idea of higher types of government, no religion, and so no motive for any other type of life than that which they lead. And yet here also we do find in many cases this pairing for a season, for a year, for two years, for more, sometimes possibly for life. We are to suppose that these exceptions would naturally be found, although as yet there is nothing that can properly carry the name of family.

The next step, however, leads us on to the oldest family or social organization that the world has ever seen. We do not find it existing anywhere on the earth to-day, even among the lowest tribes of men. There is no authentic history of a people that ever manifested this type. And yet, curiously enough, we know beyond a question that it must have existed in many different parts of the world. How do we know? We know it precisely as we know that an extinct type of bird or animal must have existed, because we find a track in the rock, or some of its fossil remains, preserved until to-day. In many different tribes, we find a type of relationship recognized,— people calling one another by different names, which represent their supposed relationships, which names must have sprung out of this original first type of family organization. They fit none other, and they do fit them perfectly. And these have remained after the family itself has passed away,— a proof positive that this family did exist, and that it was widely spread.

Now what is this? Simply, the general intermarriage of a group; this group of people supposed to be — and generally the supposition was correct — bound together by ties kinship and blood; brothers and sisters all mingling in

one family. All the fathers and mothers called themselves brothers and sisters, and they were all husbands and wives at the same time. And their fathers and mothers — the fathers and mothers of all of them — were also brothers and sisters to each other, and they were also, in a general way, fathers and mothers of all the children indiscriminately. And so, on each level of the organization, they were all brothers and sisters, and all husbands and wives. This type of family life existed for a long time; and they recognized this as binding upon them, and forbidding every other kind of relationship, as the world has substantially done in the same way, on whatever level it has stood.

But the world soon learned better by experience. Soon did I say? Rather after many weary ages; for we must remember that this first type stretched over probably some thousands of years. The world learned after a time that this intermarriage of kin was an evil, that it led to deterioration and destruction of the race; and so there grew up a public sentiment, a feeling, religious and moral, opposed to it. And the next type of family life that we find, although an improvement, was very far from the ideal that we hold to-day. It was still an intermarriage of men and women in groups, only they were not blood relatives of each other. A group of brothers might marry a group of other women; and their sisters might marry another group of men. They were all indifferently married to each other; and yet they were not allowed to marry any one of blood relationship. This group of brothers and sisters had each their distinctive names, so that, although they might be separated for months or years, they would recognize each other wherever they might meet; and, wherever they might meet, they would recognize this relationship as binding upon them by virtue of the fact that they belonged to these two distinctive groups.

The next type beyond this was something that began to give promise of monogamy, that which we see all around us in the highest civilization to-day. There were more or less permanent relationships of men and women in single

pairs; and yet we should not be surprised if at this stage of the world's development they recognized no permanent bond. The man was at perfect liberty to leave the woman; and the woman was at perfect liberty to leave the man, when she pleased. But, until they did decide on divorce, they recognized this as the only legal relationship. I do not mean to say that they were always faithful to each other. They were not; and the man was less generally faithful than the woman. The man tried to maintain the faithfulness of the wife not because he had our modern sense of purity, but because he regarded her as his personal property in which no other had any rights. She had become his by capture or by purchase, and was as much his, he felt, as his blanket or his weapons.

Beyond and above this, we come to the patriarchal type of family. Here for the first time is something definite and organized. One man is at the head. He has one principal wife, but he may have others,— twenty, a hundred, five hundred; but he himself stands at the head of a definitely organized group, and this for the first time in the history of the world. He has complete power over all the members of the family, even to the principal wife,— power of life and death, power to imprison, to torture, to sell his children. Still, it was a step toward that which we are trying to realize to-day.

After this, in later ages, in what is comparatively very modern times, came the type of family which we are trying to realize in the highest regions of the world,— monogamy, the permanent faithful relation of one man to one woman. I need not go into any discussion of this, this morning; for such a discussion will constitute my theme next Sunday. My purpose is only to indicate to you these great types of family life which constitute the steps of social progress from the beginning until to-day. You will not, however, understand that these exhaust all the social relations which have existed in the past. There have been many other types, numberless kinds and varieties, all that were possible to be made

out of the existing materials perhaps; yet they were all varieties of some one of these great types of which I have spoken.

To illustrate two or three of them. There were long periods when that family which goes by the name of polyandry existed. That is, the marriage of one woman to two or ten or twenty men, as might happen,—one woman with very many husbands at the same time. This existed very naturally in some parts of the world, where the means of subsistence or the conditions of life were such that it naturally led to this as the most permanent type of life, as the one by which the woman and the children were best cared for, as the one that gave the best chance for the existence of society and its development. So we find that, under some circumstances and at some stages of development, this was the best type of the family possible. On the other hand, perhaps more common than this, you find that type of family that exists even in modern times, and with which you are familiar in Turkey and Utah,—the polygynous, one man having several wives, two or more, the number being limited only by his wishes and his means. This also has been a very common type of family life in the past; and, undoubtedly, in many conditions and stages of culture, it has been the best type of family that could exist at that time. It has sprung up and become permanent, because, in the struggle between the different types of family organization, it was the best, serving the purpose of the time better than any other; and it remained permanent so long as these conditions continued.

There is one point that it is well for you to bear in mind. You are not to think that the man has had everything his own way in this matter, from the beginning till to-day. Perhaps, as a general truth, you may almost say that his superior physical power has enabled him to have his way. And yet there have been long ages in the past, when, not the man, but the woman, not the father, but the mother, has been at the head of the family organization, and has held in

her hands all the power. There have been ages, when the descent of families, of lines, and of peoples, has been traced, not through the father, but through the mother. There have been ages, when the organization was such that it was not the woman who lost her identity when she became married. The man lost his name, and became absorbed in the family of the woman. He took her name, and had no individual existence, except as a member of the group of which she was the head. He was practically in the power of the woman and her female friends and relatives. If he did not please the wife, if he made himself objectionable to her, if he did not contribute what they regarded as his fair share toward the support of this multitudinous family, she was at liberty, and had the power — and exercised it very freely, without much mercy — to bid him pack; and, taking only his blanket with him, he has had to start for himself again, wherever he could and might.

You are to remember, then, that man has not always been the tyrant. Man has not always moulded the social organizations at his will. Woman, at least, has taken her turn, and has shown herself capable of quite as relentless a despotism as man. If there is any difference in degree, we are to charge it, not to the disposition, but to physical ability, to power and circumstances.

I wish now to call your attention to a few of the forces that have contributed to the development of the family life. You will notice that I have only run over these types, cataloguing them, but not giving you any reasons for the development of one type out of another. Why, for example, did the human race ever rise out of this promiscuous relationship? Why did it ever change the family group? Why did it ever cease marrying according to these lower forms? How does it happen that monogamy has come to the front, and is to be the rule, the type, of the future civilization of men?

Here, I may point out a few of the causes. In the first 'ce, you are familiar with the law that life, as it exists

to-day, is the result of competition, of struggle between individuals and groups of individuals, of tribes and nations for supremacy, and that the fittest to survive has been the one to come out ahead in these struggles. It has been proved, then, as a matter of human experience, that each one of these higher types of social organization has bound man and woman and child together in closer and closer union, has brought them into more compact aggregates, and so has made them stronger, better fitted to face the rough world, and to succeed in the struggle for life. The higher types, for example, have produced more children and healthier children. They have had a larger tendency to preserve them during the period of infancy, to train them to become strong men and women; and so, naturally, these higher types of life have gradually come to the front, and superseded the others, which have been left to die and disappear.

Another force has been at work. You are not to think, as you look back at these crude social relations of the past, that there was very much of the sentiment of love existing between husband and wife and child. You must not think of the husband and wife who put to death the child that was sick or feeble, or that they could not support, as suffering in the process, as we would suffer to-day. You must remember that these sentiments of tenderness and love and sympathy, which bind us so closely together, were not at that time developed. There was no disruption of the heart-strings that were left to ache and bleed. These binding forces at that time had not come into existence. But, gradually, man was developing more and more into that which we think of as typically human. The sentiment of pity, gentleness, consideration,— gentleness to his wife, to his child, a desire to know his own child from the others in the group of children, a stronger bond of feeling toward them,— gradually grew; and this, of course, would tend more and more to the destruction of these lower and more general types of the social relationship and the development of those higher and more complex ones which have taken their place.

There was another tremendous power at work in the same direction, which at the same time was one of the earliest forms of religious life,— the worship of ancestors. This was probably universal. It has been a fact in the life of every nation at some period of its development. The father expected to be worshipped by his son as soon as he was dead. The hearth became sacred. It was turned into an altar, and the rites and ceremonies of this religious worship had to be performed by the son. None other was competent to render this worship to the father; and, if the father did not have a son, then the line would die out and the worship must cease; and that was looked upon as though it were the destruction of this dead semi-deity himself. The extinction of the family was looked upon as the greatest calamity that could possibly befall it, because it made it impossible to continue the worship of the ancestors; and this was supposed to affect their peace and happiness in the future spiritual world. You see then how necessary it became that a man should be married in such a way that he should know who his son was, that he should be able to train him up as his son, and leave him to look after the sacrifices of the hearth and serve at the altar. This, of course, tended in the plainest way toward the development of these higher, better types of family life.

There was another force quite equal in strength to any of the others. I suppose we cannot find a type of society so low that there is not the sentiment of personal possession in it, a desire for ownership of property. The tribe may hold their land in common; their wigwams, their homes, their wives, their children, may be in common; yet each one says "my" blanket or "my" spear or "my" bow and arrow. There is always this dawning of personal proprietorship; and this has developed constantly, until, in the modern world, it is one of the mightiest of all forces to shape and build up or destroy our present civilization. As this desire, then, for personal possession or property increased, there grew along with it the desire that "my wife" and "my

child" should share with me the benefit of my years of skill or labor or accumulation. So there grew the desire to simplify the group or family into as small an aggregate as possible. If there were many wives or many children, or if a man were not quite sure as to whether those were his children or his brothers, he would not know to whom to leave his property. So this sentiment of property, and the desire to leave it to his own wife and children, has been one of the mightiest forces in the modern world toward the development of monogamy. If I were preaching on the Mormon problem, I should look to this quite as much as to any other one cause for the solution of that problem. There are only a small number of Mormons, at the present time, who have more than one wife; largely because there are not women enough to supply them all, but also because the men are not able to support more than one. The matter of property comes in, then, as one of the most mighty and determining forces that have helped on the development of the monogamic type of family life.

A word, in closing, concerning the bearing of this discussion upon questions of social reform. It is assumed, in accordance with the principle which I spoke of at the outset, by a great many, perhaps by the majority of the people in America and Europe to-day, that the first type of family life in the world was a monogamous type; for they think of Adam and Eve as standing at the head of the human race. And it results, as a natural necessity, that they should regard all departures from this type of sexual relationship as depravity,— by depravity meaning a degradation from a higher to a lower type of social relationship. But we must reverse that idea. These variations, these departures from this normal type, as we have come to regard it, are not, in the true sense of the word, degradations. They are rather survivals of lower types once universal, survivals not yet outgrown.

Let me give you a figure that shall illustrate the social progress of the world. Think of humanity as an army on the march. There is always the main body, the homogeneous

majority, occupying substantially the same position. There is always a vanguard at the front, leading toward the position which the majority shall occupy by and by. There are always stragglers, camp-followers, at the rear, hanging on the borders of the main army. Precisely like this is the social progress of the race. There is a main body of humanity representing any one of these lower types of human life that you please, the majority occupying that position and representing that type. There will be the minority, the vanguard in the front, beginning by way of experiment to represent the higher type to which the other, by and by, will come. And there is always at the rear the stragglers and the camp followers, representing the type preceding that of the majority. So, when you find persons to-day, who are not true to the monogamic type of family life, you do not find people who have been degraded from the first type. You find those, generally, who have never risen up to that level. They are still living in that social position where we or our ancestors were once, but from which they have not yet emerged toward the higher condition of the majority.

In this way, then, you are to look upon these aberrations from the normal type of the family. Thus, as I look I gain hope and courage for the race; while, if I were compelled to look upon it from the other stand-point, I should find only discouragement and despair. If it is the part of this human nature of ours to tend downward instead of upward; if the inclinations of men's hearts are evil and only evil continually; if a man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward; if everything in me tends to deprave me and degrade me to lower levels,—then there is very little, if any, use to attempt to do anything more than look out for ourselves; and we may despair of even doing that.

But if, on the other hand, the tendency of the race, as exemplified in the experience of every age, is upward and onward; if man's heart tends toward good, in the main, as I believe it does; if the pressure of the evolutional forces of life is ever behind and beneath man, lifting him to a higher

level,— why, then, it is perfectly natural that we should find some people behind, some who have not yet attained to that higher level, or who for the time have slipped back or fallen into that condition which was once common and universal. It seems to me, then, that we can hope and work for the race, as we gain an insight into the methods by which progress is to be made.

I believe that progress in this department, as well as everywhere else, is to come as a growth, as the result of experience, of education, as the result of a higher, sweeter, truer, purer, public sentiment. In other words, it is to be developed through ages rather than brought about through any sudden, spasmodic effort on the part of individuals or organizations. So long as I believe that the race is facing ahead and upward, not backward and downward, so long courage and heart remain, and so long we can do whatever in us lies to help on the progress of the race.

We have come then to this. Beginning with a promiscuous relation, like that which obtains in the animal world, through a progress of thousands and thousands of years, we have climbed up to the level where the man and the woman stand side by side, hand in hand, in mutual trust and confidence, looking into each other's eyes with love and devotion, their little children gathered about them, a part of the life of each, to whom each is devoted, and they faithful to each other in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, holding each other as the one object of true love. They are the result, the outflowering, of the so-far progress of the world, looking toward the future, and ready, as I believe, not for a higher type of family life, but for an ever sweeter, higher, nobler development of this type to which we have attained and which we shall go on progressively to make more and more beautiful, more and more near to the perfect ideal, of which as yet we can only dream.

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MARRIAGE TO-DAY.

At the close of my sermon last Sunday morning, I attempted to picture for you the man and the woman standing side by side, hand in hand, with the children grouped about their feet, looking into each other's eyes with mutual love, tenderness, trust, and respect; and I represented this as the highest outcome as yet of the evolution of the family. I traced this, however, from the very lowest beginnings, showing you that this, instead of being the ideal that was realized in the distant past, is only the ideal which is dawning upon the world, and casting its radiance and light over the future. When we remember from what low beginnings this marvellous humanity of ours has come, when we remember out of what crude, coarse social relations this ideal family has developed, we should not be surprised to find that the family ideal is only very imperfectly realized as yet; and you must also remember, both for the sake of having correct ideas on the subject and for the sake of keeping courage in your own hearts, as you look toward the future, that the social disorganization and failures, that are so common all around us, are not degradations from something higher, not depravities from a once perfect realization. They are rather the imperfections of an undeveloped and incomplete growth. They represent the fact that we have come only to the beginning of that which we hope for, and which we shall strive to realize progressively in the future. We talk glibly about civilization; and, sometimes, as we look around over our society, we perhaps labor under the wholly

mistaken impression that the larger part of the world is really civilized. A little thought, however, will show you that, as a matter of fact, the most of the world is still in barbarism, and a large part of it in the still lower state of savagery. Only a few favored peoples have yet begun to be civilized in regard to social relations or in regard to matters of government and religion. Barbarism in religion, in government, and in society, is still immensely in the majority all over the world. And, even in this part of the world which we speak of as civilized, those who have reached the highest level of attainment are few. Here and there, civilization has dawned. There is light in the east, and this light is reflected on some of the highest hill-tops toward the west; but, on the low-lying plains and in the still lower valleys of the world, it is yet dark. Civilization, therefore, is yet far from realized. It is only a beginning and a hope. We should not, then, wonder at the fact that marriage is still imperfect in so many directions. It keeps step with the progress of man. It goes forward as fast as he goes, and will be perfect only when humanity is perfect.

Let us note a few of the more important indications of these imperfections of the ideal marriage relation. In the first place, there are large numbers of people, thousands of men and women, not married at all,—this while man and woman are fairly to be supposed to balance each other in numbers, the world being taken as a whole. But they are so unequally distributed that universal marriage is out of the question. Suppose, for instance, all the people in Massachusetts should attempt to be married. We should have to import forty or fifty thousand men, or export forty or fifty thousand women, in order to realize that scheme. If we go into some of the younger States of the West, we shall find this thing reversed: we should have to import women or export men. Marriage, therefore, in this regard, is very imperfect, and necessarily so, under the conditions in which our life is lived.

Not only is this unequal distribution an impediment to marriage, but there are numbers of men who think they are not able to support wives; or, if they could, they could not support them at the social level of refinement, of taste, and money, which is represented in the home from which they would take the woman they would be willing to marry. Again, for many reasons that I need not stop to enumerate, women by the hundreds and thousands are not sought in marriage, while, as the result of ages of custom, they are not permitted to seek husbands. Then there are other thousands of men and women, who would be glad to marry, but who, for one reason or another, cannot find the embodiment of their dreams, and so wait year after year, because, while willing to marry, they are not willing to marry those who come within the range of their acquaintance.

Not only is marriage imperfect in this regard; but, as you look over society, how painfully are you impressed by the fact that so large a number of the actual marriages are not marriages in fact! They are legal bonds, and yet not marriages of soul and heart and life, where the sweet bells, if they ever were sweet, are now jangled and out of tune. Many people marry under a hasty impulse, who never ought to have married. Sometimes, when I stand with the marriage certificate in my hand, with the man and woman before me whose names are written in it, I feel that I am on the brink of committing a crime, so certain do I feel that, though the man and woman ought to be married, they ought not to marry one another. Yet, of course, the servant of the Church or of the State, or he who unites them both, has no authority or right to go back of the written authorization; and he is helpless in the presence of this fact. Many people who do marry would be well enough off, if they would try to be reasonable; but they are wholly selfish, and expect all the sacrifices to be on the other side, making unreasonable demands, not willing to give up anything on their side, though they expect everything to be given up on the other. For this, and a hundred reasons which I cannot take

time to mention, marriages fall far short of the ideal that we have in mind, when we contemplate them.

From this brief and inadequate consideration of the defects of marriage as it exists, let us pass to consider that wherein true marriage consists.

What is marriage? I speak now, of course, of the ideal. Marriage is the lifelong union, the union of body, of heart, of mind, of soul, of labor, of cares, of hopes, of fears, of interests of a man and woman. And the essence of it is just this complete union which they, and they only, can effect. We need, this morning, to go beneath the superficial considerations of what constitutes marriage, and see it in its essence. The common opinion seems to be that any two people who choose to come before a civil magistrate or a minister, and promise to love, honor, and cherish each other, etc., and whom this magistrate pronounces husband and wife, are really married. And yet neither Church nor State ever yet had power to create a marriage. Concerning the real thing, the heart of it, neither Church nor State has, or can have, anything whatever to do. They can bind the man and woman together by legal bonds, but this is not marriage. Men and women can be one in heart and life without any help from either Church or State; and, though Church or State do their utmost, and bind them together by these legal ties, yet, in heart and love and life, they may be whole universes apart.

Various marriage customs have grown out of the peculiar social, political, and religious conditions of the time when they came into being; and it would be interesting, had I time, to give you illustrations and specimens of these marriage customs, as illustrating this point. It is true that religion did have a great deal to do with the sacredness and permanency and with the creation of true marriage at one time in the history of the world. That time I alluded to last Sunday, when I said there sprang up at one period the worship of ancestry,—a worship whose centre was the hearthstone and whose priest was the husband. At this time, it was

indeed a religious ceremony above and before all things else; and it had to be, in order to realize the ideals of the time. But those ideals and the reasons for their existence went by ages ago; and now, though it may be a pleasant ceremony to go into the presence of minister and church, we need to remember that that is only the recognition of the marriage, if it exists, but it cannot create it. What, then, is the power of the State in the matter, and why does the State concern itself with it at all? The State, as I have said, cannot create marriage. A man and a woman go before a magistrate, and confess that they love each other, and promise to take each other for better, for worse, and for all time; and the State simply sanctions this bond which they themselves voluntarily assume, and undertakes to protect them in the rights which are here involved. That is all the State does. The State has just as much to do with the marriage contract as it has with any other contract; that is, it sees to it that the parties to this contract are bound by the power of public opinion and the penalties of law, if need be, to fulfil these obligations which they have taken upon themselves. That is the office of the State, and here alone is the function of the Church.

There are two or three phrases in our popular marriage rituals that I wish to speak of, as they are illustrations of what has been true of marriage customs in old times. That is, at any particular stage in the world's development, there has always been in society, in government, in religion, customs which are more or less remnants of the pre-existing time, survivals of a lower condition. There are two or three phrases in our marriage service which are such survivals. I have never been able consistently to use the Episcopal marriage service for instance, in which the bride is given away by the father or the guardian to the husband, for the reason that my sense of justice revolts at the implication in such giving away. Who has a right in this stage of the world's progress to *give* the wife to any man? This is simply a survival of the time when the wife was a piece of property to be given or sold, by the father; a piece of property to be pur-

chased, or captured, or stolen, by the husband. But, now that the condition of things represented by that type of barbarism has passed away, it is time the relics of it were left out of our religion. Neither can I consistently use the word "obey" in the marriage service. I never did use it, and I never shall. I know no reason in the wide world why the wife should promise to obey the husband any more than the husband to obey the wife. It will almost always be true that either the husband or the wife will develop a natural taste or talent for leadership; and, if it happens to be the wife that develops this capacity, I know no reason why the husband should not recognize it and follow it as much as the wife should recognize and follow it, provided the natural leadership should fall into the hands of the husband as a matter of ability. The husband and the wife should stand on the same level, making promises and entering into obligations that are mutual. There is one other survival, which is commonly regarded as a very impressive closing to the marriage ceremony,— the words, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." The implication is that, in all these cases, God hath joined the man and the woman together, and that man has no right to put them asunder. If I can be sure concerning any particular case that "the match was made in heaven" or that God did join them together, then I should claim no right to have anything to do with putting them asunder. But I see a great many cases where it seems to me that a due respect for God would relieve him of the responsibility of having had anything to do with them whatever. In such cases as this, I do not see the application of this solemnly pronounced formula.

I want to pass next to that which perhaps is the great question of all,— Who ought to marry? What are the conditions of true, ideal, permanent marriage?

In the first place, I would remark, in a general way and as being, I believe, a general truth, that all men and women ought to marry. Some one asked me, the other day, if I thought it the great business of life for a woman to seek a

husband. I answered: By no means, any more than it is the great business of a man to seek a wife. There ought to be perfect equality on both sides. Here is the point that carries with it the meaning I would convey. I believe that the true, ideal life of both men and women is to be found in the marriage relation. There are, indeed, thousands of cases where it is impossible, where it is impracticable, where it is not best; but these are exceptions, and to be justified as exceptions. They are not the rule. There are cases of men and women both, who nobly forego whatever of good and happiness there may be in the marriage relation for the sake of some higher and more sacred duty. I have, for example, the most intense admiration for Charles Lamb, going through life alone, although susceptible of the tenderest affection, for the sake of an aged father, well-nigh imbecile, and for the sake of a sister hovering all her life on the borderland of insanity, and a large part of the time over that line. Single life, here, is heroism, is nobility, illustrating the grandest type of manhood. So there are thousands of cases of women, who are capable of experiencing all that is sweet and true in a noble marriage, walking alone through life for the sake of sister, or father, or friend, or brother, or mother, in order to devote themselves to their needs. These cases, I think, are noble; and yet, in spite of all this, I believe that that man or that woman who walks through life alone has not realized the ideal of complete manhood or womanhood, for this means marriage and fatherhood and motherhood. Those who fail of this have stopped short, as a tree that should only blossom and bear no fruit: they have stopped short of their ideal and complete development. As a general truth, then, I say that the ideal development of manhood and womanhood means both marriage and parentage.

But there are quite a number of practically serious bars to marriage that should be considered. Two or three of these I shall point out.

I believe that as the family ideal develops, as people have a larger and truer conception of personal responsib-

they gain in that one thing which, more than aught else, distinguishes the civilized man from the barbarian,—foresight and forecasting of the results of actions,—as man develops in these, there will be more and more men and women who will refuse to marry because of inherited disease or of tendency to disease and physical unfitness for parentage. They will hesitate before they inflict upon the children that they would so tenderly love a lifelong burden of inherited physical, mental, or moral disability. I believe that no man, no woman, has a right to marry, unless physically, mentally, morally so sound that there shall be no danger of transmitting injury to coming generations.

This is another bar very rarely recognized, and yet I believe very important. I see cases of men and women marrying who are separated by such bottomless gulfs of inherited and trained opinion as never ought to be bridged, or attempted to be bridged, by the marriage bond. I know these things are treated very lightly. The man thinks that he will persuade his wife to come over to his way of thinking, or the wife thinks she will persuade the husband, or they will agree to disagree; and many times, if the opinions are not too deeply rooted, this can be done. But I have seen more than one life blasted, wrecked, all its happiness destroyed, because there was this fundamental division reaching down clear to the roots of life. Take, for example, an extreme case. A man who is a scientific rationalist falls in love with a woman who is a Catholic, both of them having inherited their ideas, both of them trained for years in these ideas, until they are cemented and made strong. The chances are a thousand to one against their finding happiness and permanent peace in such an attempted union, and the children must grow up under the blighting influence of this divided headship; the mother fearing that the little ones will lose their immortal souls if they think as the father does, and the father looking upon the ideas of the mother with hardly concealed contempt, and treating them as superstitions. Bars like these ought to be very seriously regarded before attempting to break them down.

There is another kind of union that ought not to be brought about. It is more common in Europe, Italy, France, and England than here; but it is common enough in this country to make it worthy of notice. That is no true marriage which is a mere union for convenience' sake, or which has for its ultimate object and end the bringing or keeping together of two masses of property or inherited estates. Yet this is one of the commonest things in the world. I feel sometimes, when contemplating a marriage like this, like saying some very harsh things about it. Society looks with bitterest contempt upon a temporary union whose only object is gratification, and the price of which is money; but, for the life of me, I can hardly see any distinction between that and the more permanent one where a very much larger price is paid. If one is to be treated with contempt and outlawed by public opinion, it seems to me the other is worthy of at least equal condemnation.

Turning now from the negative side, let us consider a few of the positive conditions of the true union of heart and soul and life.

I believe, and I speak of it with all plainness and simplicity, that I may, if possible, drag it out of the region of pruriency into the light of day where God made it and where it belongs,— I believe that the first essential of any true and happy marriage ought to be a bond of passionate love, and the man or the woman who is incapable of it never ought to marry. What is passion? It is spoken of, when spoken of at all, with bated breath, as though it were not to be referred to in any way, as though it were of itself evil and impure. It is only force, like chemical attraction or the power of gravitation. It has no moral quality in itself one way or the other. It is only a power, like the wind, capable of blowing on safe voyages or wrecking in shoals, according to circumstances. In itself, it is God-made, noble, pure; and I believe that any true marriage ought to have this as its first condition and base.

Beyond that, no man should marry a woman upon whom

he feels that he must perpetually look down as beneath him, and no woman should ever marry a man upon whom she must look down as her inferior. There is no true marriage that is not based on respect, on reverence; and both man and woman ought to find something in the other that towers like a mountain-top above them, to which they can look up, that rules, that kindles their ambition, that fires their aspiration. There should be no question of equality or inequality, of superiority or inferiority. The man, if he has married a true woman, will find heights in her nature that are above him; and the woman, if she has married a true man, will find heights in his nature that are above her. In both cases, there should be this capacity of looking up to and appreciating the noblest things in the other.

Once more, there should be, so far as possible, marriage of opposites. Nature generally takes care of this. You will almost always see that, if a man has a predominance of the feminine qualities, he will seek a woman who has a preponderance of the masculine. The man and the woman naturally seek that which they lack. There is an old fable, or legend, among the Jews—and I am not sure but it has been held among other primitive peoples—that man and woman were originally one being, but that an angel was sent down to cleave them in two, to make them separate; and so, ever since that time, both the man and the woman have been wandering over the earth, seeking each the other half. This is a legendary statement of that which is profoundly true, not ideally, but true down in the roots of life, is a matter of physiology. In the lowest forms of life there is no division of the sexes. Each creature is both in one. In higher developments of life, only, have they been separated, so that they are actually halves of one nature; and they should seek in each case that which they lack. I think it is generally true that they do. If, for instance, you find a man of overmastering intellectual ability, you will see that he does not seek as a wife a blue-stocking (I use this word without any disrespect for the blue-stocking, but simply because I do not know

of any other phrase to take its place). If you find a woman with overmastering intellectual ability, she will generally seek some level-headed business man, or accept him, if he seeks her. Very rarely do you find people come together in marriage where this principle is not carried out. Each sex seeks its complement, its opposite. I know, for example,— if I may be allowed a bit of personal experience on the subject,— that, when I am tired with my work, I do not seek the society of a woman who will talk Greek, although I should have no objection to her being able to talk Greek. But men and women both seek that which they lack, that for which they are hungry, and for which nature has not furnished the means of satisfaction in themselves.

There is one other condition as important as any of these; and that, is there can be no perfect permanent marriage, unless there is a basis of good comradeship, wholly apart from the question whether there is marriage or not. What do I mean by that? Just this. If a man and woman can come together in marriage, and if at the same time they are so related to each other that they would find satisfaction in a year-long acquaintance and friendship, even if they were not married, they would have a basis for permanent association outside of the ordinary things that go to make up this relationship. But, if there be nothing of this sort, then, after the novelty has worn away, the husband gets tired of the wife, saying she is no companion for him; and he seeks some one else. In the same way, the wife gets tired of the husband, and goes to another for companionship. They have no pursuits, no thoughts in common; and so there is no basis for this permanent, happy comradeship. I believe there would be very few unhappy marriages, if this principle were kept in mind. You should marry some one, if you can, whose acquaintance and companionship you would enjoy all the year, even if you were not married to them. Then, you would be pretty safe on the question whether you would be likely to get tired of each other or not.

When ought people to marry? I believe that, as a gen-

eral thing, men and women ought to marry early. I am aware that a great deal can be said on the other side; and yet I think, nine times out of ten, a late marriage is not so likely to be happy as an early one. Then is the morning of life, when the light is tender and sweet, and the dews are on the grass, and everything is fair and fresh and beautiful. Then is the time, other things being equal, to join hand in hand, and start out to see the beauty and sweetness and good of the world. Those who marry young marry before the personal peculiarities, habits, customs, ways of thought and life, are fixed. I see cases of unhappiness that seem to me to spring out of this fact,— that the man has lived alone so long, and has developed so many personal tastes, and is so fixed in his individual habits, that he cannot give them up. He cannot become assimilated to any new way of life. The same is true on the part of woman. If they can marry before their personal characteristics are unduly developed, they will find it much easier to live together a life that is truly a union. And yet I would not have them marry until each one is educated into a distinct individuality. I would not have the period of learning abridged or cut off in the midst, unless under very exceptional circumstances; for the chances are that very little regular study will be pursued after marriage. I believe it might be. I hope the time will come when it may be; but, as a matter of fact, study under those circumstances is generally rather desultory, and is likely to be postponed indefinitely.

But one thing I would insist upon, on behalf of those who are wealthy as well as those who are poor. I would have both men and women trained into an ability to earn a personal support, before they give their hand to any other life. For, no matter how much wealth may be inherited, in a country like this, where there is no entailment of property, and where business chances are so many, and fluctuations up and down are so frequent, there are many chances for a husband to be so disabled that he will need the assistance of the wife even in matters of support, in order to keep him

from becoming a charge on the general charity. I believe that the woman would enter into marriage after such training with more of the feeling that it is an equal contract. It would add to her self-respect to feel that she could contribute something toward the support of the household, if the time of need should come. I would not have her do it, except in case of necessity; but I would have her able to do it, if the time came when the necessity was laid upon her.

I want now to consider a few of the causes of unhappy marriages. I touched on this briefly at the outset, but I want to dwell on two or three points a little more. What I shall say will have an equal bearing on those who are about to marry and on those who have been married for many a year. I do not know how many of you who are married may need advice in this direction; but I know that we all need to bear in mind some of these essential principles, and to keep clearly outlined the ideal of that which is highest and truest.

In the first place, I find that a great many marriages are unhappy, because of this thoroughly developed selfishness to which I have alluded on the part of either husband or wife. One wishes to dominate, to control, completely to shape the life of the other. But I believe we ought to bear in mind that this is a voluntary union of two distinct individualities, each complementary to the other. I believe that the husband has a perfect right to go his own way, to be his own man, to do his own thinking, to have his own friends, to pursue his own manner of life in any way he will, so far as these do not infringe upon the equal rights of the wife, so far as he does not withhold from her that which she may rightfully claim. I believe, on the other hand and with equal emphasis, that the wife has the right to develop her own life, to have her own friends, to go her own way, to be her own self as far as she pleases, so long as she does not infringe upon the equal rights of the husband, nor withhold from him that which he may rightfully claim. Many and many an unhappy marriage is brought about by the petty, contemptible spying

or supervising jealousy, not of those things which may rightly cause it, but of trifling things. I believe we should guard ourselves here and be wholly and broadly generous. I cannot understand how any man should wish to bind by force a woman to his side who does not stay there from choice. I cannot understand how any woman should wish to bind to herself by force any man that she does not hold by free inclination.

This leads me to the next point, which is a very important one, if you wish marriage to be happy. Be sure that the harness never chafes or galls. When two are pulling away from each other, and feel that they are tied together, the chances are that that which constitutes the essence of marriage is gone. And so I would say to husband and wife both, that, as the most important thing in the world perhaps toward contributing to a happy home, there should be kept up the old-time courtesy and equality of relationship, the old-time reserve, the old-time attempt to attract and please, just as though there were no other bond to hold them. If you can keep your wife by the power of your personal attraction so that she would follow you to the world's end, you may be sure of her loyalty and love. If you can keep your husband bound to you simply by the force of your own personal attraction, so that it will never occur to him to question whether there is any legal bond between you, you may be sure of his loyalty in this relationship. But the moment either one pulls too tightly on the harness or cracks the whip, that moment the charm is gone.

I would have you, then, carry this matter of courtesy even to the extent of home habits, even in the deepest seclusion of home, even in matters of dress and matters of care and attention and watchfulness. Many a wife feels that her husband does not treat her any longer as he did before they were married, or as he would some other lady who might happen in to spend the evening. Many a husband feels that his wife no longer takes the trouble to attract and charm, but falls back on the dead level of the prosaic fact

that she has him now, and that he cannot get away. There is nothing more fatal to the charm, the sweetness, the permanency, the beauty of the married relation than this. I would have you do all you can to develop in yourselves those tastes, those qualities, those characteristics that you find the other lacks or desires. There is a large field here for thought and practical application.

I said at the outset that marriage is not yet developed to its perfection. We have the ideal; and we reach after it, and shall reach it more and more year after year. It will come only by the slow growth of civilization and the perfection of the individual. You cannot produce perfect marriage by marrying two imperfect men and women, and no laws can make it perfect. The State can only help it on by protecting the development so far as it has gone, and by creating conditions for the further development. But perfection must come in the growth of man and woman in their own personal characters and in their truer ideas concerning this relation. So I do not look for much help from the law. Law is not worth much except as the expression of the opinion of the majority. When you have got public opinion strong enough to enforce the law, then you do not need the law.

Perfect marriage, then, is chiefly a matter of growth; but, when it does come, then will be realized the ideal which has been so beautifully set forth by the poet laureate of England. I wish to close by giving you his ideal as a partially fulfilled fact and as a poetic prophecy of the future: —

> "For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;

Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

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MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.

V. THE CHILD.

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THE CHILD.

It is quite common for us to think of the mysteries of the world as far away. We think that the light of knowledge has been shed upon that part of the world on which we stand; and so we look for strange things in the far-off past or in distant lands or in other worlds. And yet the profoundest mysteries of all the universe are right around us, and are even a part of us.

If I could show you here a bit of protoplasm, as the scientists call it, this little particle of living matter would be a mystery as profound as the being of God himself. Here is a particle of matter that has become sensitive to the touch, that has about it that inexplicable quality that we call, without knowing the meaning of the word, life. This is at the basis of every form of life, from the lowest to the highest, so far as we know. As we trace the development from these lowest forms, we find that this little particle of matter changes its quality in the most wonderful way. As we come up into the higher ranges of existence, life takes on another quality. It is not only sensitive, it not only responds to touch; but it begins to feel, to be conscious of that touch. As we go higher yet, it is not only sentient, not only conscious of touch, not only responsive, and knows that it responds; but it takes on that higher quality still, which we call self-consciousness. That is, it becomes conscious that it is conscious. And so here is this marvellous organization of matter, with whatever else superadded, embodied, or wrought into it we know not,— this wonderful

matter that moves about independently, that stands upon its feet, that thinks, that separates itself from other forms of life, and that looks out over the world, and attempts to study and comprehend the universe, and even to trace its own origin. But, wonderful as life is in itself, there is one quality about it which is more mysterious still. Whatever has life has the power of reproducing itself, the power of transferring to offspring its own likeness, its own characteristics, its own qualities, and so repeating over and over again this wondrous fact of life, each individual handing the mysterious torch of life to the next, and then falling back into that unorganized matter out of which it came. It seems to me that here is the profoundest mystery in the world,— a fact in the presence of which we should bow our heads in utmost reverence, conscious that we stand in the presence of an infinite and inexplicable life. Well may each mother exclaim :—

O sweet, delicious motherhood!
  I, even I, am part —
  I feel it next my heart —
Of that strange power that worlds did brood,
  In which all life doth start.

It is the mighty God, I know,
  Who thrills my being through —
  He lives in star and dew —
And, as June roses bud and blow,
  So bids me blossom too.

Within my soul, the sacred root
  Of this new life runs down,—
  Sweet love the seed hath sown,—
Thence upward grows and comes to fruit,
  And all my life doth crown.

I am become creator then.
  God's secret I can guess.
  O wondrous happiness!
I stand, the mother proud of men,
  That strong sons love and bless.

4

Close at the universe's core,
  And out through all its range,—
  It rules life, death, and change,—
This secret lives forevermore,
  Sacred, divine, and strange.

The soul that does this burden miss,
  Unlinked in being's chain,—
  It seeks a fancy vain,—
Shirking God's care, life's keenest bliss
  Loses, nor finds again.

The cradle is God's purest shrine:
  At this fair fount of life—
  Hush here, O world, your strife!—
Bow with veiled eyes, and call divine
  The mother crowned as wife.

It is not strange to me that primeval man worshipped this reproductive force of nature and of the world, feeling that here, if anywhere, was God, creator, maker of life. And they read, with very poor critical insight and with very poor taste and with very unclean imaginations, this chapter of the world's history, who look upon it with anything but reverence and awe. And, when we consider that this reproductive power means the recreating of ourselves with all we are of good or bad, it seems to me that, if we comprehend the significance of it, we ought to hesitate, to say, I dare not take upon myself an office like this, unless I feel rationally persuaded that, in health, in brain, in character, I am such that, at least, the child will occupy as high a level in the world as mine. It seems to me one of the wonders of the world, this power of transmitting life, that shall repeat whatever you are not only, but the far-off ancestor that you for the time represent.

When I look upon my own children, and see them reproducing some trick of bodily motion, facial expression, color of eye or hair; when I see my little boy asleep, and find him instinctively and unconsciously taking the very atti-

tude in which I have slept for years,—I wonder at this strange power that repeats that which has been.

And, here, we find the root of the great law of self-sacrifice which characterizes all life, and which becomes, as life rises to higher and higher ranges, the condition of all that is best and sweetest. All the interdependence, all the mutual care, all the tender love, all the binding together in families, in societies, and in nations, arise here. Self-sacrifice, indeed, it is, in the truest and most literal sense of that word at the very beginning; for the very lowest forms of life cease to exist in the act of reproduction. That is, they simply divide in two. The parents are extinguished, and two children take their place. They divide again, and so on.

As we go higher yet, we find this law of sacrifice still obtains. The parent seems to exist only that it may come to maturity to create a successor. When this is accomplished, it ceases to be. As we go higher still, there comes into play what I may call the law of compensation. The parent exists now, not merely for the sake of the offspring, but for the sake of the joy in the companionship of the child. And the individual life may perhaps go on for a long time after the birth of the offspring. Yet the law of sacrifice is just the same; for it is a part of the life itself,—something of body, mind, and soul that constitutes this marvellous individuality that is going to become the life of the child.

The feeling that it is sacrifice, and perhaps all sacrifice, has not died out even among the higher types of life; for we find men and women to-day who are utterly unwilling to take upon themselves the care, the burden, or, as they bluntly express themselves sometimes, the bother of children.

They are not willing, not to assume the responsibility, for they feel none, perhaps, but they do not want the trouble of children; and, if they come uninvited and unwished for, they are turned over to the care of nurses or of servants. And the father and mother have as little acquaintance with them, and as little to do with them, as possible. They inter-

fere with their self-indulgences. They take away from the sum of their dissipations and pleasures. If the mother sees her child at all, it is, perhaps, after the child has been permitted to leave the nursery, and is dressed into positive discomfort to itself, and when the mother is dressed for a party or the street, so that she only looks at her child from a distance,—"You must not touch me: you will rumple my dress! You must not fondle me: you will disarrange my hair!" And so, with a perfunctory kind of kiss, recognizing the fact that, after all, the child belongs to her, the little one is turned over to the nurse; and the mother goes her way. This represents an extreme type; but, if you know much of life, you will recognize that it exists in a great many homes where it ought not, where there ought to be too much intelligence and too much character to admit of it. But there is another side to this matter of self-sacrifice,— the law of compensation. Where life takes on more fulness, more meaning, this law teaches us to recognize that the child gives as well as takes.

Let us note two or three things that the child bestows, as it comes with its arms full of blessing and beneficence. In the first place, the child gives what all higher types, even subhuman ones, begin to recognize as the joy of parentage. It is not alone the human mother who feels that all her pain is atoned for by the conscious delight that a man is born into the world. Even the higher types of life beneath men rejoice in the presence and care and affection of offspring. But not only do they bring this joy which all true, sweet, typical human lives must appreciate, but they bring also something of self-development to the parents that could come in no other way. It is a law that you cannot escape, that no man nor woman, however noble, fine, sweet, they may be, whether it is voluntary or involuntary on their part, can become quite the ideal man or woman except through the ministry of childhood. For this superadds something of character or training or experience, that lets one into the sweet secret of life, as nothing else does or can.

Another gift the child brings. Mr. John Fiske has wrought out with more care and elaboration than any other man in Europe or America the fact that to the prolongation of the period of human infancy we owe the existence of the human family more than to anything else. When, therefore, you have summed up whatever of sweetness, of joy, of peace, of happiness comes into your definition of the word "family," when you have studied the relation which the family bears to morals, to religion, to government, when you have defined, weighed, measured that word, so that you know its value, then say this is the gift of the child. For it had not existed but for the fact of this little helpless life coming into the hands of parents and pleading for care and love and training.

There is one other gift that we owe to childhood. Those of you who are old have already learned it: those of us who are younger, I trust, will learn. And that is how childhood can become a staff and comfort to those that need somewhat on which to lean in old age and declining years. I know of nothing more beautiful than the picture of a strong son or a thoroughly developed daughter lending her arm to the leadership, the care, the support, the comfort of father or mother, when they are old. These, then, are gifts which childhood brings to offset, and a thousand times more than offset, the sacrifice incurred in its behalf.

When I hear a father or a mother talk of the burden of their children, or when I hear of childless people speaking of what a bore it must be to be burdened with children, I know they are ignorant, I know they have not comprehended the depths and the meaning of life, or else I know they are lamentably selfish, undeveloped in these things which make for the higher and sweeter and deeper life of men and women.

But not only is it true that childhood involves sacrifice on the part of father and mother, not only is it true that this has been emphasized and exaggerated, but there is another side of this idea. When we come to the matter of the rights and the training of children, there has been this same

exaggerated assertion of the relations of father and mother, and this same overlooking or obliteration of the existence of the rights of the child. You are aware of the fact that, in some of the lower forms of life, the young are sometimes killed, apparently for the purpose of getting them out of the way; though I believe that this, until we come to man, is very rare. But, when we come to humanity, we find it to be by no means an unusual fact. In the status of savagery, parents regard a child as simply a piece of personal property over which they have absolute right,— the right to its life, the right to mould and shape it as they please, a right to make or break according to their whim, to buy or sell or give away or transport or do whatever they please with it. As, however, society develops and civilization becomes broader and deeper, there comes in a recognition of the other side,— the thought that the child may have some rights itself and that the parents may have some obligations. But it is not strange that we should find this conception of the relation of father and child, when we know the universal conception that the primeval world held as to the relation of man to his gods, the human child to the heavenly Father. I suppose the imagination of this sort of God in heaven is only a kind of reflection of this conception of parentage, so that the two barbarities have gone together. The dogma that might makes right is wrought in heaven and on earth at the same time. Even to-day, among men and women that are called civilized, there is still a lingering feeling that they have a right to do with their children just as they please,— a right to punish or to reward, a right to mould, to shape, to fix, to determine their destiny in spite of any question of the children's wishes or convenience. This is carried so far as to recognize the idea that any other older life has a right to extinguish any younger or lesser life, so that I see frequently in households the larger children supposing as a matter of course that they have a right to dominate over the younger ones, that this right goes from father to mother and so down the smallest, tyranny in each grade over the grade next ath it.

Yet consider for a moment what are the principles that ought to govern and guide us. If the child is here, it has come at your invitation. The child did not ask to come. If you dare invite a soul out of the infinite into your care, see to it that it comes into arms of loving welcome, tender protection, and patient guidance.

Recognize another principle. Every individual existence on this earth, from the lowest type of life to the highest, stands on an absolute equality of rights. The principle is not changed anywhere. Any life that exists comes within the range of the sweep of our declaration of independence. It has a right to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These are rights that inhere in the very fact of life, not only human life, but subhuman. It is indeed true that these rights have often to be infringed, because they themselves, by their very existence, sometimes infringe on higher, broader rights of other types of life. But I do most certainly share the feeling of the poet Cowper, and have very little respect for the man "who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." A worm, unless it be interfering with the right, welfare, and happiness of some other life, has as much right to its existence as you have. You have no right to trespass upon the sacred limits of the individuality of any living thing, unless you can produce a warrant in some broader, deeper right for so doing.

How does this apply to the rights of childhood? The smallest child, all the way up, until it starts off on an independent career of its own, has precisely the same rights that you have. What are they? You have a right to lead your own life, to develop yourself in your own way, to be free, to seek your own happiness, so long as you recognize these limits, and that in so doing you do not infringe upon the equal rights of any other thing that lives. The child has these rights, all of them, and to the same extent that you have, with this one limitation,—that each smaller, lower type of life necessarily is confined within narrower ranges of existence, is limited in intelligence and in power, and is depend-

ent for help and guidance upon those older and stronger than itself. These relations of dependence constitute the limit of the freedom of the individual, and yet this freedom is not a thing to be limited by your whim or notion. It is a thing to be limited only by the consideration of the welfare of the child with which you are dealing. It is your business, if you dare bring children here, just so far as possible to secure them in their rights to life, to liberty, to happiness,—liberty, so far as is consistent, in your wise judgment, with the welfare and happiness of the child; to happiness, all that it can find from the beginning all the way through. The world seems to be shy and jealous of happiness; and yet my experience of life is that there is no such overplus of happiness in the world as that we need wilfully or of set purpose diminish it, even in the case of children.

This leads us, then, to consider, What are your duties, what are your obligations, in the training of children? What is meant by training children? For what are they to be trained? Of course, in one word, it means the child is to be trained to live. But what does that mean?

When I speak of children, I wish you to consider that what I say applies to the girl as well as the boy, although, for the sake of convenience, I may speak only of one.

The child, in the first place, ought to be trained in a fitness to stand on his own feet, and, in this great world of conflicting forces, to make room for himself. He ought to be taught how to earn an honest living. That is the first thing, taking precedence of everything else. See to it that, so far as possible, you train every child into a fitness to walk his own pathway in the world, and to confer upon society the equivalent for whatever he may get in the way of honest support, means for his development and happiness.

In order to secure this, it is necessary to train a child to independent judgment concerning truth and error. This is something very rarely thought of. The father is apt to say to his boy, when he asks why such a thing is so and so, "Because I say so." But that is no reason. The very wisest

fathers often mistake; and, if the world is to make any progress, the future must demonstrate that you and I both were mistaken in regard to a thousand things. That is, if the world learns anything that is not known to-day, it has got to be wiser than we are. Let us not be ashamed to confess, even in the presence of our children, that we are not infallible; and let us teach them to learn how to discriminate for themselves between truth and error. This is one of the rarest things in the world. How many men are there in the city of Boston, I care not how well educated, who can take any problem of politics, science, art, religion, or sociology, and investigate it, and look over the whole field, and tell you on which side is the preponderance of evidence? Not one in a thousand is competent to do it. The most of us are mere bundles of prejudices, notions, and superstitions. Our fathers read a Democratic paper, and so we read a Democratic paper. Our fathers cast the Republican vote, and we cast the Republican vote, neither of us being able to tell why, either father or son, except that our fathers did the same before us. And so in religion, so in science, so everywhere, we simply take up our notions as we go along.

Teach children that success in life, making life mean something for good instead of evil to the world, turns almost more than on anything else on their being able to decide on which side they ought to cast the weight of their influence, so that they may help on truth, and not error. Then, as an extension to this idea, teach them most carefully to distinguish right from wrong, teach them why right is right, why wrong is wrong, apart from any consideration of a God in heaven or a king or president or policemen on earth. For these ideas, if they be true, are only indices of facts and laws wrought out as the result of human experience.

The last thing that you must do for them is to train them as fast as possible to get along without you. That, I know, is the hardest lesson for father or mother to learn; and yet hundreds and thousands of boys and girls have been wrecked, because fathers and mothers could not learn it. It is your

business in training your child to make yourself useless as soon as possible. Do not keep children in perpetual tutelage. Teach them to walk alone, on their own responsibility, just as fast as they are capable; for, whether you like it or not, you must vanish from their sight, and your children must walk alone, and, if you have not taught them to do so, where will they learn the lesson except from the rough blows and knocks of the world? Train your children then to independence of yourselves just as fast as possible. See to it, if you can, that they are drilled in intelligence, in heart, in knowledge of how to live, in the principles of right and wrong, so that they shall be able to walk alone while you are with them, so that you can overlook their walking and supplement your training, if need be. This is the one great object of father's and mother's care. The eagle has discharged its duties to its young, when it has taught them to leap from the edge of the nest, to fly into the air toward the sun, to secure their own prey, and to live an independent and complete life.

But in learning to be independent there must be sad experiences on the part of the child. There must come in the element of correction, of penalty, of suffering, and this no matter whether inflicted by yourselves or by some other force.

Let us see, for example, what the child has to learn in this direction, and how naturally penalty comes. If you should watch with an intelligent eye the first few days in the life of a little child, you would see that it has not yet learned to distinguish between itself and those things around it which are no part of its existence. It has not learned the difference between the self and the not-self. How will it learn that? By bruising itself against hard external facts, by coming in conflict with them and suffering pain and shedding tears, it learns that these are facts that limit its own little individual existence. So, little by little, it learns the lesson that I am I, and that here is something that is not a part of me which limits my life and my movements. Pain here is

beneficent. If it were not so, if fire did not cause smarting and anguish, what should hinder the child from being burned away? What should hinder the sharp knife from dismembering the child? The child, then, has to learn its limitations, the conditions of its life. It must learn what we call the laws of health, and it must learn these at the cost of pain. It eats something that makes it sick, and, if it is a wise child, it learns not to do that again; although there are a great many people, not children, who have not learned this one lesson even yet. So, in regard to all the laws and conditions of health, the child learns that there are limitations to its actions; that there are courses of conduct it cannot follow, but at its peril. So it learns to walk its own pathway and recognize the facts of its own existence.

Then, it learns another set of limitations,— that it is not alone in the world, that there are other children and grown people who have rights. It learns the limitations that go along with the fact that we are members of society. It learns at the cost of suffering and pain, at the cost of self-denial, at the cost of longing for things which cannot be possessed; and so, at last, it becomes wise enough to condition its desires, if possible, by the facts of its surroundings.

Now, it is your business as parents to teach them these lessons, to help them to learn how to live. Many a time, perchance, it may be that you feel, in order to teach these lessons, you must inflict punishment, attach penalties to your commands, to the disobedience to your orders.

Let us look for the principles that underlie the obligations of the parents. I recognize, of course, the differences in children. No two children, even in the same household, can be treated precisely alike. They are different in instinct, in taste, in habit, in feeling, in desires; and no hard and fast, cast-iron rules will apply to them all equally. I believe that a large part of that which goes by the name of family discipline, or parental punishment of children, is pure, sheer, simple barbarity. I hardly pass along the streets, in summer or in winter, for a great distance, that I do not feel outraged

at seeing the rights of small children ruthlessly, passionately, needlessly trampled upon by somebody, just because that somebody is bigger than the child.

I saw a little item in a newspaper the other day, that illustrates this point. A father said to his son, "Do you know why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is because you are bigger than I am." And that is generally the reason why children get whipped. I believe that, nine times out of ten, if not ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when the father or mother passionately, in anger, strikes a child, they are the ones that ought to be struck themselves. I would not apply my own experience as a universal test; but I never but once struck one of my children. And I would give a large sum of money to-day, if I could take that back; for, as I look at it now, I recognize it as utterly inexcusable. And, most of the time, your own experience or your own observation, with a little thought, will convince you that it is true that it is passion, it is anger, it is whim, it is anything but a calm, dispassionate consideration of the welfare of the child that leads to punishment. It is a cuff, a knock, a blow, to get it out of the way, or because the child does not instantly respond to some momentary whim of yours. You have no right to subordinate a child — simply because it is smaller than you — to your whims and notions. The child has just as much right in this regard as you have. I sometimes wish, for the thousands of parents like this over the world, that some giant, with a small pine tree, would stand in the same relation to them that they do to their children, and let them see how they like it for a while.

I do not by any means wish to say that nothing like punishment is to be inflicted. Many and many a time it must, but the principle by which you ought to be guided is as clear as sunshine. What is it? The one thing you are to do is to teach the child the laws and limitations of his nature,— what he ought to do, how he ought to act, how he ought to think. And you are to stand to the child as a representative of the

nature of things, so far as possible; and let the child feel that, when you do inflict a penalty or punishment of any kind, it is as a natural and necessary result of his ignorance or wilfulness or of something that is wrong in him that needs correction for his good. That is, take the side of the child. Let him see that, even in punishment, you are on his side, and that you are meting out this penalty because it is a part of the nature of things, and it cannot be helped if the child is to learn how to live. The child then will recognize the reason, the necessity, the law, and even the love of the parent, who with tears perhaps, or with tears unshed in the heart if they do not fall from the eyes, inflicts pain which he would gladly spare, if he might. There is a law of penalty. Let your child feel that penalties are appointed simply as the limits of right living and right action, to indicate where he is overstepping the lines of what he must do and must be, and that you in the matter of penalty are only helping him to learn the lesson of how he must live.

Thus, then, we ought to stand related to our children. We bring them here. They are put into our hands; and it is our fault generally, if they do not learn the lesson of life so that they can walk through their career honestly, honorably, taking out of life whatever of sweetness and beauty it has for them, and putting into life as they go along the equivalent of that which they take out.

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

"Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

"In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

"Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

"That to the world are children.
Through them, it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

"Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

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VI. THE HOME.

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THE HOME.

NOT only every person and every creature, but even every thing, seeks its home,— a place of poise and rest. Even an insensate stone, detached and set loose, will roll and roll, until it comes to some position of equilibrium once more. And this, though in the range of the inanimate, figures forth that which we find to be true, so far as we can carry our investigations, in the highest regions and ranges of life. The mosses and the lichens — the lowest types of vegetable life — have each their habitat,— a place where they find appropriate food, light, soil, atmosphere. Children who are fortunate enough to spend at least a part of their time in the country, and who have free range of the woods, soon come to find out what they speak of as the "home" of this plant or flower or wild growth,— the home of the checkerberry, the home of the beautiful mosses, and all those things that attract their childish curiosity and attention. And it is a strange, curious fact, suggesting to me infinite depths of mystery, to find these non-conscious forms of life seeking, as we say, the appropriate conditions for their own development. You have all noticed how, if a seed becomes planted under a stone or in some dark place, it will creep and creep out from under these oppressive conditions, and reach out to the very extent of the life and power there is in it, in search of water, of light, of what, to it, makes its appropriate home.

When we come up to the higher ranges of life, to those creatures that are capable of independent movements and of personal choice, the idea becomes more clearly manifested still. Each reptile, fish, bird, animal, the wide world over, has its own home,— a place where it finds appropriate

conditions for the development of its own life, the satisfaction of its own wants. The tiger has his lair, the eagle his eyrie, the robin her nest; and, however widely they may wander in search of food or in play or adventure, or in the mere exercise of their superfluous physical strength, to these homes they inevitably come back, to find rest, refreshment and peace.

In the lowest type of savage life, however rude it may be, however little it may correspond to our conception of home, still each one has his hut, his tent, his cave, some place that he has sought out or created, that stands to him in the relation of home, where he lays up his treasures, where he finds peace after the chase or the battle, and where he seeks the satisfaction of his own few, simple, undeveloped wants.

If we come up to the highest type of man yet developed, we find him inhabiting a home that science has taught him how to build, that taste has helped him to furnish, that art has decorated, and that has in it food and stimulus for whatever there is in a man or whatever a man may be; that is the development and the so-far completion of this one universal want, this desire of all things that are and live.

There are some wonderful illustrations of this homing instinct on the part, not only of the lower world, but even of man. I think, if we study it, we shall find ourselves amazed at the familiar phenomenon of the carrier pigeon, that seeks, through whatever obstructions, in the face of whatever difficulties, to find the home from which it was carried, unconscious of the human purpose it is serving with the love message it bears about its neck or under its wing.

> "The dove, let loose in eastern skies,
> Returning fondly home,
> Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
> Where idle warblers roam.
>
> "But high she shoots, through air and light,
> Above all low delay,
> Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
> Nor shadow dims her way."

Our hearts respond to these beautiful words of Moore, as he pictures this which is familiar to us, but whose significance is rarely appreciated. Akin to this is the habit of so many birds migrating as the seasons change, organizing themselves, apparently choosing a leader, and then, for hundreds of miles, high over earth and sea, seeking a place of rest, a position suitable for their wants and desires for the time being,—going south, as the ice begins to be felt in the air; and, then, as the spring days come, and the southern breezes fan our cheeks, coming back again. Then, some morning, when the spring has advanced far enough, so that we can lift our window, the robin, perhaps, that knew us and fed from our hand last year, flutters down to the window-seat, and looks us in the face, as if he recognized an old acquaintance. I have been amazed, as I have read the story of the Columbia River salmon,—how, born way up by the head-waters in the mountains, at a certain time of the year they come down hundreds of miles to the mouth, until they feel the waters of the ocean coming up to meet the waters of the river; and, then, at the close of the season, how, in spite of all obstacles, they fight their way back again to the old birthplace up the river, in the face of nets and traps and snares set to catch them, in the face of difficulties of every kind. Without food, tireless, restless, they urge their way on and reach the end, often only to deposit their eggs and die. Yet it seems as if they must feel something of restfulness of satisfaction at having reached the old home once more.

As we come up into the region of human life, how our hearts have thrilled, and always will thrill, as we contemplate that scene,—the wandering of the famous ten thousand Greeks under the leadership of Xenophon; how, after their wanderings and battles in foreign lands, struggling to get home once more, they climb at last the hill-tops, and shout with a voice that has echoed in the romantic imagination of the world's literature ever since, and that finds its response still in our hearts: "Thalassa! thalassa!"—"The sea! the

sea!"—because beyond the sea was home; these were waters with which they were familiar. And so their hearts rejoiced, and their voices shouted that joy on the air. However trite it may be, however much worn to our thought or feeling, there is still a tender place in every heart for the familiar song of John Howard Payne:—

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
> A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
> Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
>
> "An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain.
> Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
> The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
> Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!"

It is because these simple words touch the heart of humanity that America was not content until he who wrote them had been brought from over the sea, from his grave in a foreign country, that he might at least find final rest in the home of which he had sung so well. So the whole country rose up to welcome his unconscious remains, as they came to sleep in his native soil. These are illustrations of what home means to the heart, and how eagerly from lowest to highest we all seek after its peace and its rest.

But, running all the way through, there is one principle of which we need to take note, in order that we may comprehend the meaning of this word "home." That principle is this. Home finds its definition in the wants, in the capacity, in the desires of the home-seeker or home-maker. In other words, that which is home to one may be a foreign land to another. It all depends upon the nature of the capacities and the wants of him who seeks or strives to make a home.

For example, as I intimated at the outset, so far as the word can be properly used at all in such a connection, a stone is at home wherever it finds a position of equipoise, of rest. The mosses and the lichens are at home wherever they find a place to root and cling, wherever they find moisture, sunshine, air, so that they can develop according to

their capacity. A fish needs a wider home, but is satisfied with clear water, with food, with a place of shelter under the overhanging bank or in the shadow of a rock or among the long grasses by the edge of the stream. Reptiles need a wider range, and more of a home still, because their nature is larger. When we come to the bird, we see that it is capable of building its own home to meet its own wants.

As we come up into the still higher ranges of life, the conception of the home grows higher and has more and more significance. That which has been a home to the lower types of human life would be anything but home to us. The homes even of those that we look upon as having lived in the heroic age would be barren and poor and hungry places enough for the most of us. The savage finds a satisfactory home in his hut or tent, a mere place in which to sleep and eat and hang up his weapons and provisions. It has not about it even the first elements, as we would say, of home. When you come to the time of ancient Athens, to the typical old Greeks of the heroic age, we find the home that was satisfactory to them anything but such as we would be contented with to-day. The women of the household had their separate apartments, from which they rarely went out, perhaps never, unattended. The house was simply a place for them to sleep and eat, to do their simple household work, their weaving or whatever it might be; but there was no recognition anywhere that the woman had a heart or a brain that needed satisfaction. There was no provision whatever for the whole higher range of human thought and hope and aspiration that we speak of to-day as distinctively womanly. Even the man in that age did not find his house a home; for a man's home is where he finds rest, food, satisfaction, whether at his own or at some other house. Home is not a place. It is not walls. Home includes rest, peace, comfort, joy. The Greek, then, was not at home in his house half as much as he was in the market-place, in the groves of the Academy, in the colonnades of the Stoics, in the place where he found satisfaction for his mental nature. His house was

not a place where there was a library and books for this higher nature. He came to his house to eat and sleep, to invite a friend to dine, sometimes for a convivial hour; but it was not home in the sense in which we use that term.

Again, as we look over the places that pass for homes throughout parts of Europe, the places where peasants live, the cot of the Highlander in Scotland, of the Irishman in his own country, of the peasantry in Germany and Italy, what are they? Generally only bare walls, not an attempt at ornamentation, hardly even at neatness. No food for a man in it. Poor food at best even for the body. No food for the brain; very little, and many a time none, for the heart. They are only fragments of homes.

As we come to better homes in America,— and the same is true, of course, in many other lands,— we begin to get an outline, and at least a part of the true conception, of what we mean by the grandest use of that word; "home" for whatever is in a man.

But, before we go on to treat of this point more particularly, I want to notice another principle that is involved here, and which is of much importance to the full understanding of our theme.

In the lower forms of life there is only the seeking of the home, never the making of one. The mosses and the lichens that I spoke of will put forth some effort to get into the proper condition where they may live. The lowest types of animal life will seek out the place of shelter that nature has provided for them, where they can find food and peace. But they are not able to change nature at all. They are not able to construct a home even with the crude materials that nature furnishes them. But go up one step higher, and there is a very marked and significant change. We find creatures capable of building for themselves nests and lairs, using the materials that nature has furnished, improving that home almost indefinitely, if you only give them better materials and a better opportunity. A bird, for example, will build its nest in the crotch of a tree or under the eaves

of a house or a temple, and will build as fine a home as the materials and the situation will allow; but it cannot change the conditions.

But, when we come to the higher ranges of life, there comes in this principle. Man is capable of finding not simply a place of rest and adapting himself to the conditions that nature furnishes, but of changing the conditions, of controlling nature, of making nature better than it is; of realizing his ideal, not only working over the materials with which he constructs, but even changing the situation and the whole surroundings, recreating the very earth itself; creating better air, draining the earth of the malaria in its swamps, turning that which is poisonous into health, and thus controlling the conditions of the atmosphere and the water by his works. He is therefore able to build a home capable of meeting every want, every desire of his being. He is capable of a step even beyond that. He is able, under the inspiration of his ideal, picturing it by the force of the imaginative faculty, to create a home beyond and above, broader and deeper and higher than his present. He can create a home that shall be to him a perpetual stimulus, that shall not only fit him as he is, but that shall be to him a constant incitement to growth; that shall ever call to him, "Come up higher, broaden yourself, be larger, deeper, nobler than you are." This is what man is capable of doing in the way of taking that which is put into his hands and of shaping it after the image of his own ideals and into the service of his own noblest and truest life.

But I suppose, as we look over the world, that all of us will be obliged to confess that very rarely, if ever, have we as yet seen the ideal home. Most homes are only fragments. The defect of many a home is not necessarily an index of a defect in a man's taste or nature. It may indicate only the limitation of his means. But, whatever the cause, most homes are only fragments. They are not the ruins of ideals once achieved. They are not like cathedrals and old buildings, that we find interesting even in their

broken condition, because they tell a story of past completeness, from which they mark a decadence. They are rather homes only half or two-thirds completed. They are erected on one side, and not yet finished on the other. They are homes where the kitchen is complete, but the library is not yet finished; or where the library is complete, but the kitchen defective; where there is a place for the brain, but no room for the heart; where one side of the nature is satisfied, but the other hungers and dies for lack of food.

As illustrating this point, I want to indicate two or three types of these fragmentary homes such as we are too familiar with.

You need not leave Boston to find the worst possible type of a tenement-house home,— a home where want and squalor and filth and all uncleanness abound; a place which is not a home even for the body, which does not attempt even to reflect the idea that man is anything else but a body. Not only that, but it does not make even half provision for a healthy animal. Such homes breed seeds of corruption and disease, and everything noisome and foul. You and I have an interest in these things beyond the mere knowing of them as facts. No matter where you live, no matter how fine your house, whether in the suburbs or on Beacon Hill, you have a direct and personal interest in the slums.

From slums, where foul diseases hide,
The free winds travel far and wide.

The rich man, living on the square,
Throws wide his windows for the air.

His petted child, with every breath,
Drinks in the viewless seeds of death.

The rich man, bowed down by his woe,
Wonders why God should send the blow.

The parson wonders too, and prays,
And talks of "God's mysterious ways."

But know, O man of high estate,
You're bound up with the poor man's fate.

The winds that enter at your door
Have crept across his attic floor.

If you would have "all well" with you,
Then must you seek his welfare too.

If even selfishness were wise,
It would no other life despise.

Then there is another fragmentary home, the one where there is a fair and, in the main, satisfactory provision made for the body, but where it does not seem to have entered into the conception of the inhabitant that man is anything else than a social animal. As a type of this, take the poorest class of New England farm-house homes, such as many of us were born in, and have, thank God, grown out of. It is not a fault, many a time it is rather a misfortune, that the home is such as it is; for the farmer and his wife, pinched with poverty, struggling with inadequate means year after year, are, perhaps, doing the best they can; though I do believe that, in half of the cases where they have a little money in the bank, hoarded away for a time when they will never use it, if they understood better, they could feed something of their higher life, and, when the time came for them to die, it would not be, as it so many times is, the death of an animal. It might be the death of a man. Take those old, pinched country homes, where everybody lives in the kitchen, where very rarely there is a fire kindled anywhere else, even in the coldest weather. There may be a spare room; but it is never opened, except when company comes. In that room there will be a table, with a family Bible on it too good to be used, that is dusted whenever the room is swept or a child is born, and the name must be written in the family record. There may be two or three books,— Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, the beginning of a novel in the shape of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,— a poor print of George Washington, in the way of rudiments

of art, upon the wall, or perhaps a dismal display of a wreath of hair, in memory of some one dead. Out of such a home as this, the boys, as soon as they can, rush in sheer desperation, to find something to meet their boyish nature and wants.

Another type of the fragmentary home, and there are too many of these, is that one which is filled with luxury for the body, but with no provision for anything higher; where the upholsterer has done his best; where some friend has advised the owner in the buying of pictures, which may be meritorious or may not; where money has done all it knows how in the way of furnishing supplies for the body; and yet where all the talk is of dress, of parties, of balls, of horses; of who attended the last soiree, what they wore, whether their diamonds were genuine or were Rhine stones; whether this person or that was of the proper character or ought to have been admitted; whether they were not demeaning themselves by associating with persons whose income was a little less than their own,— all these things indicating a type of life purely and simply animal, not approaching human life any more than the life of a horse approaches it, when he is in a luxurious stable.

Then there is the home that is too good to use, where the children must not touch the walls with their fingers, lest they injure the frescoing or painting; where the chairs are so beautiful that they must be covered from one end of the year to another; where the whole house is made uncomfortable for the sake of keeping it fresh and new and looking as little like a home as possible. This is only a hint: you can finish the picture for yourselves.

There is one other home which has been too common in our New England life,— the home called religious, severely religious, but that I call *irreligious* from beginning to end; where happiness is a sin, where amusement is never allowed, where a smile is questionable indulgence, where a pack of cards is never seen, where a game of any kind is tabooed, where the children must not laugh, even on week-days over

much, and never, if possible, on Sundays. I came from a home something like that, yet it was only one-half the head of the house that made it so. My mother was one of the sunniest of women. I remember how I used to shout and laugh and play on the floor until father came home; and then I must stop all that. I remember that once I picked up somewhere a jest-book and was devouring its fun, when it had to be taken away. I never was allowed to touch a card, to dance, or to indulge in any more sinful game than that of checkers, and not much of that. This idea of the home, where the child nature must be offered up as a sacrifice to the Puritan Moloch called God, is another type of the fragmentary home,— a home that was intended to feed only the religious life; and a poor, weazened, shrivelled up type even of that.

Now, let us turn to the positive side of the question of the home. In treating of this, I shall be obliged to tread over some of the steps just taken, but with another purpose. I want, if I can, to outline to you with sufficient clearness the ideal of the complete human home, so that you may do what you can to realize it.

In the first place, home must be the place where can be developed a complete and perfect bodily life. This is too frequently disregarded. Such matters as drainage, as good air, as the conduct of the kitchen and the cooking of the food, those things that touch the question of the proper care of the physical life are all important. There never can be a home that shall be anything but a hospital, a refuge, a resting-couch for disease and irritability and pain, unless first the body be regarded and made what it ought to be. People are afraid, for example, of ventilation. They are afraid of night air. I wonder if it ever occurred to them that during every twelve hours out of twenty-four there is nothing but night air, unless you save over the second-hand stuff you have breathed during the day. Fresh air is the first prime essential of health. Next, I hope America will some day wake up to the downright barbaric way of our cooking.

Cooking is an art, a science rather, and one of the most difficult sciences. Yet we wonder because a recent importation from Cork is not able to give us the best results inside of two or three weeks in our kitchen. I hope that the time will come when we shall outgrow the barbarity of having a kitchen in every house. If you stop to think of it, you will see that it indicates a lack of civilization, as much as it would if a man had a boot-shop or a tailor shop or a hattery, and everything else in his house, as the primitive barbaric men did have. The time will come when what we talk of now as co-operative housekeeping will be realized, when men of year-long training and scientific knowledge, who understand feeding this wondrous life of ours, will furnish us our food. This matter of health in the home, then, lies at the base of it all.

There is another point here that I need to touch on, because of its importance in the matter of health,—the table. Did you ever notice the difference between the effect of a dinner upon you that you ate cheerfully, laughingly, telling stories, in the presence of good company, and the effect of one eaten gloomily, in a depressed condition, in dismal surroundings? This is almost more important than the matter of cookery itself. Cheerfulness, joy, good humor, at the table, have more to do with digestion than almost anything else. Make your table then before all things sunny and bright. Make your dining-room cheery. Leave your business cares and worries outside, and for one hour gather about you all the sunshine you can find indoors or out.

After the matter of health in the ideal home, the next thing is to make it a place of ease, of real unbending, of rest, physical and mental. To this end, guard against having the house too good to use. Let the sun come in. If there is anything that depresses me and makes me uncomfortable as I go into a home, it is to find the windows shielded and guarded and decorated so that any one would imagine that the object of a window was a thing to hang curtains about. And if, in the very centre of this heavy drapery, there is a

little free space, it is sure to be filled up with plants or a bird-cage, so that it is impossible for air to come in or for one to put his head out. No room in a house should be too good for the children to use at the proper time. They should not be made to think perpetually of the furniture.

Another point, and on this I touch with something of hesitation and delicacy. I do not wish to take up the question whether a man should smoke or should not: I only wish to say to the ladies: If your husband does smoke, do not drive him out doors or to the club to do it. Do not sacrifice him for the sake of your curtains. If he is a husband worth having, he is worth a good deal more than the furniture in the house. Whatever a man wants to do, or needs to do, or *will* do, help him to do it at home; and you may be sure of one thing,— that he will not go to half the excess or do half the injury to himself, by doing it there, that he would by doing it anywhere else. If a man were determined to drink, I believe his wife had better let him drink what he *will* at home than drive him away to do it. I do not believe that there are many men who get intoxicated at their own dinner table. There is a restraint there that they feel nowhere else.

Make home usable, then. Make it orderly and within your means. Make it as beautiful as possible. I never feel like sneering at even the crudest chromo on the wall, if it is the best the home can afford. This rudimentary taste for art is the beginning of something that may lead a man up into the highest realms of beauty and delight. Suppose you should find a dog hanging on the walls of his kennel the rudest bit of color, you would say, That is the beginning of what may lead him up to where he can stand on his feet, and shake hands with a man. Cultivate then the beautiful, so far as you can. See that, wherever the children look, their eyes shall meet something beautiful, something that has about it a flavor of the old civilizations, a touch of the old masters, that shall appeal to the imagination, that shall thrill and lift them up into an atmosphere above and beyond the commonplace.

Next, so far as possible, make the home a place for intellectual training. Have books, books everywhere. They are cheap enough to-day, so that the day-laborer on common wages need not starve his mind. The finest literature of the world is within the reach of any man above pauperism; and even he may easily find some generous man to give him all he will use.

Make home, then, a centre for intellectual training; and remember that the child learns his habits of speech, his use of English, his rudiments of education, from you and your ordinary conversation, more than from any other source. I was interested, only a day or two ago, in hearing it said by a friend that Judge Hoar had never studied grammar in his life. Yet he is one of the most finished speakers and writers that we have. He learned it, he said, from the fact that his father and mother tried never to speak anything but good English in his hearing, and always took pains to correct him and teach him, when he was young. I saw also, the other day, that Wendell Phillips, when Frederick Douglass was going to England, and he was telling him his ideas about how an orator should be trained, gave him this as the fundamental rule: Never allow yourself to use a word in private, or in common conversation, that you would not be willing to use on the platform. In other words, recognize the omnipotence of habit, and learn to do right unconsciously. Then, you may trust yourself to the freedom and flow of public speech.

As another important point, try to keep the level of your children's reading a little above their present taste and ability. Give them books that they can touch, but that they must reach up to,— something higher than their spontaneous taste would choose. After a little, they will come up to this level; and, then, give them something higher yet.

Nothing is more important than what I will call the atmosphere of the home,— not the physical air, but the mental, the moral, the social, the affectional atmosphere. You know what it means. You know how, sometimes, as you go

into a house, you feel an oppression. You know that there has been sleet in the air. It is chilly. Or you know that there has been a tempest; and you perceive the effects of it, not in a clearing of the air, but in making it uncomfortable. The housekeeper knows that potted plants in a certain room, in spite of all her care, will die. Proper water and soil seem to be of no avail. There is something in the air that kills them. So, in thousands of homes, all over America, there is something in the air, intangible, that you cannot analyze, that kills the sweet flowers of courtesy and comfort and peace and enjoyment and love. See to it that the atmosphere of the home is such a one as that all the finest and sweetest things of life can breathe there.

Then, last of all, to crown the perfect home, to match a man at all points, from body up to God, see to the religious outlook of your home. Do not have it shut in at the top. If there is a dome, let it be crystal, so that the stars can shine down through. I do not mean by this that you should cultivate any special dogmas or any special traditions. I mean rather that you should cultivate those sentiments at the root and base of religious life everywhere,— that respect, that reverence, that admiration for whatever is true, whatever is pure, whatever is uplifting, whatever has about it the quality of the divine. Leave your home open at the top for an outlook for faith. Teach the heart to reach upward, with trust to push out its tendrils toward the light, to bud and blossom into hope of that larger, finer, brighter life, which folds the earth round like an atmosphere of divinity, and which has in it the suggestion and the promise of endless unfolding.

Body and brain and heart
  And aspiration high,
With foot upon the earth
  And eyes that search the sky;

Complete in every part,
  Yet hinting some high plan
But dimly seen as yet,—
  Such is ideal man.

What home, then, shall he build
  To match himself, and still
Incite him to put forth
  Each day his nobler will?

Health lay its corner-stone,
  Love make its atmosphere,
Knowledge its windows be,
  Faith find the up-look clear.

Around the cosey hearth
  Let childhood make its nest,
And weary hearts and hands
  In trusting love find rest.

Let sympathy make room
  For friends to enter here;
Let laughter, music, games,
  Contribute each their cheer.

The door swing ever free
  Where truth would enter in,
Or love go out to help
  Earth's sorrow or its sin.

All things sweet, fair, and high,
  Make room for in your plan:
Thus build a noble home
  To house a noble man.

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VII. SOCIETY.

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SOCIETY.

We find the fact of society in existence even in that life which is prehuman, and which we ordinarily speak of as subhuman. Witness, for example, an association of bees, or the community that leads the wondrous life that is developed in an ant-hill: notice a flock of birds, a herd of wild horses or of buffalo. We find here the rudimentary manifestations of precisely the same forces and principles which, in their ultimate outcome, form the highest development of human society. We find, as the basis of these associations, two primal, eternal, universal wants,—the same ones which lie at the basis of human society itself. These are the want of help in the external life,—where the individual is not sufficient to himself,—and also an equal want in the development of the internal life: the want of help, the want of sympathy. Animals and birds and insects associate together for mutual self-defence, for the procuring of food, for assistance in their long migrations, for the building of their homes, finding in this mutual assistance an ability which none of them possesses alone. Then, we find here, also, this wondrous development of internal needs, which are the rude beginnings, as we believe, of the highest mental, moral, and spiritual manifestations of humanity,—the need of sympathy, friendship, love; something of pity and tenderness, crude manifestations of beneficence. But, when we come to the highest grade of our human life, we find these same principles indeed; but they are unspeakably more developed and wider in their scope and range.

People sometimes, in a thoughtless sort of fashion, talk of their personal independence, and boast in pride that they have fought their own way, that they stand on their own feet, that they owe nothing to anybody; and, in the true sense of the word, so far as it is possible, this is a grand characteristic of human nature. We all ought to be proud of being self-centred, of making our own way in the world, of doing our own work, of standing for something, so that we may boast of an individuality of our own. Yet, carry this as far as you can, you will find it does not touch or interfere with that other broader, deeper, higher fact,—that we are of necessity, in every direction, mutually dependent on each other, and that all the finest and sweetest things of life are those that we have helped each other work out, that no one of us could possibly have attained alone.

Let us take, for example, a very simple illustration. Go back in mind to this morning's breakfast-table. Look over it, and see for how large a part of it you are indebted to your fellow-men. Some one in Java or Brazil raised your coffee for you. Somebody else brought it over the seas, ground and prepared it, and placed it on your table. Your tea came from Japan or China; your beefsteak, perhaps, from Texas or some one of the States or Territories of the West. Your cutlery may have come from Sheffield, England; your china and table ware from some other distant part of the world. And so everything that constituted this simple beginning of your daily life was something you could not possibly have wrought out for yourself alone. You were indebted for them to society,—that great aggregate of human activities of which we are parts, and to our indebtedness to which we give so little attention. Then, after breakfast, perhaps you sat down over your morning paper. Think what wide-spread and intense social human activities are summed up in that wonderful product of the modern world! Correspondents, writers, explorers, perhaps at the risk of health or of life itself, journeying all round the world, have

sent, along these trembling telegraphic wires,— another product of social enterprise and ingenuity,— these items of news that you discuss in this commonplace way, perhaps thinking there is nothing of much importance this morning, overlooking the fact that here is one of the most wonderful things in all the world. Then, if you look about your dining-room, the designs of the decorative paper or painting on your wall, the patterns of the carpet under your feet, the pictures that delight your eye,— all these represent the efforts, the thoughts, the aspirations, the labors of humanity for untold ages. They are the summed-up product, the efflorescence of the world, the gifts to you of society. So it is in every department of human life all around you. We depend upon each other, whether we will or not. He who writes a book would never think of writing it but for the fact of society, that somebody will read it. The author is as dependent on the reader as the reader is dependent on the author; and he who labors for years to train his mind, his eye, his thought to grand ideals and his fingers to the requisite subtleness of touch, so that he can produce a beautiful statue or a fine painting, does it because he knows that his fellow-men wait for, and will requite, all the finest things he is capable of doing for them. So, in literature, in science, in art, everywhere, we depend upon each other, and find in the fact of this social life of ours the reason and the possibility of all that is highest and finest in existence.

When we turn from this side of our external necessities, the need we have of the help of our fellow-men, in order to create for ourselves the outside civilization of the world, and look into our souls,— the inner mental, moral, spiritual life,— we find our dependence the same. Poets sing of the beauties there are in solitude; yet they generally do it in the bosom of their families, and surrounded by their friends. What does it mean then? It means only the imaginative creation of a place of retirement and rest for one who is weary of over-much association with his fell-

for all of us have need at times to withdraw from contact with others, and to enter into that lone world, where each soul stands isolated, where no voice can ever come, where no footstep can enter, and where only One has free range of this retiring place of the heart. But solitude, as a real fact in man's experience, is something that, after a little time of rest, becomes irksome and unbearable to us. If any one of us could to-day be magically transported to Italy, and made the sole owner and inhabitant of that magnificent palace of Count Borromeo, on Isola Bella in Lake Maggiore, and be there shut out from our fellows, with all the delights of the world around us; and if there could be some magical preparation by which every possible want could be met, so that we should be surrounded with everything that could charm the eye and minister to the taste,— everything refined in art, everything high in literature,— under the beautiful blue sky, looking out over the calm waters,—yet, if we were compelled to stay there alone, it would become a prison, to escape from which we would be willing to take our way into some tangled jungle of the world, or even to live in the lowest, rudest hut that barbaric ingenuity ever constructed, so that we could have some fellowship, somebody into whose face we could look, somebody whose hand we could grasp, somebody to look into our eyes and answer our speech. I believe that there is no truer bit of writing, trite though it may be, than those few simple words with which Cowper has represented Alexander Selkirk on his lonely island: —

"O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
I start at the sound of my own.

"Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!"

But it is not simply this desire for fellowship, for companionship, with our kind that distinguishes man. Run up, in thought, from the lowest development of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life to the highest; think of the tenderness, pity, gratitude, love, hope,—all these things that crown and beautify and distinguish human life,—and remember that each one has been developed through the means of human association. You might possibly imagine a man as being religious, if there were nobody on earth except himself and God. But morality, all these finer and superior human characteristics that make up the beauty of life, would have no soil in which to grow, no air to feed them, no dews and no rains to nourish their life, if we were isolated utterly from our kind. So much, then, for this common universal, eternal fact of the mutual interdependence of the units that make up society.

Let us turn now to consider two or three phases of this great fact of society as it exists all around us. Let us see what it means, what are our relations to it and our duties toward it.

If we ask why it is that people associate with each other, we shall only be able to note the fact. We may as well ask why two or three or a dozen chemical elements, when brought into requisite nearness to each other, will rush together to form a compound. Nobody knows why. We talk about chemical affinity and think we have explained it; but that is only another way of stating the fact that they do it. So when we ask why it is that people love each other, why it is that two persons form a lasting friendship, why we feel attracted to one and repelled by another, nobody knows. We can only state the fact. The whole philosophy of it is summed up in these very familiar lines:—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

That is all we can say about it. We know the fact, and that is all that we need to know. I suppose no two people were ever married that there were not some to say, "I do not see what they could find in each other so attractive." I hear every little while somebody saying: I wonder at the close and intimate friendship that exists between those two people. I see nothing especially attractive in either of them. Just as though it were necessary that you should: as George William Curtis says, in *Prue and I*. It is not necessary that you and I should know why two people are attractive to each other.

My point in referring to this is to bring clearly to your minds the underlying principle of all human association and to show how natural it is and how useless for us to quarrel with it. We must recognize the great laws of this universe; and though we do not like them, or though we wonder at them, it is foolish for us to quarrel with the facts, for they are stronger than we are.

As we look over society, we find it naturally divided up into little associations, cliques, if you choose to call them so, — a little body of people here and a little body of people there, associated together for one purpose or another; at first, perhaps, because they happened to like each other, and with no special purpose beyond that. Or perhaps they are associated together as we are here in a church; for just here is the basis of all ecclesiastical organization that is free. People come together who find a common bond of association, whether it is intellectual, moral, religious, or whatever it may be. They come toward a common centre to which, for one reason or another, they are attracted. It may be they associate together for the study of philosophy or to form an art or scientific association. No matter what the purpose may be, "birds of a feather flock together." It is

perfectly natural, and why should we wish it to be otherwise? Yet you find people perpetually complaining about it, finding fault, wondering why *they* are excluded, why they are not invited here or there. If you stop to think of it, you will see that every one of us is and must be exclusive. You say such a person is very exclusive. He may be, and may have no very good reason for it. Why should you care? Why do you care, if you are excluded? If somebody I think of as a fool is the centre of an association, I do not feel at all troubled because I am shut out. If I have no respect for the bond of that association, why should I care that I am not invited to enter it? Even if they wanted me to come in, I should retort very vigorously, and say I do not want to enter.

I said we are all exclusive. The fact is, we cannot know every one. When we have put our arms of sympathy around all those we care to know, we have shut out a good many more than we have taken in. We have, of necessity, excluded thousands more than we have included. No one can know everybody. If any lady of this congregation should start out with the purpose of becoming acquainted with every one else in it, if she were able to succeed, it would not be long before her acquaintance would be of little worth. She would not have time left to make herself worthy of anybody's acquaintance. So I say these associations are necessarily limited, and we ought to make up our minds as to two or three things in reference to them. In the first place, do you wish to be in a particular association? Do you wish to move in some especial type of society? Do you wish the *entrée* of a certain particular clique? First make up your mind whether it is something you really desire, whether it is something worthy of your ambition, whether it is a little above where you are to-day and would tend to lift you up, or whether it is a little below and would tend to bring you down, whether it would lead to emphasizing those things in you that you wish to cultivate or those things that are already overmuch developed. Decide these questions first.

If, then, there is a type of society that you wish to be in, the next step is to get ready for it. If, for example, there were an association in this city for the study of Sanskrit, they would not want me in it; and I question very much whether I should want to be in it. I have very little knowledge of Sanskrit, and I have no time to cultivate more. I should not be troubled therefore by being shut out of such a society.

Settle it, then, whether you want to be in a particular society, then make up your mind that you must do something to get ready to be a member. Cultivate yourself in that direction, or there will be no principle of attraction between you and them. You must make yourself worth seeking. It has always seemed very curious to me that people do not notice the working of the commercial law of supply and demand in society, although they recognize it everywhere else. Do you wish to be a pauper as to courtesies and attentions and calls any more than you would be a pauper in regard to what you will eat and wear or the house you will live in? If not, then you must learn to give as well as take. You must train yourself into a fitness to carry into society something that is wanted there. Make up your mind which circle you wish to move in, and then train yourself until you have something to contribute to the life, the interest, the development of that circle; and, when you have done that, there is little question that you will be received there. I have noticed that, whenever a person is able to do a particular thing well,— whether singing or playing or reciting a poem or conversing or making himself agreeable in any way,— there are always plenty of people to want him to do it. But, if you do not see to it that you have something to contribute to society, then do not wonder that people do not gather about you and pour all their treasure into your lap. Why should they? This is the principle that should govern in thinking of these little divisions into which society organizes itself naturally, under this law of personal attraction.

But the word "society" is used in another sense than that; and we want to take a step forward, and view it in this larger and more inclusive and comprehensive way. We speak of society in a general fashion; and we mean something more than these divisions that I have been speaking about. We ask concerning a lady or gentleman if they go in the best society, if in Boston or New York or Washington they have the *entrée* of society. We mean by that something more than I have spoken of. In any country, in any city, in any village, where there are numbers of people gathered together, there is always a certain section, or layer,—if you choose that phrase,—of people that are either at the top or who think they are. It does not mean that they are the best in character, the wisest, the most intelligent, or even the most wealthy. How does this come about and what does it mean? and is it a fact of evil significance or of good?

It is a perfectly natural fact. There will always be a certain number of people in a city like Boston, for instance, wiser than the average. They are attracted together; and you will say that they constitute the intellectual society of Boston. Another section is richer than the rest; and, if they can get the upper hand, why they are society. So there may be some other quality around which people shall associate themselves; but what this quality will be depends upon the stage of civilization and culture and the political ideas of the people, upon their amount of knowledge, or upon a good many other things. But you notice one thing; namely, that this section which is at the top, so to speak, holds in its hands, for the time being, the dominant, controlling, shaping power. It sets the fashion: the fashion of dress, if it is dress that it cares most about; fashions of thought, if it is intellectual life that it cares most about,—as, for example, in the times of Pope and Dr. Johnson in London, when they each in turn were the mental autocrats of the metropolis. Or they will set the fashion in some other direction, if it happens to be some other force which for the time is supreme.

Let us note a few facts of society as thus indicated. In a country whose government is a monarchy, you will always find that society clusters around the court. It takes from the court its fashion, its ideas, its purposes, its amusements, its dominant control. This means that the king, czar, or prince who is at the head, has in his hands and at his disposal the ordinary prizes which men seek,—he can bestow a title, ennoble a man, as we say. He can give lands or mansions; he can give renown and fame; he can give social pre-eminence and power. These things that all men desire are in the hands of the prince; and, of course, those who gather about him are looked up to, and everybody is led to bow to them and wait upon them, to receive the sunshine that ever illumines a country from the face of its king. Whether the society will be good or bad will depend upon the intelligence and the character of the king. In the time of a Charles II., it means unspeakable moral deterioration and debauchery. In the time of some noble character at the head of the court, it may mean the supremacy of all that is finely and sweetly human. The character of him who for the time being is the first gentleman in the realm will be the character of the society. They are complaining a good deal in England at the present time of the deterioration of society. That means that the Prince of Wales is a man of commonplace, sensual tastes, with no very high ambitions, with no very great depth of learning or much of what ennobles humanity. He is a man who lives in a quiet way perhaps, but simply for himself; and he gathers around him people that will please and help to amuse him.

If we come over the sea to New York, we shall find at the present time dominant in the metropolis that which we may call plutocracy, a society whose central idea is wealth. It is the men who have the most money in New York who arrogate to themselves all society; and those with no very high moral aims, with no very clear intellectual conceptions of life, are ready enough to concede this claim, and to prostrate themselves before it. But it seems to me that the future of

this country may well look somewhat forbidding, if this type of society is really to be the prevailing one in the land. Take such a great party as that which was given in one of the principal mansions of New York only a little while ago. The people who were there were simply those who were rich. They came not to engage in witty conversation, for they were not able to do it; they did not come to display their learning, for they had but very little of it; they did not come to lift the moral tone of society, for they were not themselves at its highest level; they did not come for any intelligent, high, human purpose: they came to display their wealth, to make a show of what they had accumulated, to outbid each other as to dress and diamonds, followed, as they moved from one part of the mansion to another, by disguised policemen, whose business it was to watch that their treasures were not stolen. This is a type of society in New York. It is a natural type in a country where wealth has been rapidly made, and where the possessors of this wealth are conscious of the fact that they have nothing more powerful than wealth on which to stand and build. Whether such a society shall be dominant or not depends entirely on whether people are intelligent enough to see the meaning of it and to choose something higher. But we are free to withdraw from that kind of society, and to repay its contempt for us with a more withering and pitiful contempt for it, organizing around some other ideal; for in this country, as individual units, we may go this way or that, as we will.

There is another type of society still, such as that of Washington, the centre and main principle of which is political. It is the wives of the politicians that are the first ladies of society. It is a little amusing now and then to watch a society contest over the question whether it is the wife of the Speaker or of one of the cabinet officials — when the President does not happen to be married — who is to be regarded as the leader of society. It is amusing, because the first woman in society there may be only a very commonplace one, when her husband passes out of his office and

another takes his place. There is little danger of any permanent harm arising from these ephemeral ideas of superiority.

We have in this country one advantage over Europe, in that we have no one city so supreme that it is capable of ruling the land. Paris is France, and sets the fashion for France. London is England, and it rules England. No matter what fine society you may move in, in any of the provincial cities, it may give no footing in London. But here, instead of one, we have half a dozen centres, and can very easily defy the ideal of some other city, if it does not seem to us intellectually and morally worthy of approbation. The difference in our cities in this respect has come to be so marked that it is already a common saying that, if a stranger comes to Philadelphia, the question is at once asked, "Who is he?" meaning to find out who his father was. If he goes to New York, the question is, "How much is he worth?" If he goes to Boston, the people ask, "What does he know?" But we are fortunate in not being limited to any one centre; and so it seems to me we ought to recognize once and for all that which should be the highest social ideal of this country. We have based our government on manhood, without regard to birth or wealth or intellectual development. Man is the unit; and we say, No matter if he was not well-born, no matter if he is not rich, no matter if he is not yet very well educated, "a man's a man for a' that." This is the principle on which we have builded our Commonwealth; and, in accordance with this, we ought to hold fast to the idea that good society in America shall have only two or three questions to ask of any man. The first question should be, not who are you, but: "What are you? What is your character?" And the second question should be, "What do you know, how intelligent are you?" and the third question should be, "What can you do?" Any man who is moral, and who is at least trying to know and trying to do, ought to have, by virtue of this, full entry into that association in America that should be dignified by the name of "good society."

But there is still another use for this word "society" that I must take brief account of. When our social reformers, social Democrats, communist organizations of one kind or another, Nihilists in Russia, talk about society, they mean the total organization of man as represented in the highest types of human civilization to-day. And there is a development of sentiment, very wide-spread in Germany, in England, and in this country coming to be more and more noticeable, that, it seems to me, we need to guard carefully against. I have anything but condemnation for the restlessness of peoples ground down under merciless tyranny. I think that, if I were in Russia, I should be a Nihilist; but there is no need for any such development in this country. Society, as it is organized to-day, in England and America at any rate, represents the best that the world as yet is wise enough and good enough to realize. But yet we are getting, as it seems to me, in a dangerous way, in talking as though society were to be blamed for everything that is wrong, and that individuals everywhere are only victims. For example, the general tone is that society is to blame if a man gets drunk, and not the man himself,— that it is society's business to see to it that he does not do it, or to lift him out of the gutter when he does. If a man commits a crime, we say, Society has trained him to be a criminal, or has failed to train him to be anything else. If a man is not educated, and casts an improper ballot, Why, we say, what can we expect? Society ought to have seen to it that he was educated. These are extreme tendencies, growing out of noble qualities of human nature, pity and sympathy. If you trace the lesson, you will find that the development of human society, so far as it has been good, has been in the direction of individual liberty, of individual responsibility; and we shall wofully miss it, if we lessen the sense of this responsibility, or if we restrict too much this individual liberty. And we may restrict that by our very sympathy and pity, in standing too much as a shield between the individual and the natural, necessary consequences

of his own action. We see a man suffering; and our first impulse is to rush to his relief, no matter how the suffering may have been caused, or whether the man, by his ignorance, thoughtlessness, or criminality, has brought suffering upon himself. We do him a definite and distinct wrong, if we shield him too much from the natural consequences of his act. These natural consequences are the experiences from which the world learns the lesson of forming character. But this must be learned by each individual, and not by society for him. We have got over the doctrine of vicariousness in theology. We must not introduce it too much into our dealing with people in society. Help people all you can, but do not pauperize them as to character and intelligence any more than as to clothing and food. Society, then, as it exists to-day, is the result of the best the world has been able to attain.

But the ideal of the communist has one fatal error. It assumes that you can make a perfect society by some kind of reconstruction of imperfect people. You cannot build a perfect brick house, unless the individual bricks are perfect. You cannot make a perfect society out of very imperfect materials. The principle is the same as in that quaint, old story of the minister who was criticised because his church was no better. His reply was: "I know it is not just what it ought to be; but, if the Lord is going to have a church down my way, he has got to make it out of the kind of people that are there." And so, if you are going to have a society, you have got to make it out of the people that are in the world; and, until the units are perfect, it is sheer delusion and folly to expect to make them perfect by rearranging them. Social reorganization is nothing more nor less than a rearrangement of the units of society; and we may rearrange them to our hearts' content, but we cannot have perfect society till we have perfect individuals.

To reorganize a society one-half of which are fools does not make two-thirds of them wise men.

The hope of the world has always formulated itself into

some vision or dream of a perfect society. And those men who have built their visions on the air of the future have builded very wisely, so far as the lofty ideas and fundamental principles are concerned. Plato outlined his great Republic; Thomas More pictured his Utopia; Philip Sidney dreamed of his Arcadia; Jesus, with his soul in the heavens, talked of the Kingdom of God among men. And, in this modern world, men have changed the phrase, but meant the same thing, when they have talked about the kingdom of man. They were all after the same end; and the principle underlying it all, it seems to me, is this: There cannot be a perfect society until the individuals are perfect. So the thing for us to do in regard to realizing this dream of a perfect society is to see to it that we perfect, so far as possible, the individual; for, when we have made ourselves perfect and our neighbors have made themselves perfect, then will come true the dream of the world.

Now, at last, I wish to make a personal and practical application of some of the questions we have been dealing with, and to consider the relation in which the individual and the home ought to stand to society. It is a perplexing question to people whether they owe anything to society, and, if so, how much. Shall we neglect our homes for other people? You will find extremes of character growing out of one idea or the other. Certain people give themselves so exclusively to society that, after a little while, intellect, heart, and everything else, become starved and dry; and the gift they bring to society, of themselves, is very poor and lean. You will find people, on the other hand, who devote themselves so exclusively to the home that they care very little for the outside world, and do next to nothing for it. Which method is right?

I believe, in the first place, since we are dependent on others, and since they have done so much for us in our individual life, that we are in perpetual debt to society. But it is quite possible for a person to be too self-sacrificing. You must make something of yourself before you have

anything to give. You must make something of your home before you have a home to contribute to society. He who makes himself and his home perfect has made his part of society perfect and ideal.

Let us see to it, then, that we make ourselves and our homes as nearly perfect as possible; and then let us see to it that we go out into society for the sake of helping our fellow-men, for the sake of keeping ourselves in sympathy with this larger world, for the sake of bringing back to ourselves and our homes those things which society can contribute. You have a friend who is sick, confined to the house by the week or month: what should you do about it? Should you devote yourself exclusively to your friend, never stepping out under the blue sky or among other friends? People sometimes waste themselves in such a way. This kind of self-sacrifice is beautiful, but I do not believe it is wise. Suppose, instead, you go out under the blue sky and into the sunshine until you get redness into your cheeks and freshness into your lungs, till you get the stimulus of the outside world, and then come back bringing the cheer of all outdoors, its life and sweetness, to the sick friend; and you have given him far more than you could have done otherwise.

Give something then, whatever you can give. Be something, whatever you can be. The truth is in the balance between these two ideals. Make yourself complete in the highest and best sense: then give yourself to your fellow-men. Thus you will build the perfect kingdom of society here upon earth.

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MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD.

VIII. CELIBACY.

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CELIBACY.

THE marriage of one man with one woman is the ideal of true society. This is plainly nature's ordinance, as written in the laws of the individual body, brain, and heart. This ordinance is indicated by the fact that the sexes, in the main and in the long run, are equal in numbers over the world. This law is enforced by the experience of men and women, which has demonstrated that the married, both men and women, have a longer lease of life than do those who are single. It is enforced by the fact that the experience of the world has testified that men and women both need this highest of all relationships, in order to develop in themselves those qualities and characteristics, mentally and morally, which are the crowning ones of mankind. No woman is complete, except through marriage and motherhood. No man is complete, except through marriage and fatherhood. This intimate bond which binds them to each other, and each to the child,— the product of their lives and object of their care,— this lifts them into higher realms of thought, gives them larger, deeper experiences of life than can be otherwise possible. The records of the past indicate that, in this way, and this way alone, lie the highest, truest, sweetest hopes of human development. So true are these things, and so deeply have they impressed themselves upon the opinions of mankind, that many States, ancient as well as modern, have seen fit to pass very stringent laws, with the intention of discouraging the celibate life, and leading both men and women to assume the responsibilities of marriage. In the modern world there has been developed so large a sentiment of individual freedom, we have come to feel so truly,

and to say so earnestly, that we have a right to do as we please, that we have shaken off State authority in matters of this kind. And yet, because, along with the growing sentiment of freedom, such laws as these become unbearable, it does not at all follow that the evil is outgrown, and that it does not need in some way to be reached and cured. Indeed, the evil still remains; and, as society has developed in wealth, in luxury, in the means of obtaining broader, freer individual lives, the evils seem in some respects to have become intensified, to grow deeper and broader and higher. They have taken on such proportions in the history of human development that it may well befit us to give our earnest attention to them for an hour.

I propose to consider this subject under two great, general divisions: first, religious celibacy; and, second, secular celibacy.

It is a very curious and, at first sight, a strange fact that nearly all the great religions which have originated in Oriental lands have ascribed especial sanctity and holiness to the celibate life. Even ancient Greece built the proudest temple that the world has ever seen to Athene, the virgin goddess, crowning Athens with the Parthenon. Ancient Rome had one of its most sacred religious services devoted to Vesta; and the vestal virgins kept alive, year after year and century after century, the sacred fire. But in Greece and Rome, Occidental nations, this was only one feature of the worship which they paid to the supposed supernatural and divine powers. This worship of Vesta and Athene was no more sacred with them than the worship of the other gods and goddesses of their Pantheon. But, when we come to treat of Oriental nations and Oriental religions, almost all of them not only worship some phase, some development of this idea, but they lift it high before all others, and make it the most sacred of all. When Buddha, the founder of the most wide-spread religion of the world, decided to listen to what he regarded as the infinite need of humanity, and to go out upon his life-long search for some means by which to

heal the sorrows and the woes of the world, he left his wife and child behind him, never to see them as wife and child again. In ancient Egypt there was a large body of men called Therapeutæ, who set themselves apart, living contemplative, dreary lives, thinking that thus they were to come nearer to God and more into possession of the heavenly gifts and graces. Along the borders of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, was the community or association of the Essenes, devoting themselves to this life of quiet contemplation, putting away from themselves what they regarded as the distractions of the ordinary social life of the world. This tradition has showed itself long enough lived to form large communities even in our own day; for we have, scattered over the country, associations called Shakers, who represent these ideal ancient communities of the old-time world. They are simply survivals of this attempt of the Orient to get into a higher state of sacredness by leaving the ordinary level of social life. This, then, has been the effect, as I said, of most of these Oriental religions. Among the Brahmins, and all through this far-off land of Asia toward the sunrise, in the woods, in caves, in deserts, there are those who are leading these lone, introspective, contemplative lives.

It is worth our while to see if we can trace the origin of such strange, peculiar ideas. It is very remarkable that the legend of the fall of man is undoubtedly connected with this dream of social sanctity, as connected with the social life. It was believed by nearly all the early Christians of the first century or two that, if man had not fallen, such a thing as marriage would never have been known. This relationship between the man and the woman has been regarded as a concession to the fallen, depraved nature of man and woman, as the result of their sin. It is a concession permitted from this stand-point to the lower nature; something allowed by heaven, but not commanded; something the forsaking and denying of which was supposed to lift man and woman up to higher plane of purity and holiness. Even Milton takes

this ground in *Paradise Lost*, putting it into the mouth of Adam and apparently indorsing it. He makes him, after the fall, in his petulant, angry, resentful conversation with Eve, say: —

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and househould peace confound."

This idea therefore has been somewhat wide-spread, that there is something necessarily degrading in these bonds of love which bind man and woman together, and that, if they wish to please God in the highest degree and get as near heaven as possible, they must avoid all these human entanglements and climb up into the thin air of separate, personal isolation.

This has not been pure speculation or individual vagary. It organized itself into philosophy which spread for a time over the whole breadth of the then civilized world. In the early days of Christianity there was a philosophy very broadly extant, which went by the name of Gnosticism, from the Greek word which means to know. These Gnostics were the men who claimed to have gained some special insight into the reality of things.

What were some of their main doctrines? They believed that a supreme God was sitting somewhere apart in the universe, pure spirit, having nothing whatever to do with material things, utterly severed from this natural world of mountain and sea, valley and cloud, and from all the ongoings of the human life that is lived here. They denied that he was even the Creator of the world. He was too pure, too ethereal, too refined in his nature and being to have anything to do with gross material forms. He was the God of pure light, essential spirit, having no relation whatever with matter. They invented, as a Creator of the world, another and a lower type of deity, a *demiurgos*, who, when the fulness of time came, created all this material form of things. He created man; and he it was who was the author of the world and who ruled over it. They carried this doctrine so far as to almost engulf Christianity itself. Traces of this philosophy are to be found in the original Greek of our New Testament. They reinterpreted the Old Testament, teaching that Jehovah was not the original God, but that he was really this *demiurgos*, the world creator, but not the supreme God. At last, some sections of them came to confound Christ with this Jehovah *demiurgos*. So, when John speaks of Christ as the Creator of the world, it is not at all certain that he meant to identify him with the supreme God; but it is rather to be supposed that he had in mind this Gnostic conception of an inferior delegated deity who created the world. They believed then that there was this eternal separation between pure spirit and every form of matter. They held that man had pre-existed; that all souls lived before the creation of the world, and that on account of some sin committed in a pre-existent state, or for some other reason, these souls had become temporarily entangled in matter; enmeshed in these physical forces and relationships, and so of course, according to the ideal of this philosophy, the true, pure, high life was to be found by breaking away from matter and everything connected with it, repudiating as far as possible all relationships with material bodies, overcoming

all passions and appetites and all natural desires, and bursting through the prison house, if it might be, as a way of escape into this purer, higher life from which they had descended. This idea, I say, became organized in a philosophy as broad as the civilization of the time; and it left its mark on Christian development, both of thought, of life, and of literature. Of course, you will see that the fundamental conception of this philosophy has an important bearing on the social relationships of the world, and leads directly to the teaching of the celibate life as the one ideal of purity and perfection.

Plato himself, in his philosophy, prefigured, or led the way perhaps, toward the coming of this system which came so near swallowing up early Christianity. For Plato teaches this world of pure ideal,—the ideal not being an empty mental figure of the imagination, but a reality in the image of which, more or less crudely, all material things are created. He taught that the true life was to be led by becoming as free as possible from these things and by climbing up into this higher, finer, ethereal air.

Let us pass now from this phase of thought, as expressed in the great Oriental religions apart from the Jewish, and from this Gnostic philosophy, to consider for a moment the teachings of the Bible on this subject. It has been a common theory of Protestants that this celibacy of the clergy, this degradation of marriage, was a perversion of Christianity; that it was one of the corruptions of Catholicism from which Protestantism was to free itself; that it had no foundation in the Scriptures or early beliefs of the Church. But it seems to me that, along with doctrine looking very squarely in the other direction, there is also enough in the Bible pointing this way to make it perfectly natural that Christianity, as it grew down through the ages, should take on this phase of development.

You are already well acquainted with the fact that, as a result of the fall of man, it was believed that Eve was degraded to a secondary position, and that the pains of

motherhood were to be considered by her as a direct infliction of God as punishment for her sin. There is a kindred legend, also coming from the far East, which yields the same interpretation as this. When Pandora was given to her husband crowned with the gifts of all the gods, she was given, it was said, really out of malice and as the means of bringing untold disasters to the world. Her curiosity led her to uncover a secret jar found in the house of her husband, whence she allowed to escape all the troubles, disasters, tribulations, and sorrows that have afflicted mankind.

I speak of this idea as developed among the Greeks and Romans as Oriental, because we trace its roots back to that same land whence came the legend of the fall; for you are to understand that the story of the fall did not originate with the Jews. They borrowed it, in the later periods of their history, from the farther East. The Jewish people were distinguished above almost all the nations of the Orient in the olden time by the proud position which they gave to woman, by placing her so nearly side by side with her husband, and by the honor with which they crowned marriage and parentage.

When we come to the New Testament, we find that Paul's doctrine of marriage, springing partly out of these ideas and partly out of his belief that the end of the world was near, was that it was wise for people to keep themselves as far as possible from such entanglements. His teaching was that marriage was permissible, even honorable; but he taught, besides that, that there was something higher, something nobler, something more honorable and better than marriage. And this, of course, would, in the minds of all those who took him as an inspired teacher, relegate marriage to a lower plane, and fill the mind with another ideal, anti-social, anti-human in its nature.

Again, John, in his Revelation, as he sees in vision the perfect city of God coming down from God out of heaven, sees, grouped around the very Son of God himself, in the closest personal intimacy, lifted high above all the other in-

habitants in these celestial abodes, a little assembly of those who had kept themselves free from all social relationships on earth. Such was his highest dream of the coming heaven. Jesus himself — while, in other passages, he teaches some of the noblest and purest ideals concerning the marriage relation and personal living — also plainly indorses, if he be correctly reported, this conception of something higher than marriage, the idea that the celibate life is in itself essentially purer and nobler than any other. So much for the Bible teaching.

Is it not quite plain, since Paul and John, the beloved disciple, and even the Master himself had placed this special honor upon the celibate life, that Christianity followed a natural and normal law of development, when, in its early centuries, so many fled from society, and, leaving their wives and children, sought in deserts and caves a more divine and elevated purity than that which they could work out in the midst of the common, social conditions of the world?

Let us then pass to the attitude of the Church toward this great subject. In the first instance, the presbyters, the bishops, the elders, even the apostles, some of them, were married men. But the Church had existed only a short time before public sentiment began to develop the idea that the priesthood,— those who stood in the most intimate relation, as they supposed, with God, ministering at his altar,— that these, at least, should be free from the taint of this social relationship. There was no formal law commanding this in the Church for some centuries, perhaps; but the sentiment grew, until, at last, it was organized into ecclesiastical laws to that effect, over which no one could step, and the authority of which no one dared disregard. By the end of the year 1000, or about that time, it became formulated into an absolute, general law all over Christendom that the priest must be a celibate, who must not entangle himself in any of this world's relationships, that he must devote himself, body and brain and heart, to the Church and to the Church's way of serving God.

Let us note a few of the results of this kind of teaching on the social life of Europe. There was one other great reason which led the illustrious Hildebrand, Gregory VII., so sternly to enforce this law of celibacy, beyond the special sanctity of such a life; and that was that deep political sagacity of his which enabled him to see that the Church would gain immensely in homogeneity, in power, in supremacy, by this means. Here is a man from Italy, one from France, one from Spain, one from Egypt, one from Germany, one from Britain,— men drawn from all the nations of the earth, who have cut off their allegiance to their country, who stand free from any bonds of wife or child, of father or mother, brother or friend, wedded only to the Church, banded together to serve her interests above and before all others. When this process was carried far enough, there was established a hierarchy that was capable of dominating the world. These men had cut off all other sources of pleasure, all other sources of ambitious preferment, and were free from everything except the Church. They had consecrated themselves body and brains and heart and life to this one great institution. The Church was father, brother, wife, child, country, friend, home. The Church was everything. The Church held out the only objects of ambition which they could legitimately seek in this world or in the next. Gregory saw what a tremendous power the papacy could wield, if the priesthood was organized so that it should live only for Rome. This was probably the mainspring and motive force of his declaring as the eternal decree of the Church the celibacy of the clergy.

But we need to consider the evils of separating men from their fellow-men in this fashion. In the first place, it dried up all the natural tenderness in their hearts. It killed patriotism; it killed allegiance to wife and children and friend and home; it separated men from the sympathy of their fellows, and made them willing and ready tools for the most tremendous despotism that the world has ever seen.

It had a result even more disastrous than that. It

resulted in the most wide-spread social demoralization. A river when permitted to flow freely according to natural laws along its banks will carry verdure and life and beauty everywhere. It will bear upon its bosom the pleasure boat and the commerce of the world. Cities will spring up by its side, fertile valleys will spread themselves along its shores, beautiful trees will see themselves reflected in its waters, and birds will sing in the branches along all its course. But, if by some artificial obstruction you roll back the natural force of the river's flow, then instead of beauty there is desolation and destruction. It overflows its banks, it sweeps away the cities, it ruins the vegetation; and in its turbid current no more are reflected the beautiful things growing upon its banks or the clouds sailing over the blue or the stars of the lovely nights. And so, if this natural force of human passion and love be permitted its legitimate outlet and flow, all fair, sweet, beautiful things of the world will result; but, if it be obstructed, then it sweeps through hidden channels, overflows its banks, becomes turbid and muddy with impurity, and carries desolation over the whole face of society. Never, perhaps, was there such social demoralization in the world as can be traced directly to this doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy. It came to such a pass that men, even for the sake of defending their homes, encouraged all sorts of hidden relationships on the part of the clergy; and all who are familiar with history know how the highest church officers — cardinals, bishops, popes themselves — were surrounded by a hungry army of children thinly disguised under the name of nephews. And out of the social and political results of these relationships has sprung the word "nepotism," which we sometimes apply to office-holders who distribute emoluments and trusts to those among the circle of their own relations.

Consider one or two other phases of this same thing. Think for a moment of what religion does, when it holds that God declares that there is a natural taint of impurity attaching to those who obey the natural laws which he himself has

created. Think again of having for a social ideal, the highest and most dominant in the imaginations of men, a saint-hood, which, if carried out and made universal, would bring the world itself to an end, and undermine the last vestige of civilization. Such an ideal as this, held on high in the name of religion, discourages all purity, all attempts to live a high, noble life in the midst of the common conditions of humanity, and makes men and women ready to worship saints instead of trying to be saints. The Virgin Mary herself is a stigma upon all motherhood, holding aloft an ideal that mothers can never attain, and making them feel that they live a lower, more common life, while they prostrate themselves before her image as in the presence of an unattainable ideal.

I must now offer you a few considerations on what comes nearer home to us, secular celibacy, which tends greatly to intensify itself in the more refined and luxurious centres of our civilization. There are many reasons why men and women lead the celibate life. I touched incidentally upon two or three of them in a previous discourse. I wish to recur to them again in passing. There are many who are never married because of the simple impossibility of everybody being married in this country on account of the uneven balance and distribution of men and women. All in Massachusetts could not marry, if they would; and this is true of almost every other State. Then there is another reason — a good, noble one — why men and women do not marry. Many there are who find themselves so situated that they have not found the true object of their love, or who have been called upon to assume responsibilities which make it impossible for them to lead a life such as their affectionate natures would incline them to do. Take women like Florence Nightingale, like Miss Mary Carpenter, like Miss Octavia Hill, like hundreds of those that we know, whether they be known world-wide or not, in our own land. The Sisters of Charity, whether they belong to an order or whether they be those sisters of charity that we know in the home circle by our own firesides, — those aunts who are second mothers to a sister's children,

those who assume care in the place of the dead father or mother, those who are sunshine in so many homes, devoting themselves without thought of anything but following the instinct of their own nobility, loving and pouring out all that affection and tenderness that might have made husband and children happy on children that they can never call their own,—palsied be the tongue that is thoughtless and heartless enough to speak of these by the stigmatizing words that are so frequently applied to them! "Old Maid" many a time, instead of being an opprobrious epithet, ought to be woven round their brows as a divine halo, consecrating them to a life as noble and sweet as any we can conceive.

Then there is another set of men and women,—those who go through life alone, with no room in their hearts for any other love, because it is filled with the image of one who has been lost. Take such a man as Washington Irving,—a disappointment in his youth, going through all his life cherishing this one sacred memory, and finding it impossible for him to detach his affections from this dream of his youth so as to give them to another. Many and many a man, many and many a woman that we meet every day, are covering up in the sacred silences of their thoughts a romance as beautiful, as sacred, as strange as any that have transferred themselves to books; and here is the secret of the lonely life they lead. These reasons are honorable and true.

There are one or two other reasons that seem to me to call for our censure rather than our praise. There is a class of young women in our great cities who are not married, but who might be worthily, truly married, were it not for the fact that they have wrought themselves into a false mental and moral condition on the subject. Perhaps they have attained a smattering of an education which makes them feel that they are above the level of such a marriage as is really possible to them. Perhaps they have dreamed their young girlhood away, fixing their thoughts and imaginations on romantic heroes such as they have read of in *Ivanhoe* or the *Idyls of the King;* and, because some stately

knight or grander type of man than lives in the real atmosphere of their every-day life does not come and bend at their feet, they wait until opportunity has gone by. Then,—this applies to hundreds in every great city,—after opportunity goes, they find a freer, gayer kind of life on the edge, if not quite over the border, of the land of the forbidden. They find something more attractive there than in the commonplace rounds of homely duties, because they have developed a false ideal of life. They have not learned that the ideal is to be wrought out of the real.

It was one of the fancies of Michel Angelo, when he stood in the presence of a block of marble, that there was really imprisoned in it a Moses or a David or some other grand imagination that his chisel was to release; and he felt that, with every blow of his mallet, he was setting free this dream of his soul. Young women, and young men as well, must learn that, if they are going to attain any high ideal in this life, they must set it free from the entanglements of commonplace realities through unremitting patience and loving, faithful toil. There are no ideals that will come to us out of the heavens. We must create them out of the rough, hard, refractory material of our daily lives. And so these women, living alone and chasing a phantom, have left behind in some honest country home the possibility of a nobler life than that of which they now dream.

I hear, once in a while, of some woman who refuses to marry the honest man who loves her, and who wishes to crown her his wife, because he is not able to furnish the requisite number of servants, and who, rather than work herself, refuses to enter into those bonds which would have lifted her to the highest summit of noble womanhood. She chooses, rather, to plunge into the darkness of the unnamable, the unwomanly, the false.

There is a parallel class of young men who have accustomed themselves, in their lone, single life, to certain kinds of luxuries, to certain freedom of living, as they call it, who are not willing now to assume the responsibilities of mar-

ried life. They will have to curtail some of their indulgences, take upon their shoulders burdens and cares, if they marry. Now, they are free to run hither and thither, and suck the poisonous sweetness from any wild flower that grows. And thus they are willing to degrade themselves, to degrade the world, to undermine society for the sake of their own personal indulgence, for a little wider liberty than is permitted to him who undertakes the serious duties of life.

This type of secular celibacy is reprehensible in the extreme; for it results, in the case of both men and women, in personal vice and deterioration. Such men and women have thrown off the bonds which they ought to have given to society for good behavior. They have cut themselves loose from the bonds of the highest and finest circles. They have familiarized themselves with the lowest types of manhood and womanhood, until they have lost all faith in that which is highest and best, and doubt the possibility of virtue. How many such young men he who is familiar with the life of great cities, or he who has travelled abroad and seen people unmasked and away from home, has met! Life like this dries up the fountain of all noble feeling and hardens the heart. How true are those words of Burns, who, after leading, as he did, a wild life, in his hours of thoughtfulness and in the maturity of years, wrote,—

> "I waive the quantum o' the sin,
> The hazard of concealing;
> But, och! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling!"

Out of sympathy with the noblest, highest, most beautiful type of human life, this selfish celibacy leads to all hardness of heart and perversion of thought and degradation of personal character. Then, it leads, as I intimated, to social disintegration. Just as far as it reaches, it is a canker, eating out the very vitals of the world.

The hope of the world is in the world's homes, the world's love, the world's healthy birth of children, the loving care of

father and mother, the devotion that trains and educates children into true manhood and womanhood; and they who shirk the responsibility of a life like this, and simply go through the world to find what selfish indulgence they can, are thieves of the meanest type; for the very joys, the sweets, the pleasures, the good, the personal success in business ventures, the social station,— all that they seek and enjoy,— are created for them by the men and women who do not live as they do, and which, but for them, would not exist. They steal the good, to which they do not add.

The true type and ideal of purity, then, for the world is not to be found in celibacy, as the Church has taught. Rather does it lead directly in the opposite direction. The true ideal of purity is not to be found by refusing to accept the obligations which nature and love lay upon our hearts. Neither is the true ideal of purity to be found in that other direction of prudery on the part of those who make up society,— such a prudery as is apt to develop itself in over-refinement, which rails against legitimate art, against noble literature, and against all earnest, frank investigation of physical laws and social themes. Rather count as true purity, holy and sacred, whatever is a part of any true, human life, whatever is a part of any plan for this world's social development and growth. Social purity frankly faces these, and counts them sacred and true, and that study a part of noble, human living, which seeks to find out all laws of personal and social growth, and to illustrate them in our lives.

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DIVORCE.

I AM to tread this morning, as wisely as I can, on what is somewhat dangerous and delicate ground. I shall not hope to have all of you agree with me; and I shall not hope to escape somewhat of misconception and misunderstanding. I speak, however, in no *ex-cathedra* fashion. I have never, upon this platform, assumed the position of infallibility. I simply take the liberty to utter, clearly, simply, and forcibly as I may, my convictions,— the result of the best study I have been able to give to the subjects,— and ask you to take what I say, along with the arguments used in support of my positions, and then, for yourselves, to find out how much they are worth.

It is very commonly assumed, on the part of those who discuss the question of divorce, that it is, in a general way and without much discrimination, wrong,— always wrong, and under all circumstances wrong. And, when one rises from a study of the statistics on the subject, he is generally apt to say that, since divorce is increasing, he must take this fact as proof positive of the increase of immorality in society. This sort of thought and discussion usually ends by an earnest call for more law, more stringent law, in the way of repression. As if the driving in of the rash could be considered a cure for scarlet fever. Italy, as you know, has no divorce laws. There has, I believe, never been a divorce granted in the State of South Carolina. There is no divorce

among our foreign Catholic population. And yet, I think, if one studies carefully the condition of Italy, the condition of South Carolina, and the condition of our foreign Catholic population, he will hesitate before giving it as his judgment that these represent a higher moral level than does, for example, the State of Connecticut, where divorces are very common indeed.

Before, then, we are ready to come to any definite and satisfactory conclusion on the subject, it will be wise and, it seems to me, necessary for us to pass in rapid review the subject of divorce as related to marriage in the lower types of society, where a lower and looser form of marriage has prevailed; then to notice the doctrine of the Bible on the subject, and the attitude and the practice of the Church, along with the results of that practice; and in that way come to consider the modern world, and the condition of things here in America, and especially in Massachusetts, to-day. By this process, we may be able to discover some underlying principle that will help us to a solution of our problem; for, if we can discover, concerning this or any other great question of the modern world, what has been the trend of social evolution, which way civilization has tended, we shall be able to find a pathway that is reasonably safe for us to follow in the future.

Let us, then, as briefly as we may consistently with clearness, pass over these points I have indicated, in review. I have already made you familiar with many of the lower and looser family types which preceded the establishment of monogamy, the marriage of one man and one woman. We find, as we study the other side of the marriage question among these lower types of civilization, just what we should expect to find. It was very easy to enter the marriage relation as it then existed. It was equally easy to leave it. Freedom in one direction generally went along with equal freedom in the other. A man could put away his wife at will, under any impulse or whim or temporary dislike or for whatever cause he pleased; but, curiously enough, no recogni-

tion is made of this right in woman. In some of the higher types of barbarism, we find among certain peoples, and in certain stages of human society, that woman possessed also this right. Not only could the man put away his wife, but the woman could put away her husband,— not simply leave him, but drive him from the household even. There have been long periods of time when the wife has been the head of the family; when the descent has been traced through the wife, and not through the husband; and when she and her kindred grouped about her possessed the power of expelling the husband who, for one cause or another, made himself unacceptable to her or her family friends. The condition of things in regard to divorce in the lower world was thus a matter of very little law, but was more under the control of personal impulse. Yet there was a growth and a tendency, gradual but pronounced, in the direction of permanency in the marriage relation. At first, the motives which led to permanency did not exist.

What are these motives to-day? What have they been in all the latter ages? In the first place, a tender and strong mutual love and respect; and then love of both father and mother for the children; next, the desire to hold in the family and for family use, and for the benefit of the children, all the accumulated personal property which belonged to them; and then ideas of one kind or another connected with religion and the worship of God. These, expressed through public sentiment or organized in law, have been the great motives in all ages that have tended to permanency of the marriage relation. Of course, in the lower conditions of the world, these motives did not exist as they do to-day, or, if they were in existence at all, it was only in some crude and half-developed fashion. Men and women had very little sentiment in their love for each other; they had very little love or care for their children; they accumulated very little property, for property in those days was generally held in common, with little personal proprietorship; and it was only in after ages that special ideas of divine sanctity came

in to make this relation permanent. Such was the condition of things in the lower world.

We will pass now to see what the Bible has to say on the subject,—both the Old Testament and the New. It has always seemed to me a very difficult thing for a person who holds the traditional view of the Bible, as an inspired and infallible revelation from God, to reconcile the contradictory teachings of the Old and the New Testament; for God is represented in the Old Testament, without a word of protest, with no proviso, with no explanation, as consenting to a condition of things which he vigorously condemns in the New Testament. And, though it was said in a later time that this was permitted only on account of the hardness of men's hearts, there is no record in the Old Testament of permission for divorce being given on this account. It was given as though it were considered right both from a human standpoint and the divine. Men who had many wives instead of one; many concubines as well as many wives; men who divorced and put away their wives for one cause or another, are spoken of always as special favorites of Jehovah, as men after his own heart, with no qualifications or conditions attached whatsoever.

What, then, is the law of the Old Testament? A man was permitted to put away his wife for almost any cause. The only obligation was that he should give her a writing of divorcement, a paper to the effect that she had been his wife, and he had put her away, so that she could show that she had occupied the standing of a wife, and not a lower one in the social scale. We are not to suppose, however, that this right was exercised with great frequency or was a right unrestricted; for we know that in those ages, the same as to-day, men must have been governed more or less by public sentiment; and the simple fact that a man must procure a writing of divorcement, one which the average man of that day could not furnish himself, being compelled to apply to a scribe or Levite, brought the matter thus into the public thought and sentiment of the time. These facts, I say,

would have been very likely to act in the way of restriction, making a man pay some thought and some regard to the social beliefs and feelings of his time.

When we come to the New Testament, we come, as I have said, to a period when this freedom is entirely taken away. Jesus utters it as an eternal law of his church that divorces shall never, under any circumstances, be permitted, except for one cause,— marital infidelity. But it is worth while for us to notice, as showing the standing, the rights of woman at this time, that Jesus does not say a word in regard to the right of the wife to divorce her husband or leave him. He simply confers the right upon the husband to divorce his wife for this one cause; and, so far as the mere words of Jesus are concerned, this is the one universal, inexorable, and eternal law of Christianity.

Paul holds substantially the same ideas, though they are modified in one particular. He advises against marriage in general. Under the conditions of that time, he thinks people were wiser who led a single life. He permits marriage however, conceding so much to the acknowledged weakness of humanity. But, he says, if an unbelieving wife — that is, a pagan — leaves her husband, the husband is to let her go; and, if an unbelieving husband leaves his wife, she is to let him go. But he advises that they live together after they are married, so, if possible, the faith of the one may be caught by the other, and the pagan turned to a belief in Christianity. But, if either one leaves the other, neither of them, under any circumstances, is to be permitted to marry again, however long the dissolution may be or however aggravated the circumstances.

Paul, then, admits divorce only for the same reason that Jesus does, excepting that he admits what we have come, in these later times, to call a divorce from bed and board,— a separation, a living apart, when two persons cannot longer agree to get along with each other. This, then, is the doctrine of the Bible upon the subject.

What, now, have been the teaching and practice of

the Church? The Church, curiously enough, has carried its belief and its practice to a higher point of stringency than even Paul or Jesus himself; for the Church permits divorce on no ground and under no circumstances whatever. Sometimes, when there has been a marriage within the prohibited degrees of relationship, it goes so far as to declare the marriage null and void, not granting a divorce, but considering that marriage has never existed. But it does not sanction a divorce for any cause. It does permit separation, however, for the one cause that Jesus made the ground of permanent divorce. This has been the position and the law of the Catholic Church from the first until to-day.

Let us inquire for a moment what the practical effect of this has been in the Catholic Church. Has it tended to lift the standard of family life? Has it tended to develop a higher type of purity and morals among men and women? As an answer to this, you must read the history of Europe for the last fifteen or eighteen hundred years. It seems to me that, coupled with the marriage customs of the various countries over the sea, it has tended almost uniformly the other way. What are these marriage customs? If you have studied into the matter at all, you are familiar with the fact that love, mutual acquaintance, and care for each other have played very little part in the marriages of Italy, Spain, and France for the last thousand years. Marriages are generally arranged on the part of the parents for the children; and their acquaintance and care for each other are almost entirely overlooked, or are regarded as of the smallest possible consequence. The general motive controlling these things is family convenience, the bringing together of two parts of a broken estate, the building up of the fortunes on one side or the other, or marriage for social standing. Mutual love has not only been utterly disregarded, but there have been those who have gone so far as to say that it ought to be disregarded, that it has no part to play in the matter of marriage, that marriage is only for the sake of a home, for

the sake of an heir, for the continuation of the family name; and the husband and the wife are to be free to love outside the marriage bond, and find the satisfaction of their affectional natures wherever they please. This is what it has practically come to. A man, to-day, in France is appalled at the prospect, if he has half a dozen daughters to marry off, unless he is wealthy. He knows it is hopeless for him to attempt to marry one of his daughters without a respectable portion, without a sufficient sum to make it worth a man's while to take her on account of the money that goes along with her. It seems to me, then, that the theories of marriage, as they have been held and practically illustrated in Europe for the last thousand years, have not tended to a higher standard of morality, but have tended to interfere with the ideal relationship between man and woman and those bonds which tend to bind society together and lift it up and lead it on to some higher and nobler development.

What is the condition of things in America and in Massachusetts? What is the condition of the law and of public sentiment on this great subject? There is, to any one who studies it carefully, a most curious and most illogical confusion in regard to the whole matter, both of marriage and divorce; and that confusion arises from this fact. Both the laws and public sentiment of England and America to-day are the result of two utterly contradictory ideals. Our common law, for example, is based on the old Roman law, which has come down to us through England, and which we have borrowed from the parent country. Under the old Roman law, marriage was simply a civil contract entered into voluntarily by a man and woman, and recognized and protected by the State; but it could be dissolved at any time by the mutual consent of the parties entering into this contract. It is precisely the same as any business contract which you choose to enter upon,—any business copartnership which lasts as long as you please, and is dissolved by mutual consent and arrangement. Divorce under this Roman law is not so common as you might think, because the

husband and wife were held together by ties which made them choose to continue the relationship. But there was also a public sentiment in Rome, in the older and purer days, which forbade abuse of this privilege; and it was carried so far that the husband was sometimes severely punished at law on account of abusing it. This is one part of the source of our present condition and sentiments,—the legal condition of the subject of marriage and divorce.

The other is canon law,—the law of the Church, which forbids divorce in any case whatever. This law has been dominant throughout Europe until within a few years in every country where the Church has extended its sway; and, until the present century, the canon law was supreme in England, and there was no possibility of divorce except by special act of parliament; which, however, was guilty of the curious inconsistency of holding up the Church and ecclesiastical law of marriage with one hand and permitting escape from it with the other. We are in this curious condition of now thinking of the canon law as supreme, now thinking of marriage as a civil contract.

Take the laws upon our statute books. Some of them carry the implication that marriage is a sacrament, some of them carry the implication that it is only a civil contract. And they talk of it with one breath as a divine sacrament never to be annulled except as an act of impiety; and, on the other hand, they speak of it as a civil contract that ought to be broken for this or the other cause. We are in this curious, illogical, and contradictory condition, both in our law and in our public sentiment.

Let us now look for a moment and see the basis, if there be any, for these contradictory ideas. In the first place, let us see how it has ever come to be that marriage has been looked upon as a sacrament,—as a part of the divine law and indissoluble from any cause whatever. I had occasion in my previous sermons of this course to speak of the worship of ancestors. I pointed out then that one of the most important objects of marriage, as regarded at that time, was the

birth of a son who might minister as a priest at the family altar and keep up the family worship of the ancestors who had passed into the other world. When a wife entered into this relationship, she did not simply leave her father's tent or house, but left her father's religion, abjured forever her father's gods. She no longer did them reverence, and no longer expected from them benefits. She was initiated into the rites, ceremonies, and services of her husband's gods and her husband's religion, and became a priestess by his side in the worship at the family hearthstone. Of course, then, religion, at that time and when these ideas were dominant, played a very important part in the cementing of the marriage relation; and it was no easy thing to dissolve a relationship established by such bonds as these. The wife, in order to procure a divorce, must go through again, with the assistance and consent of friends, on both sides, with the religious ceremonial of abjuring her husband's religion and his gods and being retaken once more into the religion of her father. Under these circumstances, religion played a very important part in cementing and making sacred the marriage relation. Of course, this conception has long since passed away; and it has no motive force to determine or direct our sentiments or our practice in this modern world.

Let us pass to what Jesus lays down as the religious foundation for marriage. He says distinctly that Moses permitted men to put away their wives on account of the general hardness of the people's hearts,—on account of the fact that they were not highly enough developed to appreciate a nobler standard of life; but he makes the distinct assertion that "in the beginning" it was not so. In the first place, he says that in the beginning monogamy prevailed,—that God created one man and one woman and issued a law on the very threshold of his creative work, making monogamy the universal rule, the true and divine standard of life. But we know perfectly well to-day that, in regard to this supposed fact, Jesus was mistaken. We know perfectly well that monogamy did not prevail at the beginning of the world.

It started at the other extreme, and monogamy is the highest outcome of civilization instead of the beginning; and so the foundation which Jesus lays as distinctively religious is one which modern investigation cannot accept or indorse. It seems to me, then, that there is no reason, no ground in history, no ground anywhere that is valid, for regarding marriage as a sacrament in the sense in which it is so regarded by the Church. I, for one, do not believe in separating this particular part of life and that particular part, saying, This is holy, the Church blesses this, the Church puts its arms about this, and the Church protects this; and it leaves the rest as secular and common. Neither do I believe in making all life secular. Rather, with the definition which I hold of that most magnificent of terms, I believe that all life, marriage and every other part of it, should become, in our thought of it, religious, related thus to God as the highest end of human life. Do not make it all common and secular. Make it all holy and true and noble. I speak of this and emphasize it, lest, in declaring that marriage is no longer to be regarded a sacrament, I may be thought of as discrowning and relegating it to a somewhat lower level. Instead of that, I would rather lift up all life and bring it to the highest level, making it all related to the divine.

I believe, then, as the result of the best study I have been able to give to the subject, that there is no ground for our treating the marriage relation otherwise than as a civil contract. I would gather about it all the tenderest and most sacred and most elevating associations that we are capable of as the result of the highest thought of the world; but it seems to me that the State, as such, has no more right in regard to marriage than it has anywhere else to interfere with the perfect religious freedom of the world. The State belongs to this world. It has no right to project its laws and its penalties into the other. The State belongs to the relations which you and I sustain to each other as citizens, in order to secure the public welfare. Beyond this, it has no right to go. I believe, then, that the State laws of our country should regard marriage as a civil contract simply.

What would be the result? Men and women ought to be perfectly free to enter into this relationship according to their judgment,— as, indeed, they are free. But the State should stand by and see to it, just as it does in regard to any other contract, that the rights and responsibilities of the contracting parties are securely guarded; and that the State to-day does not do. It permits this, as though it were a civil contract, to be perfectly free, so far as the initiative is concerned; but there is hardly any other contract in America so loosely guarded, as respects rights and responsibilities of the partners thereto, as is this contract of marriage. Men can get out of it, and shirk and shift their responsibilities, and disregard their sacred duties here a great deal easier than they can the rights and responsibilities of a business firm which they may establish. When a man stands before a magistrate, be he civil or religious, and pledges himself to look after the welfare and happiness of a woman, he assumes a tremendous responsibility; for the happiness of a life is committed to his hands. And, when a woman takes her husband by the hand, she assumes, on her part, an equal responsibility for the happiness and welfare of a life which may be wrecked by the impulse, passion, or whim of the other. And not only that. When children are born, they come here at the call of parents, without asking to be born; and all laws and public sentiment should be directed to the careful and scrupulous guardianship of the rights and welfare of the child. Fathers and mothers have no right to bring them here, unless they bend all their energies of brain, heart, and hand to see to it that life is to them a blessing, and not a curse, and fit them for the career upon which they are to enter. Thus, then, the mutual rights of the husband and the wife, and of the children, the State should most stringently and most studiously guard.

Let us see, then, what is the actual condition of things here in Massachusetts to-day, and consider what it is possible for the law to do in the way of making them better than they

are. In 1786 there were only two causes for divorce on our statute books. To-day there are nine legal grounds for separation. Does this necessarily indicate a growth of immorality in Massachusetts? This is a question we need to ask and intelligently try to answer. During the last few years, there has been, as indicated by the statistics on the subject, a growing frequency of divorce; not necessarily that there have been more cases this year than last, but that, during the last ten years, there have been more than there were forty or fifty years ago, for the same time. Divorces are growing more frequent, so the makers of statistics tell us, throughout Massachusetts and New England. Does this indicate that we are in a worse condition morally than we were fifty or a hundred years ago? I, for one, do not believe it for a moment. When you consider the increase of population, the change in character of the population as affecting this subject, I think you will modify your judgment very much in this matter.

And then another thing we must remember; and that is that there would naturally be more divorces when they were allowed for nine causes than when they were allowed for only two causes. Divorce does not necessarily mean an immoral act, nor does it necessarily mean an increase of immorality in the public mind and in the public practice. It may mean an indication of an evil condition, the like of which has existed for a hundred years, but unable to give to itself any public or legal expression. It may mean only an attempt on the part of people to set themselves free from these difficulties. It may mean, in other words, not an evil, but only the cure, or attempted cure, of an evil which has been existing for years.

But it is not enough to make general statements in regard to general facts. You must study individual cases to find out whether the home was broken by divorce, or whether it was broken twenty years before the divorce took place. This is a very important point which the makers of statistics rarely take account of. During the time divorces have been in-

creasing, there has been a general elevation of the standard of human life. There has been an uplifting of our ideal of education. There has been a growing sentiment in regard to the ideal of men and women, so that more discrimination is used in the choice of a life companion than there used to be. The ideal of manhood and womanhood has been raised. There has been a growing ability on the part of women to support themselves; and it is judged by some writers on this subject that the growing freedom of women, and their admittance to employments formerly held exclusively by men, have been causes which have helped along this growing frequency to divorce. Very likely; but, in so far as this is true, it is not by any means clear that it is an evil. Every one who has had to study the problems of charity, or who has had to help the poor and those struggling to help themselves, is familiar with facts like this: Here, for example, is a family of six or seven children, a mother and a father. We try to help them; but we do not dare to give the mother money, because the drunken brute of a father will take it away and spend it for whiskey. Nine times out of ten, he adds next to nothing to the support of the family. He is only another child for the already overburdened mother to support, and generally the worst one of the lot, the one who takes most out of her life and heart and pocket. He makes it harder for her to support them than as though he were a million miles away. Now, in a case like that, it would be a definite benefit to the wife and children to be altogether rid of him. People talk sometimes of the rights of the children in such cases; and we must talk of them very seriously. But the continual bickering, the sight of the broken and ruined home, is a year-long education in evil of the children; and the moral as well as the physical welfare of the children may demand a separation.

What, then, is the result of this law of making marriage simply a civil contract? Of course, it is divorce under certain circumstances and at certain times. When, then, ought divorce to be allowed? It seems to me that we shall find the

answer to our question by asking wherein marriage consists. What is marriage? Marriage is the bond of mutual love and self-respect which holds together a man and a woman. You and I know very well that there are plenty of men and women up and down this country who are simply tied together by legal bonds,— not married,— where it is simply a mockery and a sham, no sort of bond existing which constitutes the essence of the true relationship which should exist between them. I believe that, in such cases, the husband and wife are better off apart: the law should set them free, and allow them to go. If there is no marriage, why maintain the sham and mockery of one? I believe that both husband and wife would exercise a little more tender care, if they knew that on this sentiment and tenderness and care depended more than it does to-day their mutual happiness.

What practical steps can the law take in the matter of divorce? The confusion and illogical condition of our marriage laws should cease.

1. There should be some uniform marriage law all over the country, so that, if a man marries in one State, he will be married in another State, according to its laws. Perhaps you are not aware that this, at present, is not the case. A man and a woman may get married in New York by a process which would not be considered a marriage in Massachusetts.

This absurdity ought to be done away: there ought to be uniformity in regard to the laws of marriage.

In the next place, there ought to be uniformity in regard to the laws of divorce, so as to prevent the fraudulent methods and means which are now open to any one. As matters are now, almost any man or woman, whether there is decent and reputable ground for it or not, can obtain a divorce, and sometimes without the other party knowing anything about it. There are all sorts of fraudulent, underhanded, and half-secret modes by which it may be done.

I believe that there should be another reform,— that law should take into account the other end of the problem; the beginning, and not simply the end. It seems to me a little

hard for the law to do everything it can to facilitate people's getting into the married state, so that they can stumble into it almost by accident. They are led into it by caprice, by impulse, by passion, by haste; and there are cases where young men and young women, having been married as they supposed in fun, have found that it was serious business after all.

The laws are so loosely constructed that there is almost nothing in the way; but, when one gets into it, the laws constitute marriage a trap from which it is not easy to get out. I would increase the difficulty in the beginning. I would have some properly constituted commission that should compel people to take time to think what they are doing, to take the advice of their friends, and to consider something besides the mere whim of the moment, and fairly weigh the fact that they are engaged in the most momentous transaction of their lives. If the cure of the law could be turned into prevention applied at the beginning, and not at the end, I believe the matter would be largely and very seriously helped.

But, when we have done with all our discussion on statistics, on facts, and on illustrations, what then? You are not to be discouraged by the slow growth of humanity in any direction. Again, on the other hand, you are to open your eyes to the facts that it is a growth, a slow growth. No system of laws concerning marriage or divorce can possibly create perfect society at once or suddenly. There will be perfect marriages when there are perfect men and women. And, when we get perfect men and women, there will be no need of laws concerning marriage or divorce; for perfect people can well be left to be a law unto themselves. We must remember, then, that the evils in this direction are to be gradually overcome by the general growth of society. As men and women become better educated, more intelligent, more self-controlled; as they look forward with a wise foresight toward the future, weighing the results of their actions; as they attain a higher sense of honor and nobler

conceptions of the responsibility which is laid upon them by the deeds of their lives; as they grow nearer and nearer to the ideal type of men and women,—all these evils will gradually be eliminated, and left behind as parts of a long outgrown history; and men and women will enter upon the time of perfect marriage, because they have attained to perfect manhood and womanhood.

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IMMORTALITY:

FROM THE STAND-POINT OF THE MODERN WORLD.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures;

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures;

And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen to sleep.

After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles.

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.—I. Cor. xv., 3–8.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" asks the old poet-author of the Book of Job. And it is safe to assume that no other one question has so long and so deeply stirred the heart of man. Since the first father, mother, friend, looked down on the first white, dead face and wondered what it all meant until to-day, men have tried to lift at least a corner of the leaden curtain of darkness and silence. They have peered, they have listened. Some have said they caught the sudden gleam of a face or the swift beckoning of a hand, or that they heard a low whisper out of the stillness. Others have taken all these things to be only the subjective impressions of an excited brain or a longing fancy. So, after all these thousands of years, a large part of the world is waiting and asking still.

For perfect clearness and accuracy of thought, we need, from the outset, to bear in mind one important distinction. Even if we could prove to demonstration that some soul had

survived the dissolution of the body, we should not then have established immortality. This means endless continued existence. And it is at any rate quite conceivable that a soul might continue through many such changes as that we call death, and still come to an end at last. This distinction, however, is important only for clearness of thought. If we could be quite certain that this first stupendous change does not mean the cessation of conscious personal existence, the most of us would confidently take our chances as to the results of any future crisis beyond that. To this one point, then, let us address ourselves, and see how it looks from the stand-point of the modern world.

The disciples of Jesus claimed that he reappeared to them after his death,— that they saw him, talked with him, and made themselves sure of his identity; and all this on more than one occasion. This is the most notable instance of the kind on record; for it was made the foundation stone of a great religion. And this religion is the one which has coincided with the greatest civilization of the world. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, then your faith is vain," the basis of Christianity is gone. We will take this claim then as our starting-point.

Let us refresh our memories with the outlines of the familiar story.

Jesus had been with his disciples for three — to them — precious years. They had come to believe that he was indeed the promised Messiah of their race, who was to establish on earth a perfect condition of human society, which they called "the kingdom of heaven." But, at last, disappointed and dismayed, they find him in the hands of the Roman power. This power, urged on by the influential and official portion of his own people, has put him to an ignominious death, the death of a common criminal. This is Friday afternoon. And, now,— as we see in the case of the two friends who, through the cool of the evening, walked to Emmaus,— the disciples have given up all hope. With an undertone of exceeding sadness and disappointment, we hear

them saying, "We trusted that this had been he who should have redeemed Israel." But it is plain that the trust is gone. They read in the cross only one more terrible failure. But, on Sunday morning, they are startled by the report that somebody had seen him alive again. He suddenly appears to the wondering little company, though the doors be shut, and after a brief conversation as suddenly vanishes again. At another time, he eats with them, and shows them his wounded hands and side, telling them he is no spirit only, but has flesh and bones like themselves. And then, long after, when they supposed him to be with God in the skies, he appears to Paul in a vision; and he talks of having "seen" him, as truly as had the rest of the apostles.

As the immediate result of these "appearances," their hopes revive again. In the confident assurance that they are the disciples of a living master, they start out to preach their "good news,"—that the reign of death is ended, that Jesus is only withdrawn into the heavens for a little time, and that he will quickly return to reign over the kingdom of their grandest hopes.

These later expectations we know have not been fulfilled. But our concern for to-day is only with this story of the reappearance. Let us then note two or three things concerning their report.

1. What is the nature and value of their testimony? Reverently, and with perfect frankness, we must deal with this from the stand-point of the modern world. Though they be Jesus' own words, we cannot agree with them, when he says, "Blessed are they that have *not* seen and *yet* have believed." We do indeed believe many things which we have not seen; but, when it is a question of material fact, like the alleged coming to life of the dead, this is no matter of legitimate faith, but calls for adequate evidence. We must respect Thomas then for being a doubter until the proof is forthcoming. The world has suffered too much by "taking things for granted" for us any longer to consider it a virtue.

As, then, we look over the evidence of the four Gospels, we

find it confused and contradictory. No matter if it be on minor points,— as, for example, as to whether it was Peter or Mary Magdalene who first saw him, or as to whether it was before light or about sunrise,— the Holy Spirit does not make mistakes as to matters of fact. This much, however, may well be said: though the contradictions are utterly inconsistent with divine inspiration, they are not such as to necessarily impeach the accuracy of the story from a merely human point of view. These variations of detail are only such as we are all familiar with in the testimony of honest people concerning things that we know are true.

But, if Jesus actually reappeared, it is a fact of a very strange and unusual kind; and extraordinary facts require extraordinary testimony, both as to quantity and quality. You may reasonably believe almost anybody, when he asserts facts of common, daily occurrence; but, when a person asserts that very strange and unusual things have happened, it is only common sense and common sanity to demand a proof that is adequate. People may be very honest and yet very greatly mistaken. Were not this principle adopted in our courts, justice would miscarry much oftener than it actually does.

Have we then here, in our New Testament, reasonably satisfactory evidence that Jesus really appeared to his disciples after his death? Frankly, we must admit that we have not. We do have abundant evidence, in the records and in the history of Christianity, that the disciples honestly believed that he was still alive after his crucifixion. But for this belief, the course of human history would have been changed. But Christianity is not the only religion that is rooted in what seems so doubtful a soil. Had not the followers of Mohammed believed in his supernatural claims, had he not believed in them himself, it is doubtful if there would have been any Mohammedanism. A similar thing may be said of Buddhism, of Mormonism, and of many another movement in human history.

But what is the precise nature of this testimony? To give

us rational ground for belief to-day, we need a great deal of remarkably good evidence. And it is hardly too much to say that we do not have it. We are not sure of the testimony of one single eye-witness. The Gospels are anonymous, and contain only hearsay. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, find his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, or his means for a knowledge of the facts. The Apostle Paul is the only even apparent exception to this statement. He tells us, in what are undoubtedly his own words, that, "last of all, he was seen of me also." But this supposed seeing was long after the alleged ascension into heaven. It was on the occasion of his vision on the road to Damascus; and he distinctly tells us in another place that he had never known Jesus "after the flesh."

The Church does not help us any in this matter; for all her Easter ceremonial, and even the date itself, are older than Christianity, and are palpably borrowed from pagan sources.

On such testimony, then, as the New Testament furnishes us for so stupendous a claim as the reappearance of Jesus, no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast body of Spiritualists. And yet thousands believe an alleged fact eighteen hundred and fifty-one years old, while rejecting a good deal better testimony for similar alleged facts from the lips of their next door neighbors.

2. In the next place, if the orthodox claim be true, and Christ was God, his rising from the tomb after lying in it only two nights would hardly be good evidence that we shall rise from our graves after having gone back to dust for thousands of years. A wholly exceptional case like this is hardy good ground on which to base a common hope for our common race.

3. But, once more, if he was a man like ourselves, and if we can find reason to think he really did appear to his

friends after his death, then we may reasonably hope. For one such fact would prove that death is not necessarily the dissolution of our personality. If one man survives the shock, then

> "We are [not] such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is [not] rounded with a sleep."

Then, we might shout: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But, for this ancient story, alas! we have no such satisfactory evidence.

Do you not want such evidence? I most certainly do. Yet there are, in this modern world, many true, sweet souls, who, like Harriet Martineau, say they have had enough. They do not quarrel over-much with life, but they get tired and only ask for sleep. I, too, get tired; and, often, I feel oppressed with "the weight of all this weary world." But still I want to live. The wonder and the love of all this conscious existence are very strange and very sweet to me. The mystery and glory of the world sweep over me at times, until I feel for days together like a child at a show, looking with wide-eyed wonder at the visible embodiment of an endless fairy tale. Even if this is all, I am glad with every breath to be alive. And do not think that this is because I walk through no darkness and thrill with the agony of no sorrows. Few, perhaps, are more sensitive; for, if I know the heights of heaven, I have also walked the gloom of hell. But I have stood on sunny mountain-peaks of experience, where one swift moment's ecstasy was pay enough for years of sorrow. I need no heaven, then, as payment for earthly trials. So I have no sympathy with the doleful wail of Tennyson:—

> "Shall he,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the True, the Just,
> Be blown about the desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him."

But I want still to live and labor and think and love. What will the world be in a thousand years? I want to know, and to help on, if I may, in whatever sphere, the process of evolution. I want to travel this wondrous universe, explore its deeps, and stand on its light-crowned heights. So, standing here on the lower one of

"The world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,"

I want to climb and see if the mystery resolves itself, and so find the key to this great enigma of life. Let us then address ourselves anew to our problem.

It is eighteen hundred and fifty-one years since the alleged reappearance of Jesus. How stands the matter to-day? Though the Church claims that Jesus was God, and that he came on purpose to establish a divine kingdom among men, only a small part of the human race knows anything about him; and but a fraction of even this small part accepts the claims that are made on his behalf. From the Church's standpoint, it looks dreadfully like a disastrous failure. The average Christian seems but half in earnest about it. Paul says, "To die is gain"; and "To depart and be with Christ is far better" than to live. But church members to-day do not at all act as though they really believed it. Very little is the apparent consolation they find in the hour of death. With crape on their doors, they wail over going to heaven, as though it were the last great disaster that crowns with gloom a cheerless life. I think it will be the honest testimony of both doctors and ministers that the Christian dies no more peacefully than another man. I have just learned that my old father of ninety, after more than seventy years of active work as an orthodox church member, is now mourning by the day over the fear of going to hell. "Miserable

comforters are you all," may we well say of this great, frowning group of orthodox doctrines, that claim to speak for God.

After this eighteen hundred and fifty-one years then, we find the world divided — so far as our purpose needs to take account of it — into three great camps. On the one hand is the great army of science. Its greatest leaders are agnostic: they simply say, "We do not know." In personal conversation with Herbert Spencer, he has given to me his opinion that, concerning the matter of a future life, science can neither affirm nor deny. "Evolution," he says, "does not necessarily touch the question. It stands just where it did before." Such, in substance also, is the opinion of Huxley, of Tyndall, of John Fiske, and the other great exponents of modern thought, both in Europe and America. Personally, they may believe or doubt; but no wise or cautious man among them will claim any scientific warrant for positive affirmation either way.

At the other extreme stands the great army of Spiritualists. In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena,— it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts from science, the Church, and the world, are swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the Church : only another swelling toward the flood of the ever-turning tide of popular superstition, thinks Science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity.

Between these two great armies stands traditional Orthodoxy. It possesses the advantages of neither side; and between them, as though they were upper and nether millstone, its crumbling and inconsistent material is in danger of being ground to powder. It has neither the logical

method of science nor the present claimed proofs of Spiritualism. It drifts down the current of the centuries, swept on by the force of tradition. But, like an iceberg at sea, however bravely it may glitter, it is getting into latitudes too light and too warm for it, and is destined to melt away.

The great question of the modern world is as to whether this is a material or a spiritual universe; and this question the Church cannot help us to settle. Science has a vast body of truth capable of constantly repeated verification. Spiritualism has a large body of asserted truth that she, at least, claims to be able to prove by ocular and tangible demonstration. As against these, orthodox Christianity has only the traditional testimony of certain unknown men long since dead.

In talking with one of America's best known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in — as nearly as I can remember — words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the Spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him.

Let us see, then, if we can justify this opinion, and see where a rational man may stand in this modern world.

1. A few words more as to the orthodox position. As fine a morality and as profound and tender a spirituality of character as the Church can show are to-day found on every hand outside its walls. It has no monopoly of the anti-materialistic philosophy of the world. As a Church, then, it contributes to the solution of our problem only an alleged fact of reappearance after death, testified to by inaccessible and unknown witnesses. Science rules the testimony out of court, and declares it to be incompetent; while Spiritualism, on the other hand, claims that she can offer a thousand similar facts, testified to by living witnesses, while, at the same time, she rejects the body of doctrine that the Church has built up. Even if her asserted fact be granted, either science or Spiritualism can assimilate and use it for their own pur-

poses, while rejecting all else that is special or peculiar. We will leave it out of account, therefore, and see what the others have to say.

2. We pass then to consider the attitude of science. I take science first, because, if it can prove that the belief in continued existence is not true, or that, even if it is true, we can never find it out except by dying, why, then, of course, the discussion is at an end.

In speaking of the attitude of science, I need to define myself. The spirit of dogmatism is not confined to any one section of humanity. So we need not be surprised to find scientific dogmatists as well as religious ones. Men like Clifford and Haeckel and Büchner are ready to declare very vigorously that all hope of future existence after death is absurd. But, in so doing, they violate the spirit of science, and go beyond the facts. When they say such things, you may comfort yourselves by reflecting that you are listening to their individual voices, and not to the voice of science; for it has gone to the utmost limit of its legitimate warrant, when it has modestly said, "I do not know."

But this is, by no means, the end; for, in the first place, the belief has the field, and it has a right to retain it until it is driven out by fact and argument. And, in the next place, all that science knows on the subject is open to the investigation of any intelligent man; and he is at liberty to put his own construction on the facts, so long as he does not contradict any established principle of reason. And it is my opinion that the facts and reasonings of science are by no means all on the side of doubt. Let me hint a few points for your consideration.

(1) To my mind, it is much that science cannot disprove the "hope" that

"Springs eternal in the human breast."

(2) Then, this hope itself is a fact,—a fact produced by and springing out of the universe, a fact that must be accounted for at least before it is rejected. And, though

some of the *forms* that this hope has assumed may have been explained, the fact itself has not.

(3) The dominant science of the world is anti-materialistic through and through. The demonstration of the law of the persistence and correlation of forces demonstrates the immateriality of mind. Thought and feeling — that which is highest and most distinctive in man — the materialist can give no rational account of. Mind — an insoluble mystery — is found in company with matter — an insoluble mystery; and that is all that science knows about it. If any man shall confidently attempt to "explain" either of them to you, you may set him down at once as an ignoramus. Since, then, science cannot explain mind as the result of putting together cunningly devised particles of matter, it cannot assert that this same mind will cease to be when the material particles are taken to pieces. It is open to any man to say that he has never seen any mental action that was not associated with a brain. And, then, it is equally open to me to tell him that there are, doubtless, a good many other things that he has not seen, which things may, nevertheless, be true. Col. Ingersoll said the other day, "I don't know much about it; for I live in one of the rural districts of the universe." That thought may well make all of us modest.

(4) Then, again, science demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces of the universe are mightier than all we can see and handle. And it proves that all so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material. It only needs to make this eternal energy prescient and loving, and we have the God of the highest thought of Jesus, he who is "spirit" and who is to be "worshipped in spirit and in truth."

(5) And, once more, for all that any man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed, and accompanied in its mighty sweep through space by an invisible, intangible, though intensely active world; a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving

intelligences akin to ourselves. On what looks like indubitable evidence, science asks us already to believe as wonderful things as this. For example, the inter-planetary and inter-stellar spaces seem to us quite empty. But the undulatory theory of light, which science regards as established, asks us to believe that this apparently empty space is filled with a luminiferous ether that, Prof. Stanley Jevons says, is "immensely more solid and elastic than steel." The pressure of this ether upon each square inch of the earth's surface has been calculated by Sir John Herschel to be about seventeen billions of pounds. "Yet," says Prof. Jevons, "we live and move without appreciable resistance through this medium infinitely harder and more elastic than adamant." Beside the difficulty of imagining such facts as these to be true, the passing of matter through other matter, the wonders of clairvoyance or magnetism or any claimed power of mind over matter, seem easily credible. In presence of such facts, Prof. Jevons adds, "All our ordinary notions must be laid aside; yet they are no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept."

We know that the ordinary pressure of the atmospheric air upon our bodies is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. And, through this, the wave movements that we call light — when they are translated into consciousness — beat upon the sensitive nerves of the eye at the rate of from 500 to 800 millions of millions of times in a second. By so wondrous a process do we perceive the beauty of a rose or answer back the glance of one we love. "We see then," says Prof. Jevons once more, "that mere difficulties of a conception must not in the least discredit a theory which otherwise agrees with facts; and you must only reject hypotheses which are inconceivable in the sense of breaking distinctly the primary laws of thought and matter."

And Dr. Young, the discoverer of the universally accepted theory of light, committs himself distinctly to the opinion that other inhabited spheres may be all about us. It is,

then, strictly in accord with all we know that the soul may be represented as saying: —

> I know there are voices I do not hear,
> And colors I do not see.
> I know the world has numberless doors
> Of which I have not the key.

Science, then, does not negative such a belief; and she compels us to accept a universe quite as wondrous. If one will believe only plain and simple things, he will believe very little in a universe like this. To the wise man, it is all wonder.

3. Leaving science, then, let us pass to what is known as modern Spiritualism. Without fear or favor, I shall try to treat this fairly, as I endeavor to all other subjects.

And, at the outset, let me remark that it is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands, in Europe and America, believe in its central claim. There are thousands of silent believers, who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night, "lest they be cast out of the synagogue." It is my conviction that, whether true or false, it ought to be investigated by competent minds. If it is true, ignoring it will not blot it out. If false, the thousands of deluded victims ought to be helped to find it out, and so be delivered from its bondage of error and folly.

What are some of the attitudes that men take toward it? Crowds of people pooh-pooh it, as all nonsense. Many are afraid of it, with a sort of superstitious fear. Many, like Prof. Phelps, of Andover, admit the claimed facts, but say, "It is the work of the devil." Many look at it askance, because it is not yet "respectable," just as thousands of churchmen in England would have nothing to do with Darwinism, until Darwin himself was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now, it has been recognized by "society," and they will condescend to look at it. In the presence of a great fact, it seems to me that all these attitudes are unwise.

And, whatever else we may say about it, that large masses of people do believe in Spiritualism is a fact. It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life.

Do you wish to know my own attitude toward it? I have nothing to conceal, and am willing to tell you frankly. I would like to believe its *central claim*. That is, I would like to know that the continued existence of the soul was demonstrated as a fact. I hope and believe; but I would like to *know*. Beyond that, I have no prying curiosity. If I never had a single message from beyond, it would give me great content to be demonstratively certain that there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But, if any man says he knows, on the basis of any old-time doctrine, I know that he is saying what he does *not* know. If he says he feels quite certain, so do I. But that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge. Tennyson frankly sings,—

> "We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see."

All men who are perfectly frank and open, inside the pulpit or out, must join in the Poet Laureate's song.

Let us then turn and look at Spiritualism, and see what is the form and outline it presents to us. As to any alleged impossibility attaching to its central claim, Science can have nothing to say. It can only ask for adequate proof. There is nothing in it out of accord with the faith of those who already believe in continued existence. That our friends, if they still live and love us, should want us to know it, is only what we should expect. It reduces itself then to a question of fact.

(1) The most obtrusive fact that presents itself to us as we look at Spiritualism is a large amount of what, it is charity to believe, is self-delusion, and what one is fairly compelled to believe is outright fraud. This is repellent and disgusting. And all honest believers can do their cause no

better service than by helping to exterminate and destroy this whole horde of conscienceless parasites. To trade thus on the most sacred affections and hopes of the great army of the afflicted is the basest of crimes.

(2) The next fact for us to notice is that, in spite of all this, it continues to live and grow, having among its adherents some of the wisest and best men and women of the age. The story goes that, many years ago, a man went on a visit to Rome. He was amazed and disgusted at the corruption he found there; and yet he returned a convert. When asked to explain the apparent contradiction, he said, "I became convinced that nothing short of a divine religion could carry such a load of evil, and live." Perhaps, in such a reflection, some of the better Spiritualists may find some consolation.

For better ones there are by the thousand. And they repudiate and fight against the frauds and delusions as vigorously as anybody. And it is a noteworthy fact, well known to historical students, that almost all the charges made to-day against the common run of Spiritualists were equally made against the common run of the early believers in Christianity. Indeed, the parallel here is very striking.

Hundreds of true and honest men, like Col. John C. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, are ready to say, as he has said to me, "I know all the frauds; but I also know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and as the result of prolonged and private investigation under all sorts of test conditions, that the dead do continue to live, and can under certain circumstances communicate with us." To establish this claim, there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof of any other proposition whatsoever. Yet I find no fault with this incredulity, so long as it is honest and sincere. For, if it is true, doubt will not destroy it. And we can all much better afford to wait than we can afford to be deluded.

(3) It is worth while, next, to consider as to just what might be regarded as adequate proof. Physical manifesta-

tions, however startling, are not enough. The phenomena of hypnotism, of mind-reading, of clairvoyance, of magnetic healing,— all these, however well established, would fall far short of proving Spiritualism true. And yet, by the unthinking, they are frequently all classed indiscriminately together. One fact, and one alone, can establish it. And that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present. I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory. And, if such evidence were forthcoming, I see no reason why either Religion or Science should hesitate to accept it. As to Religion, it would only be proof positive of her every-day assumptions. As to Science, I see no right that she has to turn her back on any fact. And, since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces, the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of these, because it seemed to be intelligent.

(4) To go back now, for a moment, to the early Christian claim with which we started. It is worthy of remark that, if the modern world shall ever demonstrate the fact of spirit return, it will make it perfectly reasonable for us to believe that Jesus actually did return, and that his disciples saw and talked with him. In that case, however, it would be no miracle; and it would not necessarily be any evidence in favor of the special dogmas of Christian theology. It would also be a rational explanation of a thousand other claimed facts of human history.

Here, then, the matter stands. I have no quarrel with those who cling longingly and lovingly to the hope, even if they can give for it no sufficient reason. Neither have I any quarrel with those who claim that they have found adequate proof as the result of modern investigation. Only, for their own sakes and for the sake of others, I would have them thoroughly "prove all things, and hold fast" only "what is good." Neither can I have any quarrel with those who tell me they think this life is enough. Such a state of mind is

little affected by argument. But, as for me, though I find this life very sweet, I do want another. And, though I cannot go so far as to say "This one is not worth having, if there be no other," I do say that dust and ashes seem a somewhat poor and impotent conclusion for such a magnificent, grand, terrible life-drama as that we are playing here on this old earth.

"So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears.

"I cannot think it all shall end in naught,
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought,

"That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul."

No, friends, I expect to keep on. I have no fear of death, and I do not regard the grave as my final home. Rather do I look upon it as a low-arched gateway, through which I hope to pass into the brighter sunshine of another life.

Meantime, whether we feel assured or not, the best thing we can do is to build ourselves after the plan of a large and noble life, so that, if death does fulfil our hopes, and lead us across the threshold of a higher existence, we may be ready to enter it with all the advantage of the best life-training here.

Learners are we all at school,—
Eager youth and weary age,—
Governed by the self-same rule,
Poring o'er the self-same page.

Life the lesson that we learn,
As the days and years go by.
Wondrous are the leaves we turn,
On the earth and in the sky.

Oft our sight with tears is blurred,
While we strive in vain to tell
What may mean some harder word
Than our wisdom yet can spell.

But we read enough to trust
That our grand hopes are not lies,
That our hearts are more than dust,
And our homes are in the skies.

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X. WOMAN'S SPHERE.

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WOMAN'S SPHERE.

OUR metaphorical use of the word "sphere" in this connection is derived from the technical term of the old Ptolemaic astronomers. It was believed, until within a few hundred years, that the earth was the centre of this solar system, and that the sun, moon, planets, and the fixed stars revolved about it. Knowing nothing of the laws of gravitation or the powers which keep the planets in their orbits, they were obliged to frame some artificial scheme by which they could be held in their places, and their motions could be rationally explained. As the result of this, there grew up the belief that, outside the earth and enclosing it, there were nine concentric, translucent, hollow spheres. To one of these crystal spheres was attached the moon; to another, Venus, Mars, the sun; and so on. In the outermost were the fixed stars, and all in the same plane. These spheres revolved about each other, carrying sun, moon, and planets with them. It was from this old idea that sprang the phrase that we hear familiarly used, and that the poets referred to so frequently, "the music of the spheres,"—a music supposed to be produced by this continuous and harmonious revolution. And sometimes, when there was a falling star, such as we observe to-day, knowing that they are meteoric fragments of some larger planet, it was supposed that the star had shot from its sphere. So we find Shakspere, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," makes Oberon, the king of the fairies, say,—

> "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music."

From this old idea of the spheres has come this modern use of the word.

We talk about the sphere of the man, the sphere of the woman, about people getting out of their spheres; and all this presupposes that there is some orderly orbit for everything that exists, for each creature that lives,—some round through which each existence ought to move, in order to fill out the highest ideal of its nature.

When we talk of inanimate things, and of those creatures that make up the sub-human life of the world, we cannot speak of their getting out of their spheres without departing from that which is generally regarded as true concerning them. They are each held in their spheres and have no capacity to depart from them, because the sphere of each is determined by its own nature and the forces and circumstances that play upon it. The sphere of the star is fixed. The sphere of the animal is fixed, and we cannot conceive of its leaving it. It has little or no power to originate any modification of its sphere or ability to depart from it. If a fish by any process could get out of its sphere in the water or the bird could get out of its sphere in the air, it would mean destruction of its life. But every one knows, who has studied the progress of evolution on this planet, that all animal forms have undergone some serious modification of their structure and habits of life under the influences of a changed and perpetually changing environment. This means, not that they have left their spheres, but only that, through these progressive changes, modifications of their spheres have been wrought out or even new ones have been created for them.

But, when we come to man, we are in the face of facts quite unlike those with which we have been so far dealing. Man's sphere is determined very largely by his nature. A man, if he lives at all, lives a human life. He lives according to the structure of his body and of his mind. He must act out his own nature, whether it be a lower or a higher one. In other words, a man must be a man and must move through a human sphere of life, thought, and activity. But, beyond this, his sphere is determined by a power which is not pos-

sessed by anything inanimate or animate, vegetable or animal, below himself,—a power of originating modifications, of creating for himself artificial surroundings, of making for himself an artificial orbit.

To take an extreme illustration, to show how far this may be carried, look at caste in India. A man in India is born not simply a man; but he is born a Brahmin, or a soldier, or an artisan, or a worker in the soil, or, lower still, a pariah, an outcast. He is born into some one of these spheres, and he has no power to escape from it: the doom is upon him for life. A Brahmin once, a Brahmin always; a warrior once, a warrior always; an artisan once, an artisan for life; and so of all the other social divisions and orders of the country. Here, then, man has created for himself an artificial system.

In America, we have no such distinctions as this. We see no reason why a man should not be left to choose for himself whether he will be a scholar, a soldier, an artisan, a farmer, a lawyer, or what not. He makes his sphere for himself according to his own nature, capacity, and desires. But this was not true on the part of our forefathers any more than it was formerly true in India, and is still true there to-day. It is not long since, even in England, a man was supposed to stick to the guild or trade of his father; and, even to-day, there are certain social distinctions there which no man has the power to obliterate. If he is born into the aristocracy, he is an aristocrat all through his life, no matter what may happen to him. If he be born outside of that charmed circle, only the word of the queen can lift him up to any higher level.

There is another distinction that we need to take note of. Men have the power to get out of their spheres in another way. Fathers have the power of determining a false sphere for their sons. I remember one such instance among my classmates, a young man who was born with a profound, positive genius for mechanics. From the time he could lift a knife or handle a tool, he showed indications of this genius.

The bent of his whole nature was in that direction; he desired this as nothing else; he had a passionate love for machinery. His father, however, determined that he should not move in this natural orbit, but forced him through college, through the seminary, and into the ministry. So the mechanical side of the world lost a genius for the sake of adding to the ministry a very doubtful acquisition. What is true of this man is true in regard to a great many others. People fail in this direction and that, because, as everybody says, they are out of their spheres, or they have not found their places. Hindrances of one kind and another have determined that they shall move in this orbit when they were born to move in that. In the one, they might have produced a music by their life like that poetic, fabled music of the spheres. As it is, there is only grating and jarring and discord. So much then, in a general way, as to the meaning of the word "sphere" of man or woman. We are this morning to confine ourselves, however, to the discussion of the woman's sphere.

Some one asked me the other day why I preached on woman's sphere and not on man's. I was glad to have the question propounded, because it gave me an opportunity to make a public answer to that which is an important question. Woman's sphere is the topic to-day in the newspapers, in the magazines, and on the platform. It is even preached about in our pulpits; and it is not only liberal ministers who take topics like this, for, about a year ago, one of the most conservative New York ministers, in a series of Lenten sermons, took the most extreme old-fashioned ground on this subject, even going so far as to think that society was in a very bad way because the matter is so much agitated.

Why do we speak of woman's sphere? For the simple reason that man, at least in this country, is free to determine what his sphere shall be. Except, perhaps, in individual cases where parental influence or some local pressure like that is brought to bear, each one of us is free, so far as this matter of his life is concerned, to do whatever he can and

will. If he does not do something nobler and better, if he does not reach some higher road, some loftier level in society, in art, in literature, in politics, it is not because of any artificial obstruction: it is because he has not the nerve or the brain or the character that is able to carry him to the height that he looks upon with longing, but cannot attain. In other words, men are free to make for themselves such spheres as they will.

But is this true of women? Men and women started out on the same level in regard to these matters; but, in very many and very important particulars, women have been left behind in the race. There are a thousand things that are tabooed for the woman that are perfectly free for the man. There are avenues along which she may look that she may not enter. There are professions that she may desire to practise that are practically prohibited; or, if she enters, she is surrounded by social obstructions, political and religious prejudices, or met by the dissuasions of friends, so that she is not free as a man is free. I am not yet discussing the question whether this is a good or a bad thing: I am only stating a matter of fact.

Man, then, here, at least, is free, and woman is not; and that is the reason why woman's sphere is being discussed on every hand, and why it will be for a good many years to come. Yet I think that, possibly, there has been a little too free use of the phrase, "the tyrant man," in this connection. Man is not the only one to blame. He is not the only one that has kept back the advancing footsteps of woman, in her desire to free herself from the obstructions that have lain in her pathway in the past. Man is not the principal obstacle to-day to anything that woman desires in the State of Massachusetts. It is the indifference, the carelessness of women themselves. It is the conservative instinct and tendency of women that share, at least, with man whatever of blame must be attached to either of them for the facts of her present position. There has never been a time in the history of the world, so far as I am aware, when there has

been any dominant religious, political, or social institution that women in a mass have not clung to with more tenacity than have men, that women have not been more anxious to maintain than men. I speak of women as a whole. Let me give you one or two illustrations.

I saw an extract the other day from the *Woman's Journal*, written by Col. T. W. Higginson, which relates a little incident that carries with it a lesson. An American gentleman, in Germany, was walking on the streets with a German lady. There was a bundle of some proportions to be carried home; and the gentleman, following his American habit and instinct of politeness, insisted on carrying it, until, by and by, he found that, in the estimation of the young lady, he was really in danger of disgracing her by his politeness. She was ashamed to be seen on the streets of this German city with a man who would so demean himself as to carry a bundle. It was proper enough for the woman to carry it, because that was the habit of the place. I mention this to illustrate my point,— that, often, the disabilities that attach to the position of the woman find armies of women defenders.

Take another example, the suttee,— the burning of widows in India. It would have been very easy to abolish a practice like that, if men only had been interested in it; but, when you attempt to do away with it, you find yourself face to face with the strange fact that it was not merely the men who thought the women ought to be burned, but it was the widows who insisted upon being burned. It was a religious conviction with them, a part of their loyalty to their husbands, that they should follow them into the other world.

I was reading, not long ago, in regard to the habits of some people who were living in what, whether present or past, was a state of barbarism, and represented a barbaric type of society,— a case of a woman who went home to her mother, after being married for two or three weeks, in great distress of mind, because her husband had not struck her for the whole time she had been married. It was customary

for husbands to exercise their superior authority in that sort of fashion among her friends, and she took it as a kind of insult,— as a hint that he did not care enough about her to exert his authority over her; and she was almost ashamed of him for not being as lordly in his family as her neighbors' husbands were in theirs. That seems to be the reason underlying such a fact.

In polygamous countries, the greatest obstacle to polygamy is the contentment, the passionate attachment for the system of the women themselves. You could not keep polygamy in Utah twenty-four hours, if the women were not satisfied with it. There are many cases on record of polygamous wives expressing their utter contempt for a man who did not have more than one wife, for a man who was not rich enough, strong enough, lordly enough to have more than one. They can hardly conceive how a woman could have attachment for a weak-spirited being like that!

So, too, in the times of slavery there were many slaves who not only looked down with contempt on the "poor white trash," but with unspeakable pity and scorn for the poor "niggers" who were wandering around without any master to take care of them. This indicates how people become adjusted and attached to their conditions, without any question as to whether they are right or wrong. These instances I have given to show that women are quite as responsible as men for any disabilities that attach to their present condition.

But is it true that here in America there is any serious difference between the freedom of men and women? Are not women practically as free as men, as free at least as they ought to be? Are there any obstructions to be removed? Do they not practically have freedom to make for themselves their own spheres? Why all this talk about women's sphere? Does not woman have all the liberty she needs and all that is good for her? That last question, it seems to me, is a common one that men ask in regard to these matters; but the question itself is a stinging insult.

What business has any man in America to decide for any woman, or any body of women, as to whether she has as much liberty as is good for her? That is her business. When we concede that women have the right, as women, to decide whether we, as men, have all the liberty that is good for us, why, then, we can perhaps ask that question; but we cannot ask it with a very good grace so long as we have all the freedom that we choose to take, and they have only all we choose to give. That is really the attitude of things here in America to-day. From the beginning of the world until now, women have had what men have chosen to give, no more, no less. This has sprung out of the fact that woman has always been physically the weaker, and has been dependent upon man. It has always been in the power of some man or some body of men to give to her home, clothes, adornments, indulgences, happiness, social station, position, power. Only here and there, and now and then, has any woman been so situated that she could obtain these things for herself. She has generally stood in an inferior and comparatively feeble condition, asking for what she should receive at the hand of a practical master. Very rarely has woman been able to do anything other than this. It is perfectly natural, under these circumstances then, that woman should have grown up through all the ages firmly persuaded that the best and wisest and safest thing for her to do was to make herself pleasant to man; for this has been literally and strictly true, that along this pathway has lain all her welfare, her happiness, her success.

Now, then, I wish to review four or five different points wherein it seems to me there may be some serious hindrances left here in America, even here in Massachusetts, in the way of woman making a sphere for herself with precisely the same freedom that man makes his sphere for himself. I should be ashamed to argue for the right of any woman to do this. I think, if you look at it in this way, there is not a gentleman present who would not be ashamed to discuss the question whether any particular woman had a

right to be just as free as a man. Whether it is expedient, whether it is wise, whether it is proper, is another question. But for years, when people have asked me, Why has not a woman the same right as a man in these particulars? I have been always dumb, I have never found a respectable answer to give.

Let us then consider these four or five points.

1. I spoke in a previous sermon of this course concerning the slavery of women to the kitchen. I called the kitchen as it is organized to-day, what I believe it will be unanimously called in future ages, a relic of barbarism. Women are decried on every hand because they have not more love for the kitchen. I honor them for it. I hope the day will come when they will no more be bound to it than their husbands are. I have never been able to see why it is a woman's business to cook any more than it is a man's business. Men, by the way, are the best cooks that there are in this nineteenth century, acknowledged to be everywhere; for they have learned it as a science and studied it as an art. Instead of considering it a dangerous sign of revolution on the part of women when they like to have as little to do with the kitchen as possible, I hope the time will speedily come when they have so little to do with it that they will be entirely free from this kind of slavery. I touch on this as one of the things that we are to hope for when the human race gets civilized. But, so long as the best women of the world are slaves to the process by which the food is prepared to keep our bodies alive, how can you expect them to have time or strength or brain for working out a high ideal of that life itself?

2. I am to touch now on what I consider a very serious hindrance in the way of woman's advance and of her fitness to take her place by the side of the man; and that is the much-talked about, much-ridiculed, but very little seriously considered subject of dress. As the result of long ages of experiment, man has become at last practically free from bondage to the question "wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

He has evolved for himself what is at least a healthful, convenient, simple method of apparel. He has thrown off the burdensome side of it until all he needs now is to leave an order at his tailor's,—provided he has money to pay him. He has no care, no worry, no fret, no trouble, no planning for days and weeks as to his fitness to go to the next party or as to what he shall do to get self and children ready for a summering at the beach or in the country, or as to what is fit to wear at Easter, or to prepare for the long round of engagements in the winter months. Men are free from this harassing, bewildering, hindering burden. They may not be clothed so beautifully as the grasses of the field or the flowers of the garden, or even as his wife, mother, and sisters; but he is at least free from the slavery of dress. But, so far as women are concerned, nothing of this kind can be said. There are the most serious indictments from the stand-point of health, of brain, of morals, to be brought against woman's dress.

In the first place, every physician knows that woman burdens herself in such a way with her clothing as to make it almost impossible, in nine cases out of ten, for her to be in perfect health. Her shoes, her skirts, almost every article of her apparel cramps, hinders, hurts, injures, somewhere; so that there is very serious danger of the permanent deterioration of the race itself, unless woman in some way becomes free from this trammel. I am no advocate of ugliness. I consider it a woman's duty to look as well as she can; but certainly nine-tenths of the fashions that have prevailed for the last hundred years have looked well, even to women, only while they have lasted. The minute they have gone by they become the laughing-stock of society. If some sculptor from the glorious age of Greece would only put into marble a fashionable society woman as she appears at an evening party to-day, do you think that it would be admitted a hundred years hence into any museum or gallery, except as a curiosity? These transient fashions are not intrinsically or essentially beautiful.

Three considerations ought to rule in this matter. First, health; next, comeliness, beauty; third, such simplicity as shall set the whole race of womankind free from spending so large a part of time in thinking about dress. It is not only physically injurious to them: it interferes with brain development by taking so large a part of their time, and it interferes, as it seems to me, with the highest and grandest and broadest moral culture by developing vanity, rivalry, and frivolity in every direction. Women need to be made as free as men in this respect; and it does seem to me that we cannot call ourselves very highly evolved until somebody shall be wise enough to develop a healthful costume for women that shall not at the same time be hideous. The great trouble with the attempts that have been made thus far is that no woman of taste can be found to adopt the costumes invented by those especially interested in dress reform. It is my opinion that women will not be free from their disabilities until they have overcome this great obstacle.

3. Next, let me refer to the matter of education. We are getting to be quite free in this regard; and yet, even to-day, women are not so free as men. Only a few universities and higher schools are open to them; and those who are doing the most in one direction for the education of women are building colleges exclusively for women, in which I do not believe, and outlining what they consider peculiarly and fittingly a woman's course of instruction. What is a woman's course of education? Is there any sex in knowledge? Is there any reason why a woman should not know the facts of this great universe that is the stage on which she plays her part? Is there any reason why she should not know the laws of her being, body, and brain, precisely as any man wishes to know them? Is there any reason why she should not study the development of human society, history, political laws, forces, organizations, and so be able to comprehend the development of the world of which she is a part? I do not know of one single department of study or investigation that is fitting for a man that is not equally fitting for a woman, and that is

not in the main and on the average equally important for her. As an illustration of how puerile and contemptible the whole objection is, consider the case of a woman attempting to study medicine. If she is brave enough to attend a clinical lecture, there will be a howl and insurrection almost among the "gentlemen" students, who all the while think it is perfectly fitting for her to lie on a sofa in her parlor and get prurient knowledge out of a French novel.

I believe, then, that in this matter of education there needs to be an obliteration of every distinction; and, whether they follow them or not, that every way of instruction should be made as open and free to woman's feet as to the feet of any man.

4. I pass now to consider another point of inequality at present existing, in the matter of occupations. There is a great deal of talk about women stepping out of their spheres in the matter of business; but women have not found fault with men for going out of their spheres, like Worth, of Paris, and others doing similar work in New York and London. Women do not find fault that men go into cooking at the great restaurants or in the families of wealthy men. Women seem to be a little more generous than men in this respect. Only a little while ago, I saw a complaint from some man that the reason that so many men were out of employment was due to the fact that women had encroached on the sphere of masculine labor. I think, before I made such a complaint as that, I would "go West and grow up with the country."

I do not know of any work that a woman is fitted to do that should not be open to her. Mr. Cable, in the *Grandissimes*, pictures a mother and daughter, who had lived in luxury, conversing together after they had lost their property. The moral is good for any place and time. They had come to almost the last meal. Belonging to the aristocracy by birth, they could not work, but yet they could not starve. "It is not so hard to live," says one, "but it is hard to be ladies." Then, afterward, the daughter says: "After all, what troubles us is not how to make a living, but how to get

a living without making it. Look at me," she says. "I can cook, but I must not cook. I could take in sewing, I could keep accounts, I could nurse the sick; but I must not. I could be a confectioner, a vest-maker, a cleaner of gloves and laces, a dyer, a bird-seller, a mattress-maker, an upholsterer, a dancing teacher, a florist"— Then, the mother adds, "If society has decreed that ladies must be ladies, then that is our first duty: our second is to live."

So society does decree that, if a woman happens to be in society, then her first duty is to be a lady and keep in society. Whether she lives, or whether she lives without honor, is a minor consideration.

Let me point out one or two artificial distinctions that seem to me absurd on the face of them. I know a lady, not fifty miles from Boston, whose husband failed in business, and utterly broke down in health. Instead of giving up in despair, and saying, "I am a lady and must starve," and letting her children want, according to the etiquette of society, she gathered up her forces and went into business herself. Since that time, she has been earning somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars a year. She has supported her husband, sent her boys to college, and placed her family in as comfortable circumstances as they were before her husband's failure. Is that woman leaving her sphere, or is she doing something grand and noble?

Yet, curiously enough,—and I wish ladies especially to notice this,—while they have no shrinking from associating with the gentleman who makes their husband's clothes, they will not associate with the lady who makes their own. Until you get over a few of these things, do not be too hard on the tyrant man.

I do not know of any occupation which, by nature and capacity, she is fitted to enter into that should not be as open and free to any honorable woman as the air is to any bird that chooses to fly. I defy anybody to give even the fraction of a reason why she should not.

5. I pass from that to consider the culmination of all;

and that is the question of citizenship for women. There are a great many, perhaps, who follow me with very little hesitation so far, who may not like so well what I propose to say now. I know I am treading on questionable ground; but I shall be as frank and free as on other points involved. And the gist of the whole matter is that, after watching this movement in favor of what is called "woman's rights" for some years, after studying every phase of it, after reading the books that have been written on both sides, although I have never taken any immediate part in the discussion, I have found myself utterly unable to frame in words any reason that commands my intellectual respect why any woman should not vote as well as any man. Woman certainly is interested in the government under which she lives. It touches her interests, whether she is awake to it or not. Men are perpetually framing laws dealing with the property of women, without asking their consent. We got up quite a disturbance here in Boston a hundred years ago, because England proposed to put a petty tax on tea, without letting us be represented in Parliament. It was a very slight matter looked at superficially; but it involved the existence of this Republic. The men of Massachusetts are taking away from its women at least two million dollars a year, without asking their leave or allowing them to say what shall be done with it. If there were sixty thousand men in Massachusetts taxed and governed, without their being able to say anything with regard to how it should be done, there would be a screaming of the American eagle, and an application of the principles of the Declaration of Independence such as would give this country no rest until the matter was reformed. I cannot find a reason for refusing suffrage to women. I am ashamed to argue it. I do not know any words with which to argue it, because I cannot find anywhere a shred of common sense to oppose to it. I have read almost everything that has been spoken against it; and it all seems to me hardly worth being brushed out of the way. I do not know why my wife has not the same

right to cast a vote that I have, if she chooses. If she does not, I would not compel her to do it any more than I would compel a man; but I would give woman the same liberty as man and then let her do as she pleases about it. I call upon all the world, if there is anybody in it who can, to give a respectable reason why she should not. I have not found one yet.

Now, at the last, I want to review two or three points that are raised in the way of alarm when this question is under discussion. First, woman is said to be man's inferior, physically and intellectually; and, therefore, she should not be educated the same as a man and should not have the same liberty as to occupation and as to the ballot. Not long since, a woman of Boston wrote an article in the *North American Review*, the whole gist of which was that a woman's brain does not weigh so much as a man's brain. It would be ludicrous if so many people were not serious about it. If physical strength and weight of brain are to determine superiority, why then let us have some standard and have men examined and tested, and, when they do not come up to the physical standard, let them be disfranchised. Let us be fair in this matter. Is a man who is so physically incapacitated that he has to go to the polls in a carriage incapable of casting a vote? Because a woman cannot run so fast or lift so heavy a weight does not seem to me to be a very valid argument against the ballot for woman. I should rule it out of court. The question is not, Have women written as great poems or composed as wonderful music or been as great sculptors, painters, lawyers, as men? If we are going to judge like this, then why let men have citizenship, unless they have done some great work which places them among the old masters? It is not the question how great a thing can a woman do, but shall she be as free as a man to do what she can. Let us have equality on all hands.

On every hand, the alarm is raised that some terrible thing is to happen, if the demands of women are granted to them. What dreadful thing? Lord Lytton once said that

England had stood on the verge of at least six tremendous crises. So there are people who are always pointing out some dreadful thing that is to happen, if something else takes place. Every franchise that has been granted in England has been accompanied with such threats; but the broad base of government has not tottered, it stands surer than ever.

Women certainly are as much interested in good laws as men are, as much interested in keeping the peace as men are, as much interested in financial honesty as men are. I do not think a set of women could do worse in finance than men have done since the war. I do not think they could, if they had tried, have invented any more foolish heresies or engaged in any more wild schemes. I do not know of any interest that touches men that women are not as honestly, as genuinely, and as intelligently interested in as we are.

Fear is expressed on every hand that, if you let women have a chance, if they are free to do as they please, they will become unwomanly. If I thought that, I should be in favor of putting them back into the Middle Ages at once; but the fear, I believe, is meaningless.

What do we mean by unwomanly, by leaving their sphere? Women have never yet had a chance in perfect freedom to find out what their sphere is. Did Florence Nightingale leave her sphere? Did Ida Lewis? Did Grace Darling? Has Mrs. Livermore left her sphere? Have the thousands of noble women in England and America, who are foremost in all kinds of reform, who are at the same time intensely womanly, refined, noble, sweet, true wives, mothers, and daughters, unimpeached and unimpeachable,—have they left their sphere?

Every little while, a pathetic and comical picture is drawn of a woman flying about the streets or at a caucus, while her husband sits dejected at home, rocking the cradle; and it is said that this is to be the result, if women get what they demand. If any woman who gets the ballot thinks more about it and cares more for it than for husband and children, then I do not believe she is giving her home what she should now. But this objection seems to me puerile and silly.

All the men vote now, or can vote. That does not mean that they are all engaged in politics. There is not an election but the papers cry out that thousands do not care enough to vote, or to go to the caucus to see that proper nominees are chosen. They do not care enough about it to look after their own interests. Are women so different from their husbands and fathers that they are going suddenly to forget all their old sweetness and light and beauty, and rush into politics the moment they get a chance? Suppose they are eligible to office. I do not feel in danger of becoming President of the United States or a candidate for a judgeship because I can vote. You do not find men neglecting business for politics except a few professionals who make a business of politics. This cry is too absurd to mention, were it not made so much of. Women are women, and will be women, governed by the great forces of love, truth, honor, loyalty, that we trust to govern men. So far as any necessity being laid upon them to neglect their homes if women have the ballot, every time they post a letter, they leave home just as much as they would in order to cast a vote.

It seems to me that right and justice and honor call upon us to make women just as free as men are free. And, as we trust man to seek and create for himself his own orbit, his own sphere, in precisely the same sense we should give woman liberty, and trust her to find her place unhampered, unhindered by any artificial restriction, controlled only, as men are controlled, by the inherent and eternal forces of their own nature. And, when this is done, I believe that we shall find humanity has taken one great forward step in civilization; and, instead of its hurling woman out of her sphere, it will only be as when an astronomer looks into the heavens and finds binary stars together. One of them frequently appears to shadow and obstruct the other; but, when the revolutions of these far-off, bright points bring them out so that they stand side by side, shining with equal lustre, we know that, instead of having departed from their spheres, they are only moving properly in their orbits, and making the sky more beautiful by their equal beams.

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XI. CAREERS FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

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CAREERS FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

In those lands where social distinctions are still maintained, where there is an aristocracy at the top of society and a commoner class beneath that, and so graded all the way down, it has been found, in recent years, a very serious problem for those occupying the higher social stations to find fitting careers and positions for their sons; that is, such careers as they are willing to have them fill, and which do not imply, from their stand-point, a going down in the world. Only a few years ago, the younger sons of what are called "good families" could be provided by purchase with commissions in the army or navy, or with places in the civil service. They could have livings in the Church presented to them. There were many of what were regarded as gentlemanly occupations, gentlemanly careers open to them. But, in the changed condition of modern society, it has come to be felt that these various places ought to be filled on the ground of merit or fitness, and not simply through the accident of birth. It has therefore come to be a very serious problem how to find careers, not only for the daughters, but even for the sons. Every little while, the reviews and newspapers discuss and try to solve this problem; but the question is not settled yet.

Here, in this country, the finding of careers for our sons can hardly be spoken of as a problem. "The world is all before them where to choose." We give our sons as good an education as we can. We train them into as good character as possible; and, then, we set them adrift in the world, confident that they will find their place, their level, as we say. There is hardly anything in this country that is

not in the main and on the average equally important for her. As an illustration of how puerile and contemptible the whole objection is, consider the case of a woman attempting to study medicine. If she is brave enough to attend a clinical lecture, there will be a howl and insurrection almost among the "gentlemen" students, who all the while think it is perfectly fitting for her to lie on a sofa in her parlor and get prurient knowledge out of a French novel.

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I do not know of any work that a woman is fitted to do that should not be open to her. Mr. Cable, in the *Grandissimes*, pictures a mother and daughter, who had lived in luxury, conversing together after they had lost their property. The moral is good for any place and time. They had come to almost the last meal. Belonging to the aristocracy by birth, they could not work, but yet they could not starve. "It is not so hard to live," says one, "but it is hard to be ladies." Then, afterward, the daughter says: "After all, that troubles us is not how to make a living, but how to get

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dollars. That is, after they have fed, sheltered, and clothed themselves, this ten dollars represents the sum out of which they can provide themselves with the little superfluities of life. There is a sort of irony in the use of the words, "superfluities of life" in connection with a life like that. Thousands of women in a city where there are free libraries, free lectures, free art museums, free methods of culture in every direction, are utterly unable to avail themselves of them on account of the pinching poverty and necessity of their life.

I want to give you one or two specimens of the kind of work that some of them do and the wages they receive. Here, for example, is a woman whose business it is to finish shirts for the market after they have been made by the sewing machine. One woman says in regard to her own work that she gets seven cents a dozen. How much does she do for seven cents? She puts four stays or gussets on each of them, sews on three buttons and one ticket. For some, on which she does more work, she gets as much as nine or ten cents a dozen. For seven cents, then, she sews on forty-eight stays, thirty-six buttons, and twelve tickets. This is a kind of work that a great many of them are engaged in.

Then there is another class of women who are working at finishing men's trousers for the manufacturers. They get twelve cents a pair for this work; and the amount of sewing they do is almost incredible, when you think they must live by it. Another class makes linen dusters at eight cents apiece. Had I time to give you the items as to what rent, fuel, and food cost and as to what is left over, it would seem incredible to those of us who are accustomed to make easy places for the women we love that they can live at all. And even this pittance they may lose, if they are sick or if they cannot get work all the time or if their employers fail.

Here, then, are all these women working for the barest necessities of life; and, in the case of almost every one of them, you must remember that it is simply impossible that they should not come into all sorts of difficulties. How many of you could work every day in the year? How many

do not find some days when you are ill? How many of these workers are not frequently getting out of employment, not through their own fault? How many of the manufacturers are failing and turning them out to find some new situation, through the ups and downs of their business careers? Then, at every hand there is the temptation, for those women in the lower walks of life, of the saloon on every corner where for a little while they can at least forget, or procure for a few pence the means of forgetting, the past and of making an oblivion of the future. Then, if she happen to be fair and attractive, there is that other temptation facing her at every turn, to buy not only bread, but present comfort, a little room all her own, with flowers and pictures and rest and ease,—all to be had only by an association not recognized by the law, not countenanced by good society; starvation many a time on the one hand, a home, though an unsanctioned and unblest home, for a little while, on the other. Do you wonder that it is a question which shall be chosen? Not at any rate, until you have faced an alternative like this for yourself. It is very easy to say to the woman, "Starve,—be true to yourself, and starve." It is not so easy to do it; and it is not quite so fair and just to judge these women, unless you have had this dreadful alternative presented to your own life. Out of two thousand women of the town whose cases were investigated in New York, nearly nineteen hundred of them were found to be those who had been brought up to do nothing; and large numbers of them had merely chosen it as the last resort, as the only alternative between that and starvation.

There are, of course, thousands of women in this Commonwealth and city who are engaged in lucrative employments, who are earning a comfortable living without any more strain or burden being laid upon them than upon the shoulders of their brothers; but, in dealing with this as a practical problem, we must look at these worst cases, and see if something cannot be done to lift them up out of their degradation and make it easier for them to fight the battle of life, with some hope of success at last.

Is there anything that can be done for such cases as these? It seems to me that there is one thing, at any rate, that it is worth while for us to consider. We can do something toward making work on the part of woman respectable. Why is it not as respectable for a woman to earn her own bread as it is for a man? Is there any reason except an unreasonable public sentiment? It is considered proper for a woman to sit in her own home and crotchet, paint, embroider, decorate or do many other things, provided she does them for her own amusement or the decoration of her own home. But the minute she sells the product of her labor because she needs to, she is supposed socially to have fallen to a lower level, and is classed instantly among working-women. Well, why not? All of us in this country, if we are half men, are working-men. Why should it be degrading for a woman, then, to go through life not simply taking out of the common fund and stock of the world's supply, but putting something in, so that she can feel, as she looks back over her career, that she has left the world no poorer than she found it?

There certainly is no general humane sentiment, so far as we can judge, that women should not work simply because they are women. If there is any sentiment of this kind at all, it is simply a little local feeling among the higher class of what is technically called society. Working-women in all ages have done the larger part of the world's drudgery. Throughout the whole period of savagery and barbarism clear up to the modern dawning of civilization, it is the women that have carried the burdens. Upon her back has been laid the servile drudgery of life. How is it here in America? It is the women still that are doing the most disagreeable kinds of service in the household, working in the kitchen, doing everything that comes under the name of housekeeping,—sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, scouring. How is it in regard to our farmers' wives? Is it not true of almost every farmer's wife that she does quite as much hard work as her husband, frequently a good deal more disagreeable work? Does she not work more hours in the day than

he? And yet nine times out of ten he talks about supporting her. And when, in a sort of half-generous way, he doles out a little of the money which has been earned in common, does he not fear, as he holds his purse-strings tight, lest she should expend more on what he calls feminine extravagance than is pleasing to him, while at the same time he may be spending far more for himself at the corner grocery or on his tobacco than she on all the finery she possesses?

In regard to what women are doing in Europe, let me read a quotation from Mrs. Livermore: —

"Everywhere in Continental Europe you see women engaged in the most laborious and servile work. I have seen them unloading freight-cars at the railroad stations; mixing mortar; making brick; quarrying stone and hewing it; building the road-beds of railways; sawing and splitting wood, and then mounting with it on their backs up four and six flights of stairs, where they packed it away snugly in back closets; climbing to the top of six and seven story buildings on ladders, bearing hods of brick and mortar for the convenience of masons; drawing ploughs through the furrow, while other women guided them; bent under heavy loads, borne on their backs in baskets graded to carry sixty pounds; harnessed with dogs, goats, cows, mules, and donkeys, and drawing heavy cartloads,— in short there is no imaginable drudgery or servility of labor into which women are not forced on the continent of Europe."

I remember distinctly the first impression that I got in regard to the condition of women in France, four years ago, on my first visit to Europe. I crossed from New Haven to Dieppe; and, when I landed, having two or three hours to spend before the departure of the train, I wandered out along the edge of the town, by the shores of the sea, to pass away my leisure. There, I had my first glance at French women. I saw a whole army of women, with heavy baskets or hampers strapped on their backs, carrying stone up from the beach, to be used for macadamizing the roads.

There is, then, on the part of men in general, no senti-

ment that has ever kept them from permitting a woman to work because she is a woman. The thing, then, we need to do is to lift up woman's work as well as man's, and crown it with respectability. We need to help women who must work to work in an honorable and successful fashion, side by side with their brother workers of the world.

Now let us consider some practical suggestions as to what can be done. Every little while, a woman goes home from one of the great stores, and says that she has made a fine purchase. She has bought some article of wearing apparel three or four cents cheaper than ever before. I wonder how many times women consider, under circumstances like this, that perhaps, in this cheap bargain, they have been buying some woman's heart, blood, and soul, pinching it down to the very last breath, that they may gain a successful bargain. I note this simply as a fact. I do not, so far, find fault with it. It is a necessity of the world. The man or woman is not to be blamed, who makes a good bargain, if it be an honest one. It is for the advantage of the poorest people, even more than for the rich, that garments of every kind, that products of every sort, should be made as cheap as possible. So that, instead of this process being repressed, every invention, every improvement, every better way of doing things, is only narrowing it down more and more still. It is a healthful process; and one that will go on, and ought to go on. I suppose, here and there, there is a manufacturer who is the employer of fifty or a hundred women, who is hard and heartless and cruel, and who drives a severer bargain than he needs to, or who is careless about paying them; but this is only incidental to the serious parts of our subject.

It is sometimes said that manufacturers ought to pay higher prices for the work they have done, that they ought to give the women enough, so that they can live well. But that is talk. That is not business. And it is business that we must face and deal with. Here, for example, is a manufacturer who pays these women more than he can

afford to, in competing with a neighboring manufacturer who also employs a hundred. The result, in a little while, is that he will fail; and these hundred women will be thrown out of employment, and be put in a worse condition than they were before. Competition is the law of business, and at present there is no likelihood of changing it; and, so long as there are hundreds and thousands of women who are ready to work for anything they can get, their wages must follow the law of supply and demand, as in the case of men.

But there is another thing that can be done; and this promises something in the way of an outlook in the direction of hope. There should be established in this country, in all our great centres, if not by private, by public expense, schools for the industrial and art training of women, such as there are in many other countries. This is even more important than the kind of instruction that they get at the public schools at the present time. If women are to miss one kind of instruction, they cannot afford to miss that which shall make them capable of earning their own bread. This is as important for girls as for boys. If, for example, all these working-women were skilled laborers, trained to do some finer, higher, better class of work, there would be a twofold result. First, there would be numberless new avenues opened for them, through which they could obtain occupation. The great trouble in the employment of men and women both is that the majority of them can do nothing well. Let me illustrate from my own home. There is one sewing-woman that we are so anxious to get that we let the work wait days and weeks for the sake of getting her services one day or two or three. There are a dozen or fifty women who would be glad to come at any time; but we do not want them, for the reason that this particular one is quick, apt, skilful, capable, and that she can do her work without oversight, and yet is sure to do it well. With others, there is required so much oversight that it is almost more labor to oversee them than to do the work itself. This illustrates what is true in all departments. Miss Emily

Faithfull, when visiting America, said that the great difficulty with the employment of women is that, when you ask them what they can do, the reply is, "Oh, almost anything!" and that means nothing. I was told by a gentleman who employs women that he had five hundred applications already ahead for positions; but, he said, four hundred and eighty of them he should not even look at.

There ought to be then schools for the training of women in all industrial pursuits, artisan work, art work, and thus by raising the grade of woman's work we should raise the grade of their wages. I believe this is the direction in which we are to look for hope for the working-women of America. Already, in Sweden, in France, in England, and even in Mexico, there are schools of this sort, where women are trained to do all kinds of work that come within the range of their physical capacity and mental skill; and such schools as these ought to be established here.

What else is there that can be done? Law can do something to better the conditions of women. Let us consider what it practically comes to. Take a woman who, after being sick for some weeks or being turned out of employment for a little while, gets into debt, provided she is fortunate enough to find some one that will trust her. She owes, say, twenty or twenty-five dollars: what can she do, when she gets employment again? The law permits her creditors to attach her earnings, so that these debts must first be paid before she can do anything beyond barely living. Think how much it means for a woman who can save by her work no more than ten or twelve dollars in a year to pay a debt of twenty-five dollars. It means more than it would for many a man to meet a debt of ten thousand dollars. The law allows a man who fails for fifty or a hundred thousand dollars to go into legal bankruptcy, and to use a part of his money until his affairs are settled. It provides for tiding him over, until he can get on his feet again. Cannot the law do something for the lower and poorer cases, that need it unspeakably more? There is no law for them at present, except that which tends

to oppress them and make it harder for them. If law is for anything in this world, it ought to be to help, protect, and lift up the poorest and the weakest among us all, those who are least able to take care of themselves.

Then why should not corporations be compelled to do this? It is common for the great corporations not to put all their earnings into dividends, but to lay aside a certain percentage in prosperous times, so that they can issue dividends when the hard times come. Why would it not be both practical and right to compel these corporations that employ a large number of poor women to lay aside in prosperous times a certain percentage, so that, if they fail, these also can share the benefits of a bankruptcy law, and thus be tided over their hard time and given an opportunity to get on their feet once more? In such directions as this, law can help, it seems to me.

Then law can be made more stringent, more careful in the way of protecting women from the temptations that threaten and hang about them on every hand. It can make unscrupulous and reckless men more responsible for the results of the dangers that they thrust in the way of these women. It seems to me an indication of the fact that laws have been made heretofore exclusively by men that so little has been done in this direction.

Now, at the close, let me address that large number of women to whom such necessities as these never come, and appeal to them to find the career for which they long in doing something for their sisters. There are thousands of women who have not the responsibility of a home, who see their brothers go out and make careers for themselves, who do not know what it is to want anything except employment, who suffer from the *ennui* of having nothing to do, who read the last novel, who keep the run of the serial stories in the magazines, who make a few calls, who go into society, but whose lives are lifted up and inspired by no purpose. They live without any thing that is grandly human. Their lives are aimless, floating, fluctuating. They lounge and wait for

something that never comes. Cannot such women as these find in the direction in which I have intimated careers to use their highest powers of brain, the noblest affections of their hearts, the skill of their hands, the employment of all the surplus money which is at their disposal? What nobler, better thing can they do than this?

Suppose you do not wish to vote; political life has no attraction for you; that whole side of the world repels you. Here, certainly, is a woman's field,—woman's work in aid of her sisters. Here, certainly, is employment fit, becoming, noble, true, womanly. Can you not then, with your time, your leisure, your money, study these great problems, see what new laws need to be enacted, and bring your influence to bear upon those who make the laws and create the law-makers? Write, publish, do something to bring the condition of these working sisters to the knowledge of the world. Humanity is not cruel. Humanity is not hard-hearted. The great cruelties of the world are perpetrated through sheer ignorance and forgetfulness. We go on our prosperous ways, unconscious that below the surface of that society in which we move and of which we are a part are these great struggling masses of our brothers and sisters fighting for life every year, and finding the fight hopeless, and going down through starvation, through suicide, through crime, into the black abyss that swallows up humanity's failures.

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The Transfiguration of Humanity.

THE old story of the origin and nature of man used to tell us that the first man was created perfect; that our race began its career in Eden; that man fell from his first estate and was thrust out of his original paradise; that, out of the great, lost masses of humanity, an elect few were chosen to illustrate the mercy and grace of God by a life of joy forever in his presence, while the great majority were left to their own devices, the issue of which was to be the expiation of their sins in an endless hell.

Modern science, however, has told us another story,— a story quite as wondrous as this, and unspeakably more hopeful. And, now, we are accustomed to find man's Eden in the jungle; and, instead of thinking of the first man as a little lower than the angels, we think of him as only a little higher than the brutes. We think of him as starting from this low beginning and, through long ages of experiment, of personal trial of this and that, climbing up slowly along the pathway of human progress, until he stands at the summit of modern civilization. And yet we do not think of him as having finished his career. Some of us, at any rate, choose to use those old and consecrated words, and to say, "Now are we sons of God"; but we are obliged to confess, when we have finished, that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The outcome can only be pictured by a fervent and inspired imagination.

Under the old scheme of things, the first, the fundamental question was as to the origin of evil; but, under the new scheme of things, the corresponding question is as to the origin of good. We are not left to wonder and perplex our-

selves over the problem how an infinitely wise and perfect God could make a perfect man, and then see his creation marred at the very outset, or to wonder why he permitted this invasion of his fair creation by the forms and forces of sin.

We are rather to study that more natural problem of man on the borders of the brute world, and to learn how, by natural processes, he unfolded all that is glorious, beautiful, prophetic in modern human nature.

In Paul's first letter to the Church in Corinth, he gave utterance in words, though he was speaking of another topic than ours to-day, to that which may well be taken as the underlying principle of all human life and human progress. He says, "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; afterward, that which is spiritual." This may fitly stand as a formula in which to express and sum up the principle of human evolution. Then, to use it for our own purpose and putting upon it our own interpretation, I wish to call your attention to the remarkable story of the transfiguration of Jesus. We need not disturb ourselves, this morning, by even raising, much less attempting to answer, the question as to whether this should be taken as a literal statement of fact. I wish rather to use it for its poetic, its illustrative significance; and I ask you to see there in that picture, which the gospel-writer has painted for us concerning one man, what has been true of the race. The gospel-writer pictures to you the inner, essential, spiritual glory of this man bursting through the outer, commonplace, weary temple of humanity, and shows that within him there was something higher, something deeper than that which goes by the name of ordinary. Like the sun bursting through a cloud, the essentially human, which is the essentially divine, makes itself seen in rays of light and glory. What is said to have occurred, as an isolated fact and in a brief period of time, in regard to Jesus, may be taken as an illustration of that which is universal concerning the race, and which is wrought out through the long

process of ages,—the transfiguration, not of one, but of the whole human race, the gradual unfolding, the outshining of the eternal, the essential, the deepest forces, the true, essential characteristics of humanity.

Go back however far we may, we are not able to reach the beginning of the history of our race. For, if we descend to the lowest discoverable level of barbarism and savagery, we are to remember that even there, as we look that brute-like man in the face, we are to think of a long reach of ages as back of him. He is not the beginning, the first: rather is he *en route*, far from the outset of his pilgrimage. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he is not at the beginning of his journey, but far on his way,—not finished yet, but looking forward, catching now and then a gleam of that city celestial which is to be seen only in the clarified vision of the highest and noblest souls.

We shall not be able then to go back to the beginning of human history any more than the highest civilization of the world to-day has attained the end. We see only a section, far from the outset, far also from the goal. But it seems necessary for the purpose that we have in hand to-day that we should be able imaginatively to picture something of what this transfiguration of humanity means; that we should draw, if we can, some clear-cut, vivid, though brief outline of man at the lowest estate as we know him compared with man at his highest and best as we know him.

I wish to ask your attention then, while I shall try in a few brief words to put two or three of these contrasts before your minds; and I do this that you may comprehend something of what this transfiguration has already been, that you may thus get more clearly a conception of the promise that leads onward into the unseen.

Take the first man that we know of, merely in his outward physical aspect, close to the borders of the animal world, like a brute in form, in aspect, in characteristics, showing himself as nearer of kin to the highest animal life than the highest and noblest man of to-day is to him. This man, helpless, uncult-

ured, with a lowly organized brain, no power of intellect, no development of morality, with untrained hands, toolless, weaponless, alone, having not discovered even the rudiments of the lowest, crudest civilization, without fire, without any of the means for controlling the forces of nature about him,— a man that we shrink from, and would almost be ready to deny our kinship with if we might,— there he stands at the beginning of the human race.

And what is he at the end? Need I stop to outline one faculty after another? Will it not be enough if I say Jesus; if I pronounce the name of one like Shakspere; if I recall to your mind a Newton, leaving this earth and dwelling among the stars; if I recall a name like Darwin, like Herbert Spencer; if I mention those great in intellect, great in character, great in sympathy, great in love, great in self-sacrificing devotion to truth in the interests of their fellow-men? Such a gulf as this has individual man passed over from the beginning, from the twilight dawn of human history until to-day.

Then glance at the contrast between the primeval home and the home of the modern world. What was then the starting-point? A cave, a mere shelter beneath an overhanging rock, a mere rude hut hardly up to the level of the architecture that is displayed by the beaver, unspeakably beneath the work of the ant and the bee; empty, containing nothing to minister to any higher sense or finer human faculty, only a place of shelter from rain and snow, in which he could not make himself comfortable by any artificial means. It was hardly more than a den, the cave of a wild beast; many a time perhaps — when he had gained strength and cunning enough — the very cave or den itself of which he had dispossessed its former inhabitants. Contrast with that the modern home such as all of us are accustomed to enjoy. Not only its architecture, its beauty, but think of how much it means, how much of that which man has unfolded from his own essential internal nature he has embodied in what we are accustomed to cover by that one simple word

"home," — comfort, ease, beauty, peace, refuge, friendship, joy, love, literature, art, everything that man has devised to minister to the highest developed faculties of his being. Consider the contrast, the measureless distance traversed between the cave and the home.

Then, to single out one or two of the essential elements of the home, think what a range has been traversed by human art! At first, only a rude attempt at personal adornment growing out of pure selfishness and pride, or the faintest attempt at display, with no beauty, with nothing in it which is not revolting to the taste of the modern man. And then picture to yourself the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis of Athens, as an illustration of the world's architecture, the magnificent churches and cathedrals dotting all Europe, the picture galleries and statuary and all the thousand ways through which man has given expression to the growing sense of beauty, this reaching out after the ineffable, the ideal; this giving expression to thoughts, feelings, emotions that the primitive man was not only utterly incapable of expressing, but of the very existence of which he had never dreamed. What a gulf is here between the savage daubed with colored soils and the Apollo Belvidere and the Parthenon!

Then consider the literary gulf that has been passed over. The primeval man with hardly a language developed, only a few simple sounds through which he attempted to express the few, primitive wants of his own selfish bestial being, and then conceive of the discovery of the alphabet, of movable type, of the whole outflowering of the modern world, the literature of Greece, of Rome, of Modern Italy and France and Germany and England and America. What an evolution of thought is here!

Then consider this contrast in regard to the development of thought covered by the word "society." The development of human sentiment and feeling was at first the purely selfish bestial feeling that hungers after personal animal gratification, and nothing more; but through age-long proc-

esses, out of this emotion purely selfish, that sought only animal gratifications, having no high human ideal, no love for his fellows, no regard for human love, no thought of the sacredness of humanity, no aspiration after human welfare,—from these lowly beginnings there have been developed all the patriotism, all the philanthropy, all the noble devotion and sentiment of kinship and brotherhood that enables us to put so much meaning into the simple opening words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father,"—the emphasis on the word "our,"—a sense of brotherhood. Through what strange ways has this development led!

Then just one more illustration, and this to call your attention to the difference between the early man's religion and the religion of to-day; for I suppose it is true that there has never been a man on the face of the earth so low that he has not had at least the first beginnings in his nature and life of that which we call religion to-day. And what was this religion? Only an abject fear, a cringing selfishness standing terrified in the presence of numberless forces that he could not comprehend, and that he knew no way of controlling; and he made tentative efforts this way and that to find out how he might buy these powers into at least letting him alone. He had no thought of kinship with them, of coming into communion with them, of loving them, of adoration, or aspiration toward their higher nature, only a selfish instinct of escape from threatened danger. Then think of what is covered by those words of Jesus so familiar that they are worn trite, and yet so profound that the race will never be able to exhaust their meaning: "God is spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Thus man entered into that worship which has lost all fear, which has lost the cringing selfish desire for merely personal benefit, and the root of which is admiration, that is lifted up in the presence of the thought of the beautiful, exalted by the feeling of the universal goodness, desiring no selfish salvation, but seeking rather the eternal welfare of the race.

I have attempted in this brief outline to give you something like an adequate picture of man at the beginning, and man as we have known him, the result of our experience. As I have already said, we are not to consider that this process is complete. Only a very small part of this world is as yet what we can properly call civilized; and it is my opinion that the highest civilization of to-day will be looked back upon by our happier descendants as only a higher type of barbarism; and I believe that they will outrun us in external civilization and in intellectual and moral and spiritual development, and that they will seem as high above us as we seem to-day above those whom we think of as at least close to the beginning of human history.

Such, then, in the past has been the transfiguration of humanity. And now I want to call your especial attention to that which is the central meaning of this process, that which lies at the heart of it.

What has humanity been doing all this while? I do not believe, for one, in that theory which teaches us that all the good which has come to man has come to him from without, — has been poured into him from some external source, has descended from some supernatural sphere. I believe rather that it is the Divine which was at the beginning — the Divine at the root of human life — which has permeated all its progress, which has lifted it up, which has characterized its every step, and which has unfolded itself in every new, higher, and finer development of the race. It is not the God outside us sitting in some far-off sphere, but it is God within us, the Divine in the heart and soul of the race, lifting us up and working out the finer outflowering of human culture. It is not some external force simply, which, from the bulb buried in the dark mud at the bottom of the pond, slowly lifts it up and pushes it out of the slime to seek the sunlight at the surface, and unfold the delicate petals, till the white water lily exhales its exquisite fragrance: it is the power, the sacred, mystic power of life, which is at the heart of all, that grows and gradually unfolds. I believe, then, that this

has been a purely natural process; and yet I do not believe in any nature apart from that which seems to me Divine. It is the Divine which is back of and beneath it, and which manifests itself all through. It is the God in us working out more and more of beauty and development age after age.

I wish now to emphasize this, and illustrate the method by which this progress and transfiguration have taken place. I wish to call your attention to the origin of all the goodness, not the origin of the evil, in the world.

The world started crude; and all the good and beauty have come, not as the result of something had at the beginning, lost and recovered again, but something which has been slowly growing age by age. In developing this thought which I have in mind, I wish to touch the great problem of what science calls the egoistic and the altruistic emotions of men,—what we call the selfish and the unselfish instincts and passions of the race; and I wish to do what I can to redeem from what seems to me unmerited obloquy these selfish instincts and emotions.

Let me then outline for you the steps of some of the processes of which I have spoken, that you may see how it is that selfishness is a bulb that is capable of unfolding unselfishness as the flower; that you may see that selfishness and unselfishness are not antagonistic forces in the old sense of the word, one of them purely evil and the other purely good, one of them fighting against the other to overcome it. In these processes of which I speak, man has shown that one is the very root of all life, and that the other is the development of its finer essential nature.

Consider then, the primitive man. He is simply an animal with a little more highly developed brain than his fellow-animals, that has learned to stand on his feet and use his forefeet as hands. What are the impulses that move him at the beginning of his existence? Necessarily, they are purely selfish impulses. He starts out on the long career, which has resulted in human civilization, simply under the impulse of two or three primitive greeds or hungers. He is hungry

for bread, for food, and must seek it wherever he may. He hungers under the impulse of that great primitive passion which has bound the race up in families and out of which has been developed the highest, finest, and sweetest civilization of the world. He is driven on by purely selfish instincts and impulses. At the first, he has no care for any other being and has no thought of good to be conferred. He is simply an embodied appetite, and is seeking his personal gratification. But, in taking the first step which he must take to gratify his own primitive hunger, he takes that step which all men take in common with all other forms of life. He gives something of his own physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life to become the germ of the child-life that shall develop into his own likeness. It is at first a selfish impulse; but, in the gratification of it, he of necessity prophesies all the noblest, grandest, and highest self-sacrifice of the world. He gives a part of his very life simply in seeking his own personal gratification; and, when the child is born, he is selfish still. He thinks it is my child, a part of me, although an independent existence; and he loves the mother and the child, because they belong to him and are his own.

But here comes the development, along with this selfish love, of the first simple germ of sympathy. He sees that his wife and child are capable of suffering; and he begins to feel along with them, and is touched with tears or with a pain aching dully at his heart.

Let us take another step. Man has gone out of himself under the impulse of pure selfishness into the family; and, in order to do so, he has sacrificed part of his very life, and developed the first germs of sympathy. By and by, this family life broadens; and we find the tribe and the man at the head of it. The tribe is made up of people united together by what they suppose to be blood relationship. kinship; and the man now finds himself caring for all the members of that particular tribe. He may hate everybody beyond it, probably he does. He may look upon them as

rivals or enemies; but he cares for the members of his own tribe,— selfish still. He says, "It is *my* tribe." He has found it for his own welfare, for his own protection from wild beasts and from cold, that the tribe should be strong, So he cares for the tribe. By and by, the tribe broadens, till we find the ancient city. Take as an illustration the crowning city of Greece, Athens. Even a Plato could commend his fellow Athenians because they hated everybody that did not live in Athens just as cordially as they loved everybody that did. The bonds of sympathy were wide enough to include in their circuit all Athenians; but there was no sympathy for any one outside. They were all barbarians. Then we see how this sympathy, under the impulse of this primeval selfishness, broadens until it included in its orbit still larger numbers of people. The city becomes a nation; and we have, for example, a people like that of modern England. Then, for the first time, patriotism in its broader sense has begun. The Englishman cares for the rights and welfare of every man that has the right to the protection of the English flag. He may consider it a virtue to hate a Frenchman; he may not care whether the rights of the French are intruded upon in some far-off land or not; but, if English citizenship is invaded in China, in India, in Central Africa, in the islands of the Southern Sea, all his patriotism is aflame. What does it mean? It means selfishness still. It means "I, as an Englishman, may some time be in China, in Central Africa, or in the islands of the Southern Sea, and my rights may be infringed, unless I, as one member of the great country of England, stand up for the rights of all English citizens." And so, perforce, springing out of this root of self-regard, there comes this wide-spread patriotism, broad as the country to which it belongs.

Another step is taken, and we begin to see the dawn of which there was a little streak in the east even thousands of years ago,— a feeling like that which the old Latin poet expresses when he says, "I am a man, and nothing that con-

eerns humanity is foreign to me"; a sentiment that Jesus and others of the great religious leaders of the world have given utterance to, a loving regard for the people of all nations dwelling under the whole heaven upon any part of the earth. This is selfish still. We see in these other men only duplicates of ourselves; and, as the result of the long experience of civilization, we have begun to wake up to the fact that the welfare of America is bound up with the welfare of England, and that the welfare of America and England is in the same boat with the welfare of France and Germany and Italy, and even the most distant and barbarous nations of the world. We are beginning to understand, as the result of human experience, and, as eternally humanly and divinely true, that the welfare of one is bound up with the welfare of all, and that the welfare of all can only be attained through the welfare of each. This, then, is the sentiment of humanity; and it is developed by purely natural processes.

This sentiment of sympathy which has been developed is extending beyond the limits of humanity; and we are beginning to put our arms around every sentient being, and to despise as barbaric the sentiment which disregards the happiness and welfare of any creature capable of feeling pain or joy. Not only this, but there is another marvellous development in this modern world, and almost exclusively modern, too; and that is a sentiment of sympathy for even inanimate nature itself, so that we can hardly be persuaded that nature all through does not feel. I am not so sure that it is not true. I am inclined to believe that this whole universe is alive, and that, when we, with our poetic figures of speech, talk about our kinship with the mountains or sympathy with the sea, we are expressing a truth so deep and so high that we are only beginning dimly to comprehend it. There is a magnificent truth underlying those simple but profound words of Bryant, where he says: —

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

She talks to our hearts; and we call it poetry. She talks to our brains; and we call it science. She talks to our souls; and we call it religion. And I believe that, at the heart of poetry and science and religion, there is the one universal God.

I trust, then, that I have made plain what seems a profound and very important truth: that there is no necessary antagonism between the self-regarding instincts of the race and the highest and grandest unselfish devotion; but that out of this selfish root has developed and flowered all this which is best. I see no necessary antagonism between Jesus on the cross, the martyr with the flame kindled about his crackling flesh, as he stands firmly by his truth, and this primitive, crude, brutal, selfish man. He is the root, and these are the blossoms; and they have come through the natural, divine growth of this strange, human, Godlike nature of ours.

What, then, as we look toward the future? The future development of the race must be in the same line and in accordance with the same principles. What is the relationship that ought to subsist between the selfish and unselfish instincts and motives of the human heart and life? A great many people speak of themselves as selfish, when they only desire those things that they regard as good for themselves. That is not selfish, in the evil sense of the word. A man is selfish, in that sense which is to be condemned, only when he is willing to take his own personal gratifications and benefits at the expense of the well-being of others. That other instinct which seeks all the good in the world is no more evil than is the instinct of the plant which seeks the dew and the sun. What, then, is the relation between these two qualities?

It seems to me it is this. We have already seen that the selfish instinct, the self-regarding impulse, was first in order of time; and, of course, it was also first in order of importance. If it had not been dominant, the human race would have become extinct. I am ready to say that it is first to-day,

not only in logical order, but also in order of importance. For you and I and all men must first seek our own lives, our own development, our own food, clothing, cultivation of mind, development of heart, sympathy, and religious impulses. We must seek these things first, as the very condition of unselfishness: for how can I give, unless first *I am and have?* How can I give money, food, clothing, intelligence, the influence of a good life, morality, religion, unless I first possess them?

Along with that, we have to learn the lesson of all history, and that the race is coming more and more to recognize,—that the end and highest object of these possessions is that we may share in common; and that we cannot possess, in the highest, noblest, and truest sense of the word, except through the process of bestowal; so that the two forces are at work continuously and in perfect harmony.

Had I time, I could show you that, in order to become intelligent, to acquire wealth and character, to attain anything that is good, I must join hands with my fellows, help them and let them help me. Thus, through this process of social life, this interchange of giving and taking, each individual and the whole human race is developed to the utmost degree possible.

Thus, then, man started a selfish animal; and, through the relation which he has sustained to the woman and the child, through the building of the home and the organization of society and the establishment of government, and by all the experiences that make up what we call human life, man has come to learn the lesson that this is one age-long, natural process of development, inspired and guided by that power which is at the heart of all, which is the life of all, and which religion calls God. And, when this process is completed, the vision of Tennyson shall be realized,—

"Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

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Encouragement for the Discouraged.

BY REV. F. B. HORNBROOKE.

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Encouragement for the Discouraged.

And he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.—I. KINGS xix., 4.

NO TWO men are more unlike than the same man may be in different moods or under different circumstances. So far do men manifest the most opposite traits that it is hard to think of them as belonging to the same person. Think of David waging merciless war or degrading himself by criminal action, and David writing, "The Lord is my shepherd." Think of the wilful and often wicked course of life of Byron, and Byron composing the most elevated passages of "Childe Harold." Contrast the sensuality of Burns with the "Cotter's Saturday Night." These are instances of variation between word and deed. But the contradiction of men's heroic deeds by weak ones is no uncommon or unheard-of thing. The bravery of to-day is belied by the cowardice of to-morrow. The heroism, almost divine in the trying moment, is often found in one whose ordinary life has been full of weakness and unfaithfulness. The physician, to whom years of experience have given an unshrinking heart and an unyielding hand, finds both failing him when some one most dear demands his care. From time to time, we are startled by deeds of unkindness and wrong from those usually kind and true, as well as by deeds worthy all praise for the pure and tender feeling and the self-sacrificing disposition they manifest from those the general tenor of whose life would seem to make such acts impossible. Again and again we ask, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

only to find an affirmative answer to our mocking inquiry. The inconsistencies of human nature belie our predictions, and the manifold possibilities of the human heart defy our calculations.

Who would ever have dreamed of a man like Elijah, a man so self-reliant, a man so sufficient to himself, a man who cared so little for the help of brotherly voices, a man whose sense of right and whose long conflict with wrong had endowed with a sublime force of character, a man whose soul the power of God had lifted above the common frailties and desires of men,— who would have dreamed that such a man would be the one to sit down in the desert, and say, in tones of despair, "It is enough: now, O Lord, take my life; for I am not better than my fathers." Such an inconsistency in the life of Elijah makes us ask, What can have produced such a feeling of discouragement? To answer that question, we must see what had gone before.

In his long contest with the worship of Baal, he had finally won a signal victory. He had proposed to Ahab, who, influenced by his Sidonian wife, had introduced the worship of Baal, that the power of Jehovah and Baal should be tested. Let us see who is God, and then let us all serve him. And Ahab had consented. The fire which refused to descend upon the altars of Baal, while his priests implored him with frantic voices and bleeding bodies, came at once at the voice of the prophet of Jehovah, and, to use the graphic language of the legend, "licked up the water that was in the trench." Then the people cried, Jehovah he is the God. And then Elijah thought his life work was done. No more bitter conflicts, no more weary watching and waiting for the final victory. The people were on the side of Jehovah, the king had witnessed his power, and his work was completed. The battle had been fought, and the victory won. That was only yesterday. To-day comes the message from the queen, threatening his life; and he is a fugitive from his native land. And then, as in his flight, he doubtless experienced a total revulsion of feeling. Instead of the promise of final tri-

umph, he could now see only total defeat. His last great work on Mount Carmel had done no good. Nobody was with him. He alone was left of Jehovah's followers; and, what was still worse, God himself seemed to have deserted his cause. No wonder he cries out, "It is enough, let me die." No more impressive picture of a discouraged soul was ever painted. It is all the more sad, because it is the discouragement of a manly, heroic soul, who has used all his force of body and soul in doing battle for a worthy cause. There are some people who are never discouraged, because they never try to do anything. There are others who are discouraged, because some personal gratification is denied them. Of these, the former are beyond, the other unworthy of, our compassion. But as for the old prophet, as he stands there in the desert, desolateness about him, desolateness within, we cannot regard him without emotion. It is the spectacle of an heroic soul mourning over the loss of a great cause, to which it had devoted all its power. I am sure we feel as if we wanted to draw near to him, and to speak some word of comfort; as if we wanted to tell him that one heart was beating in sympathy with his. But the old prophet is gone, and is beyond our help. It remains for us to comfort those who need comfort and encouragement as much now as he did then. And we can do this even while we keep in view the experience of Elijah. For his discouragement, I think, comes from the same sources as ours, and can be met by the same counsels.

Elijah was troubled because so little came out of one event. It seemed as if one decisive affair ought to have settled the whole matter. If he had considered more deeply, he would have understood that it is by slow degrees, and not by sudden leaps, that the world moves. Human nature is not to be changed in a moment by even the most striking event. Jezebel, with her traditional ideas of religion, could not be taught by one deed that the worship of Baal, taught by a mother who loved her, and impressed upon her nature by all the surroundings of her earlier years, was

an unblest worship. Nothing that we can conceive of could have rendered Ahab more firm and steady in his course. It is impossible to make steel out of wax, and the prophet should have known that abiding convictions are not the fruit of exciting moments.

Of course, very little was done, perhaps almost nothing; but that arose out of the necessity of the case, out of the fact that man is what he is. To have gained a hearing, to have impressed a lesson which the long years, in some hearts, would succeed in unfolding, was not that all he should have anticipated? It is easy enough to see how true all this is in his case; but does it not also show us that our own discouragements often have as little foundation, when we think calmly about the reason of them, as we can about the reasons for Elijah's discouragements? We get tired, because we do not have immediate returns for our labor. As one preaches, it sometimes seems as if some results must at once be evident. But the momentary emotion dies away, and no answer comes. Weaker than Elijah, the despondency of the preacher steals over him; and, then, he has to learn that it is little by little that impressions on the heart make themselves felt. A voice says, Patience, thou must wait. The teacher has a lesson to give his scholars. It is a lesson which, when learned, will make their lives worth living, strong, helpful, pure. It excites interest for the hour, and nothing more is heard of it. Sadly, the teacher thinks it over, and imagines it was all lost. When he learns how slowly thought forms itself into character, how the maxim, glibly repeated and then forgotten in youth, often becomes the guiding light of later years, he will not be disheartened nor deem his labor vain. It is enough for us, whether we strive to raise others to a higher plane of thought and action, or whether we are struggling to make our own lives complete, if we have opportunities to give the right direction to others, if we can take one step in the way toward the higher life. Think of what you do as all that needs to be done, and you will at once give up in despair. No single blow wins the

battle. No single breeze brings the vessel to the shore. Think of what you do as one of the agencies by which, at last, God's kingdom will come; and you will have the assurance of victory always with you. Discouragement comes from thinking all is to be done to-day. Encouragement comes from knowing that the deed performed to-day will have its share in winning the victory for truth and right on the morrow. I am no better than my fathers, cries the despairing prophet. But that was enough. It was because each one of the great souls in the history of Israel, in his day, had done something to aid the onward movement of the national life that they were great. No one of them had finished his task. It was enough to have given others an impulse to carry it on. Moses had revealed the moral law. He had never seen it fully obeyed. He led Israel to the verge of the promised land. He never entered in. Joshua had said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." But his example, effective for a time, had been followed by the worship of other gods. Samuel had labored with saintly zeal for forty years, only to die with the sense of apparent failure. But Israel had become what it was, and Elijah was the man he was, because these had labored before him. He, like them, was to be content, if he laid one stone in the temple of God, if, in coming years, men were a little more faithful to God and helpful to men because of what he had tried to do. And the lesson comes to our discouraged hearts. We, too, cry in our disappointment at the little we have done. We speak, and it seems as if no soul heard our voices. We work for a higher moral purpose, for the purification of public life, for the amelioration of human conditions; and when, at the close, we look around us and see what we have done, it hardly appears worth the labor and pains. And we are discouraged, and imagine we might as well have let things take their course, until we view our work as a continuation of the labors of those who, we can now see, though they failed to see it, have made the world better. No better than thy fathers,

do you say? Well, do your duty as they did theirs; and, in coming time, you, too, will be a factor in the moral and spiritual development of the race.

There was another cause for the discouragement of Elijah, —in some respects the same, yet somewhat different from the cause just noticed. He was expecting that everything would be done at once. To this was naturally added a second cause of discouragement. He supposed that, if the means by which he proposed the triumph of Jehovah failed, that the cause itself would be lost. He identified the failure of his purpose with the failure of God to accomplish his ends. And it seems to me that it is this that we are doing all the time; and, therefore, we are always in a state of perplexity and discouragement.

We are interested in some great cause. We believe, and rightly, that the success of that cause will advance the divine purpose. And we form our plans and devise schemes to make it triumph. And, then, after long years of hardest toil, all our plans fail; and the object of our striving seems lost. And we despair, and want to die. The religious teacher forms his system of divine things, and works for it with utter self-abnegation. The moralist or philanthropist sees, as he thinks, the ways toward individual and social improvement. The statesman devises his schemes for the nation's highest welfare. Parents have the course of action which their children ought to pursue clearly defined. But the system of the theologian fails in drawing to itself the thoughts and feelings of the great masses. The means of social and moral improvement are rejected with derision, or, what is worse, are received with apathetic indifference. The schemes of the statesman do not find acceptance. The parents find that their children are determined to pursue courses of action very different from the ones they would approve. And, for this reason, the world is full of discouraged people, and there is such a depressing atmosphere wherever we go. It would greatly lessen our doubts and fears, if we considered that it very often happens that, while

our plans and our means fail, the things for which we are contending do not fail. Elijah's work on Carmel failed. The cause of Jehovah in the succeeding years of the national history triumphed. Puritanism seemed to fail, when the Stuarts were restored to the throne of England. We can see, now, it was the beginning of a truer success. The Cambridge divines of the seventeenth century were almost unheard amid the cries of one-sided zealots. To-day, the Church heeds their lessons; and we can see that it is better their teaching should be heard now than then. Slavery triumphed in our country in 1856. Who fails to see that the delay of the triumph of freedom was providential?

Very often, the failure of the child to walk in the way marked out by the parent is the means of its truest development and success. Our purposes and the best results are not always one and the same. Indeed, we can often perceive how the success of our plans might have led to the ultimate failure of our cause. Instead of being discouraged because these so often fail, we ought rather to rejoice at the fact that God "fulfils himself in many different ways," that the compass of His thought is infinitely wider than ours, and that his final triumph includes our temporary failures and defeats. God does not fail because my plan fails. He succeeds by means of my failure. Thanks be to Him that, while our short-sighted schemes do not find favorable issue, our earnest purpose and sincerity of heart never go without their all-sufficient reward. We shall have perpetual joy, when we recognize the truth that it is not our comprehension of the divine thought and the modes of its operation, but the alliance of our hearts with the eternal purpose, "making for righteousness," that gives us the hope of ultimate victory.

And still another cause of Elijah's discouragement was the feeling that nobody was with him. "I, only I, am left!" I do not wonder that his heart sank within him; for what experience can be sadder than the consciousness that no one responds to the cry of our soul? No man is strong enough

to bear that long. As human beings, we are strengthened by the presence of those who share our burden; and our truth becomes more real to us, when we hear it uttered by the lips of another. The strongest falter, when they try to stand alone. Even one so self-centred as Paul cries out at the absence of so many of his friends, and says, "Only Luke is with me." But, to Elijah, no one was left. He thought, no doubt, as he looked over Israel, that not one soul cared for him or his message. The author who has written a book, the "life blood of his spirit," which no one reads; the preacher who speaks out of his inmost heart, and hears no response; the one who, when he spoke of that which was nearest to him, and so longed to have another share it with him, and has been met by silence,— can understand something of that desolateness which filled the heart of the prophet. But, after all, he was mistaken in supposing he was alone. Seven thousand in Israel had not bowed the knee to Baal. And what was true of him is true in the experience of us all. No one is really left alone. Our loneliness is only apparent; and, now and then, as we are depressed by the notion that no one shares our thought, we are made aware of our mistake. Now, it is the book we read, which tells us how our thought has been in the heart of the writer. Who has not felt a great burden rolled off his heart, when something in which he believed himself to be standing all alone has flashed upon him from the page, written by one sundered by miles of distance and centuries of time? There, we say, is some one who is with us. Thank God, we are not alone.

And, again, we find in conversation with another the same sentiment expressed which we had begun to think was unfelt by any one save ourselves. What a great joy it is to find it so! What courage and strength and hope it gives only they who have had the experience of soul loneliness can realize. But, even if no one speaks, we may well take it for granted that one person never had a thought or sentiment or aspiration which was not to some extent felt by some one. For

we have essentially the same bodily constitution, the same sky is over us, the same earth beneath us, the same events of history are told us, the same great teachings have found entrance, and the same general experience has thrown its light upon them. So, when some great thought possesses us, we may be sure that others have it also. We may be sure that seven thousand are true to the light that is in our souls. Let us be encouraged; for, even when others seem not to be with us, they actually are in full sympathy with our deepest thought.

But it is hard to realize this. It is, after all, only an abstract comfort. People want something more palpable than the idea that it is certain that others feel and think with them. They want some one to tell them so. That was what Elijah wanted in his day. Thousands were with him; and yet he did not know there was one, and his heart was almost breaking for want of that knowledge. Why couldn't one of that number have told him the news that would have given him fresh courage? I suppose they thought that he must know, of course. It is just this assumption that is taking the strength out of, and throwing sadness over, so many hearts to-day. We say, Of course others know how much we sympathize with their efforts, of course they know we love them; and all the time they are losing courage because they do not know it, feeling sad-hearted because no one seems to care, and we give them no sign of the feeling that is in our hearts. It was the duty of the people in the prophet's day to have let the prophet know. Is it not our duty to-day to let those around us know that they are not bearing their burdens alone? There are no angels to carry the message: let us carry it ourselves. But I suppose the thing that discouraged Elijah most was the feeling that God had abandoned the world. He looked over Israel, and it was covered with idolatrous shrines. The king, weakly yielding to the advice of his imperious queen, was using all the instruments of his power to crush the worship of Jehovah. It goes without saying that all the court and all the fashionable circles were

in favor of Baal: king, court, army, the masses of the people, worshipped at his shrine. The great busy world had forgotten all about Jehovah. He had gone out of fashion, and so out of mind. It is no wonder that his cause seemed lost. But God taught Elijah that it is not on the surface nor in the great and striking events of history that He is doing his most effective work. The earthquake and the tempest and the fire pass before the prophet, but in none does God dwell. He comes in the still, small voice which only the listening ear can hear.

It has often seemed as if God had left this world. The tendencies of thought against Him have triumphed. Fashionable circles have forgotten Him; and, in the great events of the day, his presence has been ignored. The revolutions that upheave the social structure have not manifested him. The storms that from time to time sweep over the world have not been conscious of his agency. But, when earthquake and storm and fire have done their work, the voice of the Lord is heard by waiting and attentive souls. My friends, it is no new thing for men to imagine, either with feelings of hope or fear, that the power of God is gone, because it is not revealed in conspicuous places, where all can see, or in striking events, so that all can realize that he is still working. History confirms the lesson which the scene in the narrative presents. God is not absent, because he is invisible. Even while men imagine he is not here, he is working silently, yet irresistibly. Lucretius thought he had exiled God; but, in less than a century after he had written, the still, small voice was speaking to men in the Catacombs, who were inspired by that voice to re-establish his throne. Brutal force seemed in the ascendency, when Goth and Vandal, Lombard and Hun, contended for mastery on the once fertile fields of Europe. But brutal force had its day, and spiritual power remained the victor. To the superficial view, it would have appeared as if in England, in the last century, religion had lost all its former power. So prevalent had the irreligion of thinking men and the higher circles

become that Bishop Butler wrote his *Analogy* simply to gain a respectful hearing for Christianity. But, even while he wrote, the still, small voice that spoke in the heart of Susannah Wesley was preparing the greatest spiritual movement of recent times. When we grow discouraged, let us think of these things. Let us recognize the operation of that divine force which is often preparing for higher manifestations of itself, when it seems farthest away. Religious minds in our day very often grow discouraged. Materialism in philosophy seems in the ascendent; and, what is worse, materialism in life, by which I mean that form of living in which there is the recognition of no spiritual element, seems dominant. Beliefs once potent have lost their power. The throngs on the sidewalks far outnumber those in the churches. The impress of the spiritual life is not visible in the actions of society or government. And we sometimes imagine that, in an age of transition, we are passing altogether away from faith in spiritual realities. Passing away from many forms in which this faith has manifested itself, undoubtedly we are. So also are we passing from some of its imagined supports; but the history of the world in its larger cycles teaches that it passes not from faith to doubt, but from faith to larger faith. The life of God in the soul of man is the gulf-stream running through the ocean of human thought. The waves on its surface may hide, but they cannot retard its movement. Religion is the abiding element in the nature of man.

So, as we stand with the prophet, we see, while there is much to discourage, our discouragement passes away with the larger and deeper vision of life. We are not here to do all: we are only here to do our duty, and by our example to give truer direction to the future. We do not fail when our plans and purposes do not succeed. Such defeats are often the preludes to God's final victory. We are not alone in our thoughts and aspirations. For he who thinks deeply and aspires highly shall always have, by that very fact, right royal fellowship. God may not be present always in the noisy cries and dominant tendencies of the times. He is

ever present to the soul that is striving to know him. Other purposes are temporal. His is eternal

As I read the words of the old prophet, "It is enough," I am reminded, as doubtless you are, of those other words uttered by Jesus, as he hung upon the cross, "It is finished." In form, the two expressions are almost one: in the spirit that underlies them, they have nothing in common. Elijah's words are in the tone of one who feels that all that can be done has been done, and nothing further is to be hoped for. Jesus' reveal the spirit of one who, in spite of present disaster, in spite of the desertion of friends, in spite of the apparent withdrawal of the divine presence, felt that all he had done was all that God wanted him to do, and, having done that, he was content to wait until men should learn the lesson of his cross, and be drawn unto him; content to wait until in God's own time he should "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

Be it ours to live, not in the spirit of Elijah, asking that we may give up the weary contest we are waging, but in the spirit of Jesus, saying, "It is finished," and gladly commending what we have been and done and tried to do into the hands of our Father.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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MAGIC AND LAW.

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MAGIC AND LAW.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi., 7.

LAURENCE STERNE, the classical English romance writer and humorist, was also a preacher, though an eccentric and not specially reverent one. The story goes that, having read as his text one morning the words, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," he startled his hearers by beginning with the blunt assertion, "I deny that." Whether or not Sterne was justified in such a statement we need not now discuss. But if I read over again my text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and then declare, You deny that, I think I shall not be far from the truth. For there is not one in a thousand of us who does not deny it every year of our lives. In matters of health, in the training of our children, concerning our intellectual attainments, our social positions, our financial losses and gains, in regard to almost all the practical affairs of life, we are perpetually wondering that this law holds good. We are astonished that something does not grow; and yet, as we stop and reflect upon it, we are obliged to confess that the appropriate seed has never been planted. Or, on the other hand, we are astonished at certain results, when, as we stop and think about it, we are obliged to confess that we have been industriously at work planting the seeds for the production of just those results for years. We wonder that certain things do not happen; and yet we have never done the things necessary to make them happen. We wonder that certain other things do happen; and yet we have been doing all we could to make them come to pass. In other words, we are constantly finding ourselves surprised because whatso-

ever a man soweth that he also reaps. And yet, if any one in formal terms should deny the principle, we should call him a fool or insane. Mrs. Whitney sings,—

> "God does not send strange flowers every year:
> When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
> The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;
> The violet is here."

Of course. What else should be here? Where violets grew last year, where they dropped their seeds, where their roots lived all winter, snugly tucked in through the long, cold days and nights by the kindly coverlet of snow, we expect to see again the old familiar faces. We should be naturally astonished to see anything else. As we watch the green spears of grass thrusting their keen blades through the sod in the first sheltered sunny spots, and then, with their serried ranks marching across the parks and squares, we never think of doubting that they came from seeds wind-sown the previous year. When the water-lily floats on the surface of a pond, we never question that there is a bulb in the dark soil at the bottom. We recognize the force of Jesus' question, when he asks, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" In short, we never dream of doubting the force or universality of this law so far as what we technically call "the natural world" is concerned. But the minute we come up into the world of human forces and affairs, we think and talk and act as if the action of this law had ceased. We smile at the story in *The Arabian Nights* of the man who says "Open Sesame," and sees the mountain side open; or of him who rubs the lamp, and has all his wishes realized; or of the magic carpet that transports its owner with the rapidity of thought. And yet we expect events for which no adequate preparation has been made; and we are surprised at other events that we have been really making necessary as the natural results of things we have done. In other words, we are not yet sufficiently civilized to have outgrown a theory of human life that is essentially magical. For a magical world

is nothing more nor less than one in which the law of cause and effect is not recognized as the method of its rule. The essence of magic is this: it is where a certain thing is supposed to happen as the result of some other thing, when, all the while, there is no natural or necessary connection between the two things, so that one can be looked upon as the cause of the other. The magician on the stage calls out, "Presto, change!" and the ball which you saw him put under one cup is found to be under another. Of course, you know it is all a clever trick, and that his saying over his magic formula has nothing whatever to do with the movements of the ball. And yet, in the gravest affairs of life, in business, in society, in politics, in religion, men, who ought to know better, have still an almost unlimited faith in the solemn utterance of the prescribed "Presto." Magic reigns almost supreme still in the popular religion. Priestly jugglery, like the putting a little water or oil on the forehead of a child or of a dying old man, is still supposed, like "Open Sesame," to fling wide the golden gates of the celestial city. But the juggler theory of life is by no means confined to religion; nor have the old traditional churches any exclusive monopoly of it. And yet it is doubtless from the religious theories of the past that we have chiefly inherited it. And, since religion used to cover and include the whole of life, it lingers still in those departments that we now call secular.

That you may see how naturally we come by it, I wish to call your attention to a few phases of the Biblical teaching that bear upon it.

The Jews believed that, whatever else he might be, Jehovah was peculiarly their national god. As they supposed, he had commanded them to do certain things. And attached to their disobedience or obedience were certain arbitrary threats and promises. He was their king. Now, a king may say, Do thus and thus; and I will do so and so. There is no necessary connection between the people's acts and the king's punishments or rewards. It is simply a matter of the king's will. Now, their heavenly king made them no

clear revelation of any future life. His supposed threats and promises were, in the main, confined to this world. He said, Do as I say, and I will give you long life, many children, wealth, and social position. Or, if you are disobedient, you shall suffer the deprivation of these. Note the history of Job as illustrating this. As a reward for his constancy, his later life was crowned with all worldly prosperity. So one of the psalm writers says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." He must have had a peculiar experience or else he had not been a very careful observer. I have been young and am not yet old, and yet I have many times seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread. And I have learned enough to know that this particular psalmist's theory of life is a very shallow one. A man's righteousness, in the ecclesiastical sense of that term, his goodness, as the Church ordinarily uses the word, may have nothing whatever to do with daily bread. A Vanderbilt, on the one hand, and a sick and starving widow, working herself to death to get bread for her fatherless children, on the other, are enough to settle that theory forever.

This same theory the Jews applied also to their national life; and it had more than all things else to do with their downfall. They found that the Levitical ritual and the sacrifices in the temple were not very effective weapons against the Roman legions.

Let us now take one or two illustrations from the New Testament.

You will remember that, concerning the blind man whom Jesus is said to have healed, the disciples asked, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It did not occur to them to look for any natural cause. Somebody had sinned, and this was God's judgment. Among barbarous tribes in the past, such a thing as natural death has rarely been recognized. "Who bewitched him?" is the question. Somebody has put him to death by magical arts, it was supposed. The early Christians had not out-

grown such ideas. But Jesus is once represented as having taught a more rational doctrine. He says, "Those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell ye nay." And yet he adds, making one question whether, after all, he did not share their ideas more or less, "But except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,"—you are as bad as they, and are liable to the same punishment.

And, if he be correctly reported, he does teach—in the last chapter of Mark—a purely magical doctrine of salvation. He says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." But his clearer teaching, in other places, on this same point, makes me more than question whether he ever gave utterance to any such words.

But, when we come to the Church and trace its history for the last eighteen hundred years, we must declare that its predominant principle has been magical all through. Its rites, its sacraments, its priestly formulas, its miraculous relics, its exorcisms, and its prayers have all been supposed to produce all sorts of supernatural and unnatural results, though in no way connected with those results in the way of cause and effect. "Presto, change!" That is the key to the old Church's claims and pretensions to this day.

So I said above that we come naturally enough by our unnatural and magical theory of human life. Let us now take some common illustrations of it, and see what it practically comes to.

I was talking with a friend the other day,—a clear-headed, fine-natured gentleman. The present subject was up for discussion. Said he: "I recognize the fallacy of the position, and yet I find myself, every little while, reasoning in this fashion: 'I have always tried to be honest, I own no ill-gotten dollar, I have knowingly injured no man, I have been as good a husband and father as I knew how, I have tried to do my whole duty as a man; and yet I have never got on in the world as it seems as though I ought to have done.' I

know it is all nonsense, and yet I find myself feeling that way." It was a comfort to talk with him; for he did see the *non-sequitur* of his reasoning. But I meet a great many people who reason that way in dead earnest. "I try to be good, and yet I don't get ahead and make money as fast as some who do not seem to try to be good at all." So strange! Let us try a parallel argument, and see how it works. Suppose some man should say: "I had a race on the road, the other day, with a man whose horse could make a mile in 2.20. To be sure, my horse never yet beat 2.50. Or, Though my horse was equal to his, my buggy was out of order. Or, He had the best of the road,— any way, he had every advantage of me as to conditions. I have always tried to be good, and yet he beat me." How does such reasoning as that look? But it is just as good in the one case as in the other. Though you plant ever so much goodness, it is not at all certain that the crop will be gold.

There are many seeds that develop a stock whose flower and fruit is wealth. Great financial ability; the passing of a railroad near or the springing up of a town on your land; the sudden rise of a stock you have happened to buy; strict, patient, prolonged economy; being born of rich parents; combinations of others that happen to affect your interests,— a thousand things may be the seed to give you a harvest of money. There are very few men who cannot lay up money, if that is really the great object of their lives. They may have to starve their brains, to pinch their families, to forego the pleasures of art and travel: they may have to harden their hearts, and turn a deaf ear to the higher welfare of their fellow-men; but, if they are willing to pay the price, most men can get money. But it is not the necessary fruit of moral goodness; and that may have very little indeed to do with it.

If, therefore, you cannot be both, and you care chiefly to be a man, to get the beauty and the good out of life as you go along, and to help your family, your friends, your neighbors, and the world to get the best things out of life, why,

then, be a man, and do not grumble because you get the thing you work for, and do not get something else besides. If it is a question between manhood and money, and you really prefer the manhood, do not find fault with the universe because the money crop is in another field. You may be able to get both. If so, take them and be glad. Only remember that God does not pay cash for good behavior.

One more illustration. Hundreds of times in my life, I have had people say to me, "I don't know what I have done that this trouble should come upon me." Perhaps it is a mother bent heart-broken above, and raining hot tears upon the white, still face of a child. And she says: "I have tried to do my duty by my child: why did God take it from me? My neighbor's family circle is unbroken; and yet I know they didn't live so happily together as we did. Such a family is poor, so that they are not able to train their children as well as I could mine. There is a man who is a drunkard, and his children are growing up to be vicious. But they are spared, and mine is taken. Why does God treat me thus?"

Such words reveal the fact that those who utter them still hold a theory of life that is essentially magical. They forget that the world is one in which the law of cause and effect is universally true. She still listens to and believes the words that ignorant tradition has so long uttered,—"Be good, and long life and happiness and prosperity shall be yours in this world." But there is no necessary causal or logical connection. Love your child as much as you will; be as pure and noble as was Jesus himself; but still the health of your child is under the natural law of cause and effect. Suppose your child has inherited a weak constitution; suppose your house-drain is out of order; suppose the germs of scarlet fever have been breathed in at school; suppose any one of a thousand so-called accidents; suppose your own vanity, your desire to make your child outshine some other child in beauty, has led to unhealthy dress or exposure,—what, then, have your goodness, your love, your prayers, your tears, to do with the result?

"Streams will not curb their pride,
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room."

The laws of health, of life and death, are God's laws. So are the laws of love and goodness. But the laws of love and goodness work to the production of goodness and the joys that accompany it, and the laws of health work to the production of health and its joys. God does not undo with one hand what he is doing with the other. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Each seed produces its own fruit, not something else.

If a man wishes a good crop of potatoes or wheat, he must find a good soil, and then plant good seed. Then, he must see to the proper culture; and the sun and the dew and the rain must do their part. Destroying insects and blight must be kept away. If he does all these things, and then spends all his leisure time in profanity and the breaking of the entire decalogue, God's forces of agriculture will move on the same, and his crop will be good. But if he neglect these things, even for the sake of prayer or labor among the poor, he may be cultivating his own character and growing in piety, but his crop will surely be a failure. Prayer never hoed any potatoes; and almsgiving never killed witch-grass or made it rain on the thirsty ground. The appropriate effect follows the appropriate cause. "Whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap"; not something else, *that.*

When I was living out West, there was a disastrous fire in a neighboring city. The ministers all went to preaching about it as a "judgment of God." But it struck me as a curious sort of judgment. For, in the first place, this city was no worse certainly than others, and perhaps not so bad; and, in the next place, the last thing the fire burnt was a church, and it left standing, right next door, a liquor-saloon. If it was a judgment at all, it seemed to me very poor judgment. I should not have respected a sensible man for such a proceeding. It is all plain enough, when we remember

that fire has its own laws, and that carelessness will burn up an orphan asylum as readily as it will a gambling house. And, if we could not count on the laws of fire as uniform, it would interfere with the progress of civilization more seriously than a hundred conflagrations.

Do not think I disbelieve in "judgments." I rather believe they are on our track forever. Only, I believe they come as the natural, appropriate penalty of broken law in its own department of life or conduct. If a man breaks the laws of health, the judgment comes in the form of sickness. If he is careless about fires, he gets burned out. If he is mean, the penalty is just that meanness, and the contempt and loss that attach to such a character. If he is noble and true, he reaps the rewards of satisfaction that only such can comprehend.

I have been told that the Cunard Steamship line had fewer accidents than any other. And I have often heard it said that it is because of the piety of the founders of that company, and because the proprietors or their wives were accustomed to pray for the safety of each ship as she sailed out of port. But give me a well-built ship, and officers who are skilled and faithful, with a well-trained and trustworthy crew, and, though the air be full of profanity from New York to Liverpool, I would trust my life in it sooner than in a poor ship, badly officered and indifferently manned, though each day opened and closed with prayer, and every rope was hauled to the music of hymns. And to do so would be true trust in God. For the laws of ship construction, of winds and tides, of the magnetic compass, of screw and wheel, — all these are God's laws. And it is by obedience to them — not to the laws of a good prayer-meeting — that a ship is to be successfully sailed on the sea. There is no causal connection between a prayer and an ocean current. There is no causal connection between an ecclesiastical ritual and an iceberg or a broken shaft. Any supposed connection is only a survival of Old World magic. Piety is good, but it is not the best thing to sail a ship by.

Now, let me say here in general, and as covering the whole question, that all the confusion on this subject is from thinking that the government of this world is magical instead of being one of law. It springs from the old idea that God is an arbitrary king, separate from and sitting outside of the laws of nature, and governing the world by means of interference with those laws. As a matter of fact, he is in and through those laws; and they are only the methods of his working. The only way then to have God on our side in these matters is for us to find out his method of working, his laws, in that department of life in which we wish to produce a certain result, and then obey those laws, comply with the necessary conditions. Whether it is health or wealth or goodness or learning or what not, the one law of cause and effect must be recognized. If we would only remember this, it would abate much of our complaining, and make us see that, when we find fault with God, it would oftener be just for us to find fault with ourselves.

I had wished to discuss, at some length, this same principle as it applies to the questions of forgiveness and salvation. But I find I shall have time only to hint a truth that is large enough and important enough to be treated by itself. The popular doctrines of forgiveness and salvation are pure and simple magic. A life of sin, it is supposed, can be wiped out by a prayer, erased by a sacrament, or swept out of existence by a flood of emotion or washed away by a rain of tears. A few drops of water on the forehead of a child, a touch of consecrated oil—extreme unction—on the forehead of an old man, and the past is gone, the gates of heaven swing wide open, the beatific vision is gained. No more baseless, no more demoralizing doctrine was ever invented by the fantastic imagination of man.

Every thought, every word, every deed, writes a sentence of good or evil on your character; and that which "is written is written." No tears or prayers or sacraments can ever undo a fact. That which is past is past forever. Omnipotence itself cannot make it not to have been. You may,

indeed, recover yourself, outgrow the evil, and rise in spite of the past; but the evil record and the fact of the injury it has done to others can never be effaced. It is mercifully true that just before the feet of even the farthest wanderer there is the foot of a ladder, like Jacob's, on which angels ascend and descend, and on which, if he will, he can rise even to the foot of the throne itself. But blessed are those who do not have to drag up that ascent the eternal memory of a wild and wasted past.

And heaven is not a place into which, if, by hook or crook, you can enter, you will at once taste the happiness of saints and angels. Happiness is the music which delights the soul when a well-ordered life and character and a finely developed capacity are played upon by fitting surroundings of place and companionships. Music is music only to those who love and can appreciate it. The delight of art is for those whose souls are in accord with beauty of form and color. Joy in a wide landscape of hill and vale, and tree and ocean, is for those with a sense of the life and harmony of nature in her moods of the picturesque or the sublime. So heaven is only for those who can appreciate those things which make heaven.

Liberals are sometimes accused of looseness in their doctrines of retribution. But the loose doctrines are held by those who teach that the magic of "conversion" or "sacrament," a few tears, and a prayer can land one in heaven, and give him a place beside Paul or John. We teach that a man makes his character by his life, and that he can never get into any more of heaven than he first gets into himself. As Lowell sings,—

> "Thou seest no beauty, save thou make it first;
> Man, woman, nature, each is but a glass,
> Where the soul sees the image of herself."

The soul makes her own hell, her own heaven. In the Eastern apologue, when the disembodied soul heard behind the falling footsteps of a pursuer, and looked round only to be

horrified at the hideous shape that pursued him, this shape replied to the question, "Who art thou?" "I am thine own actions. Night and day I follow thee." If we wish beauty and peace and joy to be our companions, we must create them out of daily thoughts and words and deeds. It is the law of this world, and of all worlds, "Whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap." If, therefore, you choose to lead a life of selfishness and wrong, do not fool yourself with the fancy that a magical reversal of seventy years can be wrought in five minutes. If it is a mile down hill, do not delude yourself by supposing that it may be only a few rods back again.

But there is one phase of our subject that seems, at first, to be a real difficulty. We reap many a crop that we did not sow. "The fathers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," is an ancient proverb. A child dies or drags out a diseased or crippled existence, because his father sinned or on account of the selfish indulgences of some remote ancestor. A wife, with her dependent children, reaps a harvest of poverty and distress, because her husband sowed financial folly or dishonesty. Our country reaped a bloody field and harvested a hundred thousand corpses, because our fathers planted with so little political foresight. Modern Spain has reaped long ages of intellectual weakness and dearth of all prosperity, because her stupid and superstitious kings sowed the Inquisition and a short-sighted policy of persecution toward the noblest of her citizens.

This is a part of the truth, but there is another side to it. Clear brains, noble hearts, spotless reputations, are crops that we reap as the result of our fathers' sowing. Not disease only, but health as well may be inherited. And though one woman and her children may suffer for the financial mistakes or the moral weakness of him on whom they depend, a hundred others reap homes and education and happiness, though they never sowed the seed.

So from the toil, the study, the devotion, the martyrdom of all the past, we reap the literature, the art, the freedom, the moral and religious culture that make up all the nobility

of the modern world. The seeds planted in Palestine, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, watered by tears and blood, and growing through many generations, are ripening and bearing fruit to-day.

What does all this mean but the unity of humanity? As in the body, when one member suffers or rejoices all the body suffers or rejoices with it, so is it of the world. We reap evil we did not sow; but we also reap good we did not sow. This is a warning to us not to sow evil, to make other eyes weep and other hearts ache in the reaping; and it is an incitement to plant good, in the glad confidence that, even though we reap not with our own hands, the harvest shall wave to delight the eyes of other generations.

And we may do this the more hopefully because the lesson of all the ages is that evil is weaker than good, and is gradually, surely, though slowly, dying out in the field of the world. Evil is outgrown and left behind; but

> "No accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath ever lost."

Good remains, and grows to more and more. The harvest of a perfected humanity shall surely wave its ripened gold over the autumn fields of the old world's future. When that day comes, may each one of us see the blessed fruit of some seed our own hands have planted. And, in the gladness of such fruition, we may then rejoice that the divine law has made it eternally certain that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

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THE HAPPY MAN.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."—ISA. lv., 2.

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away.
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."—*Lowell.*

I PROPOSE to preach to you this morning a very commonplace sermon on a very commonplace topic. I shall not undertake to startle you with any especially new ideas. I may recur to thoughts and illustrations with which you are familiar; I may not enunciate one principle that is not already a twice-told tale; and yet, because I say the subject is commonplace, I hope you will not misunderstand me as thereby casting any slight or dishonor upon either the theme or its treatment. The commonplace things of life are the important things. It is not the unusual; it is not the strange; it is not that which happens once a year or once a lifetime upon which our welfare and happiness depend. The sunlight is very commonplace; the air is commonplace; the ocean, the mountains, the leaves of the trees in the spring, the singing of the birds, the brightness of the sky, the common facts of home, the love of our friends, our books, our employments, our pleasures,—these are all

commonplace. And yet these are the stuffs out of which are woven the webs of our lives.

Since the beginning of human history, man has been lured onward by one grand purpose. One thing has fascinated him; one thing has been the object of his universal and eternal desire; one thing has he sought; and that is the commonplace thing that we call happiness. Man's dream of the past has been of a Garden of Eden, a Paradise, the place where our first parents were perfectly happy. This was the essence of it all. As to where it was located, as to the kind of trees that grew in it, the fountains that bubbled up through its soil, the flowers, the fruits, the surroundings, — these are only the dressing to the picture. The one thing that the world has meant by Paradise is that it was a place of perfect joy and rest. Since that has been lost, since the dream has faded away, or since we no longer believe that it was ever possessed, except as a dream, still we are engaged in the same search. We are looking for Paradise, either to regain it, if we believe we had it once and have been deprived of it, or else to create it, if it has never existed. The one dream of the world is of a place of happiness in this world or beyond. Heaven,— what is that? We may picture it as a place, a city whose streets are gold, whose gates are pearl, or we may picture it as a garden, with the tree of knowledge, of happiness, growing upon the banks of the river of life. We may picture it as we will; but it is always a place where there shall be no more death, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and where there shall be no more pain, and where God shall wipe all tears from our eyes. It is a place of restful happiness; and it is the spur to all human endeavor. If we have given up the Eden behind us, and also the Eden before us, and if we believe to-day that humanity has its destinies linked simply to this old planet, that there is nothing else for us to look for but humanity's future, still we feel ourselves impelled to pursue that course of conduct, to be governed by those principles of action which we are led to believe will issue in a better

future for the world; that is, more happiness. We are to conduct ourselves in such a way that our descendants shall be free from the disabilities, the evils under which we suffer. They shall no longer carry the burdens, heart aches, the ignorance and pain that we have had to bear; thus we attempt so to order our lives that they shall be a part of that music that shall issue in the gladness of the world.

Yet, in spite of this, there are many philosophers and ethical teachers who are telling us all the time that happiness is no fit or proper object of human search, and that, if we seek it, we are degrading ourselves; that we ought to put it one side, and talk simply of duty, of right, of virtue for its own sake. I have two or three things to say in regard to this, before I treat of the essentials of the happy life.

Whether we will or not, we cannot help seeking happiness. I have never yet seen a person who did not seek it. I cannot even imagine a human being sensitive to pleasure and pain who should not seek it. If he does not seek it consciously for himself, he is seeking it for somebody else; and, though he may not realize it, he is in that way finding his own pleasure, so that conscious or not he is being lured on by the beauty and fascination of this one universal object of human search.

Consider for a moment. I said that we cannot help seeking happiness. No man ever lived, no man lives now, no man ever can live who by any possibility of imagination can be conceived of as choosing something that on the whole he does not want. If there are two things, one of which he must take, and he does not want either of them really, he nevertheless must choose that which he wants more, or which is least disagreeable to him. Voluntary choice means that a man takes that which, considering what he is and the circumstances by which he is surrounded, he prefers among the different possible objects of his choice. A man, then, is under the eternal necessity of seeking happiness in some degree, under some name, or disguised as you will under some form. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar with the

principle which is the essence and at the foundation of life; and that is this, that sentient beings are always so constituted that those things which conduce to the preservation and increase of life are the ones that in their search and attainment confer pleasure. He has made it plain that, were it otherwise, the human race would soon become extinct and all sentient beings would die from off the face of the earth. If we preferred those things that are injurious to us, which are inimical to our health, to our longevity, it would only be a few years before we should be led on by our desires to the choosing of such things or the doing of such actions as would work out the entire extinction of the race. So that those things which are for the good of man on the whole and in the long run are the ones that are forever linked with the pursuit of happiness. It is a necessity of every sentient being.

But there are two important points that we ought to note just here, two principles that we must never overlook, lest by a fatal error we fall into such a course of life as shall be injurious to others and ultimately destructive to ourselves. What are these two?

In the first place, we are to remember that you and I have no right to seek our personal happiness, our personal gratification and pleasure, at the expense of the happiness, gratification, and welfare of any other sentient being. For the happiness of my friend or of a stranger who occupies the same earth with me is just as sacred as my own; and, for the sake of acquiring any pleasure or what seems to me my own good, I have no right to rob another.

Then there is another thing which has been demonstrated over and over again as the result of the world's experience: that he who seeks pleasure as the one first and always important object of his search is almost sure to miss that which he desires. In other words, it has been proved that the world's happiness, on the whole and in the long run, depends upon certain courses of conduct which we have agreed to call just and right. So that he who forgets all

about happiness, if he can do such a thing,— this upspringing desire at the centre of his life, this mainspring and motive of all activity,— he who forgets it and simply determines to follow the guiding star of duty, to be always just, unselfish, to do always the right, he is taking the very straightest possible road toward the highest degree and the largest amount of happiness both for himself and for all others concerned. This is what we mean when we analyze it clearly, when we talk about right, about one thing being right and something else being wrong. It is as far as human experience has gone. We can go no deeper than that. Those courses of conduct that we call right are what the world has found out, by long and bitter experience, to be conducive to human welfare and happiness; and those things that we call wrong are the ones that hurt, that injure, that take away from the sum and depreciate the quality of the world's happiness. We have then no right to take our happiness at the expense of anybody else; we have no right to make our personal gratification the dominant object of our endeavor, because in so doing we have found that we shall ultimately fail in our object, and also work injury to others.

After the statement of these principles that are the preface to what I have to say, let us raise that old and commonplace question as to who is the happy man and what is the happy life.

I propose, first, to say a few things negatively, as to what does not make the happy man. First, the happy man is not always, not commonly, at any rate not necessarily, the rich man. Yet in this country there is no single thing that all men, women, and children are so eager in the pursuit of as riches. We fancy, in spite of human experience and in spite of the lessons that observation is able to teach us, that, if we could only attain this, we should really grasp the secret of happiness. Yet you know perfectly well that nothing in the wide world is farther from the truth than that. I have seen some happy rich men. I have seen a great many happy men who were not rich; and it is my impression that,

if I were seeking for the pre-eminently happy man to-day, I should not find him among those that we call wealthy. This is not at all strange. Wealth, honestly gained, intelligently and justly and humanely used, is an immense power for the elevation of the world, and, it seems to me, might be made a great power for the production of personal happiness to the possessor; and yet it is only a means to an end, and most of the time, it seems to me, it is not used to that end. It is rather made an end in itself, that absorbs all the thought and power and intelligence, genius, and heart of man, so that he forgets what he is doing it all for, and simply finds himself absorbed year after year in doing it. The most of the rich men that I know are absorbed their whole lives long in getting rich. They dream that some time or other they will stop; but I have found few who have done so. They simply keep on grinding, year after year, the same machine for the production of more and more wealth. If the man be poor, when he is a boy, and starts out with a full determination to become rich, beyond and above everything else, the chances are that it will take all his time, all his genius, all his thought, and all his power. It will call for the exercise, the absorbing use of every energy of his being. He will probably succeed; but, when he has succeeded, what then? Why he has not had time to do anything else: he has had no time to train his brain in any other direction; he has had no time to cultivate his heart, his affections, his love; he has had no time to acquire knowledge or science, art, or any other thing of interest in the world. So that the chances are — I do not say that it is always true — but the chances are that, when he is rich, he has no time left for anything more. Is not this true? Is it not the result of dispassionate observation of the world? Wealth, then, is not essential to happiness.

Turn to another point. Power is not essential to happiness. It has passed into a proverb that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Some of the unhappiest men of history have been those that held in their hands the sover-

eignty of the world. Take a man like Napoleon. Would he be your ideal of the happy man? The man who changed the civilization of the modern world, who made whole nations tremble with a glance of his eye, was he a happy man? A thousand French peasants in their blue blouses, weary with their day's work on their little patches of soil, have sat down under their vine-covered porches, in the soft air and beauty of the disappearing sunlight, while the bird of joy has sung its sweet song of simple, humble content in hearts happier a thousand times than a king.

Intellectual greatness, authorship, fame, to be known and read all over the world,—this does not confer happiness necessarily. The intellectual giant of his age was Dean Swift; but, if you wished to put your finger upon the most miserable man of his age, you would probably select this same Dean Swift, a man who, seeking for petty place and power, had his heart eaten out with envy and jealousy and all conflicting passions, while he was easily intellectual monarch of his time. He found in this which was his own no happiness, while he made himself miserable in the search for those things which he never could attain.

Social position does not necessarily confer happiness. If I wished to find the happiest woman in Boston, Washington, or New York, I should not search for the social leader, for one who was at the summit of what is called society, for one who could dictate as to who should and who should not have *entrée* into the select circles of the city. You know too well what a dreary, empty sort of life this that we call fashionable generally is, how little real satisfaction is found in it, and how those who follow it, when they are through with the public display, go back to their homes with a sigh, thankful that the empty routine is done at last. In none of these places then will you find happiness, and it is not these that constitute the happy man or that make the happy life.

I wish now to turn to a few other points, and here you will find me just as simple and commonplace as heretofore. We talk sometimes about the injustice of God's government

of the world, as though the average man and woman did not have a chance to gain the highest objects of human desire. In one sense, this is true. The government of this world is very unfair, if the real things that men and women need are wealth, power, intellectual greatness, social station. If those are the things which constitute the only great absorbing objects of human search, then you can count on your fingers almost all the men and women in a generation that have attained them: the rest of the world lives, suffers, smiles for a little while, and dies,— a failure. If that be true; but it is not true. The things you and I really need for happiness, the things that we need for satisfying these wants, are open and free,—free as the broad blue heaven, free as the stars at night, free as the air we breathe, free as the ocean outlook, free as the grasses of the field and the blossoms of June.

What, then, are the essentials that make up the life of the happy man? I assume the possession of a fair degree of health and some of the comforts of life. But I do not know that I need to go so far as to assume even these. I believe one of the most important things to happiness is health; yet I have seen a great many people who did not possess health, who were a thousandfold happier than those who did. I believe that those things which we are accustomed to call comforts are very important to our happiness; and yet I have known a great many people who did not possess a fraction of what we regard as essential, who were a thousand times happier than those who do possess them. But I shall assume the possession of those, and speak briefly of three things that seem to me really essential to the life of the happy man.

If you examine the structure of a human being, I mean not simply his physical, but his moral, intellectual, spiritual nature, you may easily divide it into three great parts, tracts, or divisions. There is, in the first place, all those faculties that make him hunger for an active life; then there is that domain of his nature which is passional, affectional, which

makes him desire some object on which he may lavish his love; and then there is that other department that looks onward with aspiration, that we cover by the one word "hope," which looks toward the future, which has an outlook, indefinite perhaps, but fixed, toward finer, sweeter, better things than any we have attained in the past. I should say, then, that the three things essential to the happy life are these,—something to do, something to love, something to hope for.

If you wish to find out who are the pessimists, the ones who are asking, like the writer of Ecclesiastes, whether life is worth living, you need not go to the man who has even a little garden patch, if he has something to interest him, to take up his time, something that he likes to do. You need not go to the farmer who has his own little estate from which he gains even a scanty subsistence, who takes pride in his work, who loves to see his fields smoothly mown in the haying time, who takes personal satisfaction in having his rows of potatoes straight, in hoeing them as though engaged in a work of art, and, when he has finished a row, leans on the handle of his hoe and looks over his work, and thinks he has done his best. You need not go to such a commonplace life as that to find one despairing about the world. You would go to the clubs, to the men who have nothing to do, who have tasted everything, who have drained the cup of life to its dregs, and found nothing but dregs. These are the men who question about the future, or who do not care whether there is any future, who do not think that the game of life is worth the candle, or that the world is worth the trouble of starting it. You would go into fashionable society, to the young, married or unmarried women who have nothing to do, who have no object, no purpose in life, who are not linked to any cause. The first essential to happiness, then, is something to do. If it is only a little, it is better than nothing; but far better is it, if it can be some great thing, something that touches the life, the welfare of humanity, some broad, general work that links the little life to the great central life, so that one can say, and say it reverently, "God and I."

Next, there must be something to love. We are fashioned in such a strange way that, on this affectional side of us, we are like the sun: the more it pours forth the wealth of its warmth and light, the brighter are its beams and the richer it still remains. So the more we pour out the wealth of our love and affection on the objects worthy of love, the more are we like a fountain that flows year after year, that has no bottom, because it springs from the eternal sources of the world, like a spring that has underground connection with the exhaustless sea. Human hearts demand something to love. They will fix on some poor little pet, some hobby, some slight, worthless thing, if they have no great thing offered to their choice; and yet how grand it is when men have learned to love noble men, noble women, to love childhood, to love humanity, to love nature, to love art, the wide world's beauty, and when they dare say, including all these in one word, I love God, the eternal life, the ideal of all, that which is the heart and soul and mainspring of all.

Next, something to hope for. The beauty of a journey over the world is not in what you can see this minute; but it is the attitude of expectancy, the new views at every onward rush of the train. I remember, when sailing up the Rhine, the most intensely interesting thing about it to me was the constant expectancy. I had read in story, travel, poetry, about the Rhine, and I knew what was coming, and was waiting; and, as we turned this curve of the river, there appeared the spot where some historic deed was done; this castle-crowned rock shadowed itself in the placid stream; some new thing was seen at every turn. This attitude of expectancy, of onlooking, is the secret of hope; and, if we can only have that deepest and grandest expectancy of all, that overleaps the accident of death, and feels sure that it is an accident, why, then trouble, sorrow, loss of friends, loss of property, sickness, are like the broken doll of the little child, over which she weeps her transient tears that will soon be dried. The tears of childhood have been compared to dew-drops shaken from fragrant flowers by the passing

breeze that leaves no trace, only ready to make rainbows with the sunshine that shall succeed them. People sometimes say to me, "If I really thought my friends in the other world knew all my trials and sorrows, I should fear it would mar their happiness." I think not; for they must look upon our troubles as we look upon the transient troubles of children: they see the outcome of it all. These three things, then, are the essentials in the happiness of human life,—something to do, something to love, something to hope for.

I want now to refer to two or three happiness-killers. It seems to me, as I look over human society and study the kinds of life men lead, and as I study my own,—for I must include myself in the same catalogue,—that two-thirds of the sufferings and sorrows and miseries of life are utterly uncalled for, that we make ourselves sad, burden our hearts, and go through life with trouble, just because we are wilful, and choose to do so, not because there is any necessity for it.

Take one of the things that destroys the happiness of a good many people, the quality of envy, the unwillingness to be happy with what we possess because some one else has something that is better. Just think how mean as well as useless that is. Would you deprive other people of the happiness in the things they possess? And who is wise enough to look into the heart and read the inner life of this person that you envy, so as to be quite sure that there is any rational ground for envy? I see people with great possessions, with beautiful houses finely furnished, with estates and grounds laid out with trees, artificial lakes, and everything that landscape gardening can provide; and I sometimes wish that I could possess such a place. But I never expect to, and do not feel at all certain that it would be best. Perhaps I would run the risk, if I had the opportunity; and yet, as I look over such an estate, I think how much there is I can get out of it for which I do not have to pay. He who owns it has to pay for it, to hire men to keep it in order, to cut the lawns, to prune the trees, to care for the grounds. It is a

perpetual care and expense to him. But I can look at it and enjoy the beauty and rejoice in it all, and it is all free to me. Yet I see thousands of people who can take these things without money and without price, whose hearts are eaten out with a bitter envy, with a desire for personal possession, and who refuse to take the advantage of it all because they do not carry the title-deeds for it in their pockets.

Then take that general discontent with life that does not envy others so much as it refuses to be satisfied with what it possesses, because it does not possess something else. I think if we would remember the lesson of the old fable, a lesson come down from the pagan world, it might help us in this matter.

Jupiter, on a certain occasion, told the complaining inhabitants of the world, or of a particular section of it, that they were at liberty to come together and throw down all the burdens they had been carrying and of which they were tired, and pick out of the heap anything they chose instead. They came together, and threw them down; and there was a miscellaneous assortment, as you may well believe. Each thought himself well rid of his burden, and picked out something that had belonged to his neighbor and started off. But, after a little while, they all came back to the same place, and begged for their old burdens back again. They had found that the new burdens hurt in a way they had not imagined: they were used to the old, and found them easier to carry than the new.

Another happiness-killer is foreboding. Look over your own lives, and answer this question: is it not true that the larger part of the sorrows you have suffered from, the larger number of the burdens that have crushed out the joy of your life, the diseases, the calamities, the losses of property and of friends, have really never happened at all? You have suffered more from the things that did not happen than you ever did from the things that occurred. Think how useless that is. Cease borrowing trouble about the morrow then, and remember that there never was such a thing as to-mor-

row. Nobody ever had to carry any burden except to-day's burden; no one ever lived except to-day, and never will.

I wish to give you now a living illustration of the happiness I have in mind. You will recognize the picture that I draw. I want to call your attention to a man whom you know. There is a blind pedler whose route takes him through the South End and across the Back Bay. Every little while, he comes to your doors ready to sell needles and pins, threads and buttons, and an assortment of those things necessary to supply your sewing-room. He was at my door the other day, and the conversation which really suggested this sermon was held with him. He has not been able to see for a good many years. He was asked as he stood opposite the Square: "Now the spring has opened and the buds have unfolded and the leaves are so green and beautiful on the trees, and the grass so fine under foot, do you not miss your eyes, do you not wish you could see? Does it not make you unhappy to think of all the bright world and so many things to enjoy in it, if you had your vision?" The answer came bright, happy, hearty, and free: "No, I never think of repining. I am well, I have a kind and attentive wife, I have a business which gives me an honest support, I have everything that a man needs to make him happy; and I should consider myself mean and contemptible to find fault with my lot."

The question came again: "When you hear the voice of friends, do you not wish you could know how they look? Do you not wish you could see their faces?" The answer came as quickly as before: "I do see them. My ears are my eyes. My wife describes them until I imagine their faces, and know all their generosity and the kindliness of their looks." "But suppose you go to the seashore, do you not wish you could look out over the ocean and see the white caps at their play?"

"No: I am not sure that I would take my eyes, if I could, lest some worse calamity might come. I do see the waves, the color reflected from the clouds. I hear them surging on

the shore, I hear the wind blowing across them, and in imagination I see and rejoice in it all."

It was a lesson to me,— to see a man in this condition that I have pitied so many times as I have watched him going about the streets. I am not sure but henceforth it will be more rational for him to pity me. He has learned the secret of content and joy, of taking the beauty and good of life. He has something to do, something to love, something to hope for.

Let us remember then that these essentials of the happy life are not monopolies. The richest men of the world cannot possibly buy the things that are essential to your happiness. No man can keep them from your control. All the elements,— beauty, life, love, joy, peace,— the things that make happiness here and that make the hope of the grandest things hereafter, are free. Wherefore, then, do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Free as the air are all things that are necessary to the making of the happy man.

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THE OLD AND NEW UNDER EVOLUTION.

BY

REV. J. C. KIMBALL.

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The Old and New under Evolution.

"Every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."—MATT. xiii., 52.

> "With the old sextant of the fathers' creed
> We shape our courses by new risen stars."
>
> — *Lowell's Cathedral.*

RADICALISM is ordinarily supposed to concern itself entirely with the new, and to have little or nothing to do with the old. Its method of progress is thought to be the rooting up and sweeping away of the institutions and ideas of the past with each changing age, and the planting in their place of others revealed directly out of the heavenly world or originating wholly in the minds of this world's reformers. Destruction, it is said, must necessarily precede construction; the houses of the fathers be torn down, in order to make room for upbuilding those of the children; the handwriting of our predecessors be sponged off from the great social slate as the only way in which that of our own time can be made to stand forth distinct and clear. Advanced thinkers everywhere, but especially in religion, are apt to be impatient with men who cling in any degree to the doctrines, phrases, and forms of a bygone age,—

> "Loving those roots which feed us from the past,
> And shored on every side
> With landmarks of hereditary thought,"—

doubly so with those in their own ranks who hesitate about laying the axe at the root of each sacred tree, accusing them sometimes of trying to serve two incompatible masters, the

god of tradition and the live spirit of reform. An historical faith is spoken of as a contradiction of terms, the very essence of all faith, it is said, consisting in the soul's immediate consciousness of eternal realities; and they would as soon attempt to live on last year's breathing as another age's taught religion. Even among those who, in some degree, respect and use the Past, its truths are treated not as roots and seeds having their best place in its own soil, but as gems and coins to be brought forth and placed side by side with the treasures of the Present. Conservatism is made only another name for preservation; progress conceived of as accretion and not growth, the adding of so many new things to so many old ones, and not as the life of the one fruiting itself forever in the forms of the other.

A generation ago this philosophy of the old and new was the only possible one for advanced thinkers to take. Their highest watchword then was necessarily revolution; their only source of fresh truth, the undiscovered and unknown; their devoutest attitude, a face turned to the future rather than to the past; and, as related to the conservatism of that day, they had inevitably to take the position of foes and to do largely the work of destructives.

But, since then, the great science of evolution has been discovered and taught; and not the least striking and wonderful of its many influences is the new significance and value it has given to what is old in the world's treasures, and the new attitude it has compelled all really radical thinkers to take with reference to the Past. It is usually looked upon as a very destructive doctrine, making sad havoc with the pet ideas of conservatism and upsetting all established science, philosophy, and religion. And so it is. But it is a force which cuts both ways, supersedes the past theories of radicalism just as completely as it does those of conservatism, and succors the advocates of tradition, an established church, and an historical religion even more than it does the friends of intuition, freedom, and the living now. Under its teachings, the Past and Present are found to have a direct

organic relation with each other, like that of root and branches, seed and fruit; the divine method of progress to be neither the destruction of the old to make room for the new, nor yet its preservation as the stock to which fresh gains are to be added, but its use as the base and means from which and through which to unfold forever a better new; the bygone ages found to be not dead things which have done their work and that are valuable now only for the light of experience shining out of them through the uncertain media of history, but the Josephs and Marys, older and younger, out of whose loins by the miracle of a greater incarnation are being born continually the Saviours of to-day. It is a science which has pre-eminently that ear-mark of all great truths, the reconciliation on higher grounds of apparently incongruous half-truths,—lifts all religious students, both radicals and conservatives, upon a broader plane where to observe and into a new light with which to see. And as the sunrise more than once in our Civil War revealed regiments which had been fiercely fighting each other in the dark as really on the one Union side and with the same patriotic cause at heart, so the dawn of this great luminous truth shows bodies of thinkers who have been striking madly at each other in the night of the past as on the same union side of the world's advance, and as toilers all for one eternal cause.

Look at the illustrations of this organic relation between the two things found in the realms of nature and of natural progress. It was the original theory of geology that the earth had gone through a succession of cataclysms or convulsions, by which its different orders of minerals, plants, and animals, after existing upon it for long ages, had been suddenly broken up and destroyed, leaving only their fossil remains in the buried strata; and that then, each time, the Creator had made a fresh start, introducing by a direct act of his will new and improved agencies and species, and that in this way, step by step, he had advanced to man and to the world as it has been for the last six thousand years,—a the-

ory which embodies exactly the old idea of how all progress was made. But now it is known that one stratum of rock furnished the materials by the slow wearing down and mixing up of its elements to form another; that each species of animals and plants is the outgrowth by reproduction and variation of all those which went before it; and that the latest things produced out of the earth's treasury, while new considered as individuals, are, in their origin, substance, and deeper life, as old as nature, yea, perhaps, as God himself. The flower which blooms to-day has roots which go down through all the soils of the past; the child which is born to-morrow, qualities which antedate the race. Before Abraham was, we all are. The ancient fire-mist is still being worked over in our bones, the spirit which shaped it, perhaps, in our souls. The first spring which decked the earth blossoms in the last; the first worm which crawled on it has ascended, as Emerson says, through all the spires of form to man; and there was something reaching over from the primal savage, who is not yet really dead, that went to make a Plato, a Shakspere, and a Jesus Christ. Never for a single moment has there been a wiping out of the slate and a beginning over again. The present condition of things all through, even in its newest fields, is an unbroken tradition of the past; a consequent to which every antecedent has contributed a part; a life which could not be except as it has for its pillars all the myriad skeletons ever made by death. In Nature's progress, it is not destruction which precedes construction, unless by accident, but construction that always comes first; the new buds which are formed before the dropping of the old leaves; the life of the children which is made sure of before the death of the fathers; the Past forever which holds in its strong arms the infant Present. Nature, as a whole, is like a single tree. Its new seed is planted in the old dust. Its lifted blossom is possible only through its lowly root. The mellow fruit of its humanity hangs on the gnarled and uncouth limbs of its fossil brutes. Amid all the ravages of death, sweeping off individ-

uals, nations, races, and species, its ancient stalk remains planted in the far-off spring of time, enwrapped with layers of fresh strength gathered from every blossom and every beast it has ever borne in the mighty past with which to bear new ones in the years to come. The most precious part of it is not the flowers and the fruit which it has on it this spring and this year, but the old, unsightly roots, trunk, and limbs of its bygone years so often despised, but in whose garnered juices are the possibilities of endless fruit and flowers. And every time a fresh growth appears upon it, whether it be of plants, animals, or men, it is still the one mighty householder bringing out of his treasures things new and old.

Equally conspicuous, when the eyes are once opened to it, is this relation of the old and new in the realms of politics, reform, society, and civilization. There are indeed convulsions and revolutions, winters of paralysis and springtime revivals, the disappearance of old forms and the manifestations of new ones without number, but no wiping out of the entire slate, no tearing up of the old roots, no house of the children which does not have in it very largely the lumber of the fathers. The war which preceded the formation of our Republican government, though we call it a revolution and glory in it as a new era in human affairs, was more properly an evolution, a new flower on a stalk already centuries old. The liberty which blossomed with petals of blood and flame at Bunker Hill and Yorktown had its roots in the battle grounds of Naseby and Marston Moor, Thermopylæ and Marathon, had been fought for again and again by the sires of the very men who on our own soil were marshalled against it. Our famous constitution incorporated principles which England had been nursing for centuries,— was not a new creation, but the outgrowth of a seed which the storm of war had shaken from its old tree and blown across the waters to this fresh virgin soil; and without the habits of self-government and of submission to the will of the majority wrought into our Anglo-Saxon blood under English skies and during

our extended colonial childhood, how long would our outward Republicanism have lasted? Yea, traced back in its longer pedigree, it will be found that all government is of one blood; that the newest democracy has precious things in it which were nursed by the old tyrannies; and that without a throne there never would have been a ballot box, without a Cæsar never a Congress.

All scientific discoveries, even evolution itself, come by evolution; that is, are made not by looking into the realm of the dim unknown, but with sharper eyes into facts and principles already in the treasury of our race. The explorers of the new everywhere have to begin their investigations with conning over the mighty stores of the old. The civilized sciences, not less than the civilized races, have had their savage ancestry,—chemistry its alchemy, astronomy its astrology, the finding of the philosopher's truth the searching for the philosopher's stone,—without which they could not be. The accepted theory of to-day is shaped, not more by its originator, than by all the rejected theories of yesterday. When Galileo looked through the Tuscan optic glass and discovered the mountains of the moon, the phases of Venus, and the satellites of Jupiter, it was not he alone who saw them, but, with his eyes, all the other upturned orbs which, in Chaldea and Egypt and, back of them, in the uncalendared night of the past, had ever studied stars. Honest thought, though married itself to error in one generation, begets out of her a shining truth for the next. In the mathematics of progress, it is the negatives of failure, not less than the positives of success, which, multiplied together, make its mighty plus. And the student of science, who should forget this law of dependence and argue that the best way to help it along would be to sponge the mental slate of himself, and of the world, free from all past attainments, would find the first other truth written there would be, "Thou art a fool."

Society all through is not of the Present alone, but of the mighty Past; is a stalk like nature, whose roots go down

into the heart of the first man that ever walked the earth; is a result to which the farthest back as well as the farthest up have contributed their part. Out of their lowly caves the despised troglodytes reach silent hands to shape the fair Parthenon, upbuild the majestic St. Peter's, and mould the luxurious mansions of our modern life. Amid the splendid charities and wonderful mechanical contrivances that are raising the asylums and hospitals of our own time, the philosophic ear, listening through the spirit's subtler telephone, will hear the click still of rude stone hammers wielded before Christ was even a Messianic dream, and by hands four fingers of which were red with blood. The wisdom of ancient Rome, not that of our living politicians alone, thank God, still makes the larger part of our laws. The domestic light which brightens up our homes has rays in it kindled on hearth-stones among far-off Scandinavian tribes. Behind the little bands of policemen, who guard our streets in the silent watches of the night, there is a great army of other unseen ones, marching to their posts each eve from all the ages since law and order came to men. When the youth and maiden whisper their first love to each other in the soft summer night, its sweetness, purity, and refinement seem to them all new,—a gift direct out of heaven, such as no mortal ever felt before. Yet in it are the cumulative pulse and thrill of what unnumbered hearts now in their graves, whose throbbings and fires have beaten and burned the coarseness of mere animal passion into its fine and lasting gold. The very words of love and of all man's daily speech, though they seem to spring fresh and warm from his own heart and lips, have in them the accent of all the speakers who have ever laden them with their joy and sorrow, since the first cry of pain and shout of laughter stirred the waves of air. It is the past of society everywhere which makes its present; the developed Old which constitutes the shining New; the rich and toiling Yesterdays which, forevermore, are leaving their wealth to the young To-day, as their child and heir.

"The Present moves, attended
With all the brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.
Whatever of true life there was of yore
Along our veins is springing.
For us, its martyrs die, its prophets soar,
Its poets still are singing."

And because our civilization is not yet perfect, because evils of many kinds are yet mingled with its good, who can think it would be a true philosophy to tear it down and begin anew? Its most ungainly parts, ideas and institutions which, to the superficial view, stand directly in the way of progress, and which, sometimes, a superficial reform would gladly get rid of, are often its most precious inheritance,— roots crooked and gnarled, it may be, but which concentrate in themselves all the juices of the past, and on which alone can grow the flower of the future. There is no ideal heaven, no factory of art or reason, no invention of man, out of which can come an improved social state so surely as out of this world's treasured past. Whether or not we believe with Pope that whatever is is right, we must believe that whatever is is the best that could have been made, up to this present hour. All the wisdom of God and all the work of all the ages have gone into its production; yea, are in it now. And the reformer's true friends and helpers are not only the living recruits, the fresh young hearts that gather around his standard, but the myriads of the mighty dead mingled with them, and able now not less than of old to carry on their work; the most tremendous force at his command, not the new drops of spiritual influence which are now falling from heaven, precious as they are, but the great stream of what is old, the cumulative moral impetus of all the ages, beginning in the far-off mountain peaks of history, gathering momentum and volume from all the countless human hearts along its way, and, mingled with the life of our time, sweeping the social craft with irresistible might onward to its heavenly port.

It is a relation that with equal certainty holds good in religion and in all religious life and truth. It is indeed the case that all religions claim that in their growth, if nowhere else, this organic relation between the old and the new has been broken; claim that their truths, if no others, have had a supernatural origin and a miraculous witness; claim that their new, if that of nothing besides, was not derived from any old, but interpolated into human experience from beyond nature and advanced on its way by the breath and nurture of another world. But the more thoroughly their rise and history are studied, the more evident it becomes that they are of Divine birth only in the same way as all other blessings; that all which is in them at any one time can be accounted for as the logical unfolding of what was in them before; and that, however much they are nourished and quickened by the spirit of God, it is by his spirit in this world and not from beyond it, and by its acting on the past as the sunshine and the air do on the growing tree, and not by its own energy alone.

Look at Christianity as a good example of this relation. With all the emphasis which is laid on its miraculous element, its New Testament form, according to the testimony of its own writers, came out of Judaism,— not, indeed, as a mere continuance of the older faith, but as a child out of its mother, its teacher being himself of Jewish birth, its light a part of that true light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world, and its mission not the destruction, but the fulfilment of the law and the prophets. Judaism by the same process came out of the religions of Egypt and Persia and the far-off East,— Sinai with its thunders and all the long supernaturalism of Jewish history being but the poetic drapery of a natural evolution; and these religions in their turn out of others still farther back, which amid the attrition of the ages have now as little left of their original form as the soil beneath them has of its primitive rock. In each case, however, there was not a wiping out of the old faith and the putting in its place of a new and strange revelation any more

than in nature a destruction of the old species of animals and plants and the fresh creation of others, but a natural development of the one out of the other, all that was richest and best in the old passing over each time into the new. And, in each case, the old was the necessary forerunner to prepare the way for the new, and its work the absolute condition on which alone it was possible for the new to come. Without a Moses and the prophets there never could have been a Jesus and the apostles,—this the real sense in which they testify of him and predict his coming, as the animals by their very forms predict the coming man ages before his appearrance,—without the Law, never the Gospel; without the worship at Gerizim and Jerusalem, never that in spirit and truth; and without the heathen religions and the old nature faiths, bloody, grim, and superstitious, never either Law or Gospel, Moses or Messiah.

But the process did not end with the coming of Christianity. Jesus himself calls his word only the seed. What a wealth of meaning in that one simple term! what a revelation of the true nature of his gospel! what a testimony beyond all miracle to his own transcendent fitness for leadership! Its utterance anticipated eighteen hundred years of the world's growth. It contains Darwin and Spencer, evolution and the nineteenth century. And it was not a chance word, not a happy hit, but the central truth of his religious philosophy; the idea under the guidance of which he did his work; the explanation of why he wrote no books, organized no church, promulgated no creed; the principle on whose correctness he staked the whole success of his life and ministry.

It is this fact of its seed nature, this tendency of its old to unfold forevermore into the new,—often lost sight of alike by its defenders and its doubters,—which solves the chief part of all the difficulties about it, drawn from its crudeness, imperfections, and wide diversities. Its form in the New Testament, so often asserted and assailed as its only real truth, is not Christianity itself, any more than the acorn is

the oak, or the troglodyte humanity. Neither is Catholicism, or Orthodoxy, or Unitarianism, or Episcopacy, or any other system of truth its whole. They are all but the phases through which it is growing,— all but strata and species in the geology of truth, destined like those of nature to die ont and be buried up. And yet, in the larger view, they are all parts of it, all essential to the future of itself and the world, all producers the old of the new. Without a Jesus there would have been no Luther, Wesley, Channing, and Parker; without Catholicism and Orthodoxy, no Protestantism and Unitarianism; without all the religions of the past, heathen and Christian, no Liberalism anywhere to-day. The freest church on earth in our time has roots which go down for its nurture amid the racks and pincers of the Inquisition. The sweet juices which are blossoming now in so many faiths all about us were drawn up a part of the way through the veins of Turretin, Augustine, and grim old Calvin,— yea, received from them a part of their elaboration; and, under the platform even of Free Religion itself, if a plummet were dropped far enough, an altar would be found with a human victim on it just as surely as under that of the crudest superstition; and, what is more, it would be found that an echo of his groans goes to make the sweetness of our songs.

But, if evolution, as thus applied to religion and especially to Christianity, conflicts with and undermines its supernatural and miraculous character, and so favors radicalism, it also confirms and upholds it tenfold more on its natural and historical side, and so gives the profoundest aid and comfort to its conservative interests. It shows beyond all possible question that it is not an invention, not a manufacture, not something which has been imposed on the world by the cunning of priests or the fancy of philosophers, but a normal and legitimate growth. A part of nature, it must share with all its other parts — with the flowers, the sunshine, and the solid earth itself — our faith in nature. Even in its newest, latest forms, it has all the uncounted ages as its foundation, wit-

nesses, and proof. The superstitions and crudities out of which it has come, though recognized, as indeed they must be, as the old things in its treasury, are no more an argument against it than man's original savagery and barbarism are against civilization,— are in fact, according to evolution itself, the only road along which its truths could come. It enables it to stand before science not as an alien, supplicating for a place in which to live, but as one of the original tenants of its own soil, having all the rights of a first settler. And what evolution has thus brought forth, nourished, and made a part of itself, it surely will not do for any loyal disciple of evolution to cast out as unworthy of his belief.

Is there not, also, in this fact of its being so strongly rooted in the soil of the past the strongest possible pledge for its continuance in the future? There are some progressive thinkers who prophesy that religion is about to die out; some timid believers who fear that without a new revelation from heaven it will; some who see in science its deadly foe, and in evolution the special phase of science which is to give it the final stroke. Vain hopes, vainer fears! The tree whose tap-root goes down through all generations into the heart of the first man who ever trod the earth is not to be blown down by any breeze which does not blow down human nature itself; the movement which has been gaining momentum through all the human ages, not to be stopped by any force less mighty than what stops life everywhere. Religion, beyond question, will change in the future, as it has in the past, will be as different six thousand years ahead from what it is now as it was six thousand years ago from its form to-day; but it will be the change of growth and not decay, the change from more to more and not from less to less. The real prophet of religion, the one in comparison with which the most glowing predictors of the Hebrew Scriptures are timid, short-sighted guessers, is this very science so fought and feared now by some of the churches. It is the old under its light which contains the new; its vast age — such is the paradox — which gives the assurance of its continued

youth; its conservative element, so completely do the two things harmonize, which constitutes the root on which blossoms for all the future the radical's divinest hope. So long as man evolves, religion will. As the first relic of human building found on earth is an altar, so will be the last. And its final truth, transcending all men now can possibly conceive of, will be not a new revelation out of heaven, but a legitimate outgrowth of its own past, something to which all the truths, ay, and all the errors of all the ages, shall have contributed a part; something to which every faith and worship, not excepting the lowest, crudest, and most horrible in the far-off geologic ages, shall have led up as the necessary steps,— the whole, indeed,

> "The world's great altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God."

Finally, it is a relation which suggests the true method by which the work of religious progress needs consciously to be carried on in our own day. It is not by cutting loose, even on the part of the most radical thinkers, from Christianity, or from any of the great historic religions, and rubbing them out from the world's slate; not by giving up men's Bibles, traditions, and churches, and putting in their place some wholly new truth, new organization, and new cultus derived from science or reason or the spirit world, but by holding fast to these as the soil and root from which under the eternal sunshine to have religion grow beyond them, being forever upheld by the one and nourished by the other. I know how contrary this philosophy is to the common idea; know how terribly the world's traditions and inherited customs seem sometimes to stand in the way of its progress; know from experience how powerfully old memories and old faiths drag down on the soul in its upward reaches; know how prone many of us are to look at the religious past as inevitably the fetter and chain of the religious present. But it is only a superficial view. The past of religion, the same as of all other things, is the great mother breast which holds the

nourishment of humanity's present and future; tradition, the lifted platform only by standing on which can the builder lay new courses along the ever-rising temple of truth; the memories of religion reaching back into the buried centuries, the mines where alone the coal can be quarried for driving its engines up the steeps of progress and on into the fair and sunny fields of its larger hope. It is construction, the same here as in nature, which must precede destruction; the new buds that must be formed before the dropping of the old leaves; the larger faith that must anticipate the weakening doubt. An historical religion, instead of being a contradiction of terms, is really the only religion which is possible. What Lowell says of the individual is equally true of the race: —

> "The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
> But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
> Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
> Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
> That threads my undivided life, and steals
> A pathos from the years and graves between."

A person might as well cut the new leaves and flowers of a tree off from its old limbs and expect them, when exposed to the sunshine, to remain fresh and bear fruit, as sever the advanced religious life of the present from the doctrines and institutions of the historic past, with the hope that, exposed only to the light of our time, it will grow and ripen. Continuous tradition and continuous inspiration, the one the body of the great world tree; the other its surrounding light and air,— these are equally the factors of progress. Radicalism under the reign of evolution becomes not a lost word, but one with a deeper significance than before; means not a tearing up, but a holding on to the roots of things; conservatism, not an empty name, but a true and divine instinct, a clinging to the past, not to keep its form unchanged, but as the root to be unfolded into an ever larger future. And the evolutionist in religion, to be consistent with his own

faith, must be in this sense both a radical and conservative; must do what, with many thoughtless people, makes him seem only a trimmer and time-server, but which really is the extreme of independence and courage,— reach forth with his welcome evermore for new light and truth; yet, as the very means of doing so, must honor and use the past, draw his nurture from old Bibles, old exemplars, and old churches, and have roots of his being which, with some of their tendrils, reach down to the very dust of the world's primal beliefs; in short, must be, as Jesus proclaimed centuries ago, the householder which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old, and, as Lowell has echoed in our own time, the voyager who

> "With the old sextant of the fathers' creed
> Shapes his courses by new risen stars."

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EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me." — JOHN xxi., 22.

WE are ourselves. We are the product of ten thousand other forces. These are two truths hard to set in right relations to each other. Just how much of ourselves we are responsible for, and how much is beyond our control, are points that, some time in life, become a question with every man. The facts of influence, of outside shaping, we cannot deny. The consciousness of personal responsibility we cannot avoid.

Standing on the levee at New Orleans, you say, "It is the Mississippi that is flowing by." But take a steamer and trace up its course. Here on the left comes in the Red River, itself the product of a dozen streams. A little higher, the Arkansas pours in its tribute, the drainage of half a dozen States. Then, further still, the Ohio, with its flavors of Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. While beyond, the mightiest influence and maker of all, comes the Missouri from its long journey over a wilderness west, telling the secrets of the Rocky Mountains, and bearing on its broad bosom the Sioux, the White Earth, the Milk, the Muscle Shell, the Yellow Stone, the Big Horn, the Platte, the Republican, the Smoky Hill,— rivers enough to water a continent. But many another still is passed before you stand beside its cradle in Lake Itaska, level with great Superior.

Now, go back with me to the levee at New Orleans, and tell me what is Mississippi and what is not. Will you not say, "No matter where it came from nor what it was, it is all Mississippi now?"

And so of a man. What father and mother were before we were born; what they did and what their ancestors

did through countless generations; the environment of our childhood,— our homes, the house, bedroom, playroom, brothers, playmates, schools, food, clothing, churches, Sunday-schools; influences in earth and air; ten thousand untraceable forces,— all these have contributed to make us what we are. We have been played on: we have acted: we have given, we have received; and, now, can any one of you all tell me how much responsibility for what you are belongs to yourself and how much to others? It is a problem too deep for us to fathom, a tangle too snarled and intricate for us to trace out or unwind.

And yet, as we stand here this morning, I am I, and you are you. We are conscious that, for the future at any rate, the great things of our lives lie largely in our own hands. In those respects which are of chief importance for us, we hold the making of our own destiny in our own hands. We may not be able to make our circumstances; but what kind of men and women we will be in the midst of those circumstances, this we can determine.

This complexity, duality, double-sidedness, is not peculiar to human life and character. Every truth is polar. It has not only a north to it, but a south. It takes both hemispheres to make a world.

But, while this duality complicates the matter speculatively, it does not at all interfere with our practical duty. For all the purposes of responsibility in ordinary life, we are alone with God. It is not our duty to be or do what we cannot. But, within the limits of the can, the obligation of duty comes home to each one for himself.

This loneness, or individuality, we need occasionally to emphasize. Only by being ourselves can we ever be anybody. Better be ever so small a reality on your own account than ever so large a shadow of a bigger reality. Ever so tiny a diamond is better than a paste imitation of even the Koh-inoor. I should take it as a poor compliment to be told I reminded somebody of a larger man. I would rather be a smaller voice than a larger echo.

The life that cannot hold itself up is parasitic and weak. The maple-tree never asks the elm how it shall grow, nor prays the pine to let it lean upon it. Standing in God's soil, it reaches up its own trunk and limbs through God's air into God's sunlight and toward God's heaven. Only creepers and vines shape themselves to everything they touch, and catch at everything within reach to keep themselves out of the dirt.

Let us get clearly in mind this lone, individual side of life, and then trace out some of its important suggestions.

We are born one by one. Out of the mystery of darkness that clouds our beginning, each for himself comes to earth an unattended stranger. For himself, he opens his eyes upon the world of men and things in which he is to work out his destiny. He enters a path that his own feet must travel, and none can take his steps for him. There are labors his hand must do, or forever they remain undone. He has heart-throbs of pain and gladness to which no other answers with responsive thrill. Voices speak to him that fall on no other ears. Shadows pass over him that cloud no other face. Rays of light fall on him that catch no other eye. Each has a brain of his own, and must think his own thoughts. Each has his own ambitions, purposes, hopes, fears, hours of defeat, and hours of triumph. Each looks out of his own eyes upon a world all his own,— a world unlike that which any other has ever seen or ever will see. In a word, each is himself. He stands distinct among and swayed by his fellows indeed, and yet having his own orbit and his own light, separate and lone like a star. Venus takes hold of Mars, and Jupiter of Mercury, and all are taken hold of by the sun: and yet each looks lone and solitary down from its sentry-post on the wide night-field of heaven. None can take the place, do the work, or give an answer for another. "Every man for himself." Ask not then, "What shall this man do?" or "What shall that?" Hear the ringing, the rebuking, challenging, and yet cheering word of Jesus, "What is that to thee?" Others have not to answer

for you: you have not to answer for others. Each for himself must render up his lone account. If John does not do as Peter wants him to, Peter can at least comfort himself by the reflection that he has not to answer for John. And, if Peter does not do his duty, it will not help his case one whit to know that John also was delinquent. Mind your own business then, Peter, and go your own way: John shall answer for himself.

This is a truth that, like an apple-tree, has many branches; and they hang over into your garden and mine. Let us pluck some of its lesson-fruits and eat such as our own necessities require.

And, first, every man for himself must fight out his own life-battle, yielding up his own sword or winning his own laurels.

The tendency to throw the blame of disaster on others is as old as the traditional birthday of the first sin. Did you ever notice the significance of the story of Eden on that point? When Elohim had sought out the hidden culprits after their first transgression, and had said to Adam, "Hast thou eaten of the tree?" the reply comes, as fresh and familiar as though it were taken out of some little family difficulty of yesterday, "The woman whom *thou* gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat." That is the meanest thing in all the story of Adam. If for no other reason than this, I am glad that science has given me ground for repudiating him as my ancestor. I don't want to be descended from a man, though by ever so long a remove, who would take a risk with another, and then sneak out of it in that way. The most contemptible thing in the world, when you have gone astray with another, is to try to shift the blame on to one who only assisted you in having your own way. But the man was not the only one who could hunt after poor excuses. The narrative goes on, "And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The *serpent* beguiled me, and I did eat." And, no doubt, the snake would have had something to say

on the same subject, if only he had been allowed the opportunity. So the blame gets shifted from shoulder to shoulder, until there is nobody left for it to rest upon.

Napoleon lost Waterloo because Grouchy did not come in time. We all have a Grouchy for every Waterloo. In old times, men blamed their stars for their misfortunes, as to-day we blame our circumstances. But Fletcher, the tragedian, says,—

> "Man is his own star. . . .
> Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

And Shakspere makes Cassius say,—

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves."

When we go wrong, we talk of being enticed, or of a taint in the blood. Grant it all, and more; but that is not the whole of it. Are we or are we not conscious of a power of saying, No? A young lady, on a holiday, offers a glass of wine to a young man. In that particular case, perhaps, it ends in a debauch. When remonstrated with afterward, he lays the blame on the seductive smile, the winning voice, the fair hand that offered the cup. That is concentrated meanness. Whether she acted wisely or not is not now the question. She meant courtesy and hospitality. She did not invite him to get drunk. If not quite brainless and forceless, it is for the young man himself to decide what is right for him, and then do it. This isn't a good world for anybody to live in, unless he learns the power of self-control. Opportunities for evil can never be all abolished. It is for each one of us to learn to choose the opportunities for good. Be a man in the first place, instead of whining afterward.

The young people of to-day need to think seriously on this point. Never were there so many outside helps; and there is danger that, in the midst of these, individual force will be lost. The tree that needs life-long propping to hold it up is hardly worth the trouble. Run down your own roots,

and so stand, whichever way the wind blows. People become like babies, so accustomed to supports, jumpers, and creepers that there is a fall and a cry every time they are left alone for a minute. They get so dependent on outside force and motive power that they cannot run on their own account any more than a mill when the water is out.

Not on parents, not on companions, not on business or social complications or surroundings can you throw off the issue that hangs on your own decision. What path will you walk in? Will you live for noble ends? Will you stand for the right, or will you meanly throw it over for the sake of an apparent or temporary advantage? On your own answer to these questions hangs destiny. And yet not all the world can answer for you. Your battle for manhood or womanhood is a single combat. Your friends can stand round you while the struggle goes on. They can cheer when you strike a strong blow; they can cover their faces with shame when you show yourself a coward. But not one of them all can stand in your tracks, or lift your sword for a single blow. The fight is on the battle-field of your own life for the prize of your own honor.

But it is poor business to let your enemy steal away your weapons while you sleep, and then straighten up only after you are defenceless. It is the easiest thing in the world to be sorry afterward. No man enjoys dissipation the next morning, when the disgust and the headache are on. A little repentance beforehand is better than a good deal afterward.

No one man can get all the prizes of life; but, if he will, he may get the highest,—God, character, the inner peace, the life that is "a joy forever." Manhood and noble happiness are fruits that grow within the reach of every hand that wills to pluck them.

In the next place, every man for himself must be his own conscience.

General principles of right and wrong are plain; but questions of casuistry or the practical application of general

principles to particular causes,— these are sometimes anything but plain. No one ever doubts that he ought to throw his influence on the side of right. But, in some special instance, which is the side of right? Here is wide room for controversy. Now, the point I wish to make is that, in such cases, it is a shame for us to resort to such shifts and expediencies as we often do, instead of trying, each of us for himself, to enlighten his own conscience, and then stand by it.

It seems to me that most people borrow their conscience from other people, or manufacture one out of the customs of the majority or certain influential persons. Let me indicate what I mean.

Suppose, as a convenient illustration, that there comes up the question of expenditure and the style of living for the year. How many people sit down and say: "I may reasonably calculate my income as so much. I ought to do so much for this cause and that,— so much for education, so much to help give eyes to the blind, so much to help lift into a better life those who see little or nothing of the earth's beauty or goodness, so much to lead out into a better and nobler faith the bond-slaves of superstition. After all these, I shall have so much to live on. Well, I can live on it with comfort, if not in luxury; and I will live on it. It will not feed my pride nor give me so many indulgences; but I *ought* to do it, and I *will*"? Did you ever hear of anybody's doing like that? I have,— a few. And they were the noblest and the happiest men I have ever known. But the usual decision is: "I cannot take a back street. I must live as well or a little better than the So-and-sos. I cannot bear to have them looking down on me. And, if nothing is left, why, of course, I cannot afford the luxury of being benevolent; and the kingdom of heaven must wait." They take the web-cloth of life, and cut out the garments of indulgence with the shears of selfishness; and the corners and remnants, not needed for mending, can go to clothe the nakedness of the world's great needs. That is, the conventionalities and jealousies and competitions of the avenue are their conscience.

And so it commonly is in regard to indulgences and pleasures. Few people are brave enough to have a conscience of their own, and abide by it. It is a sad as well as ludicrous thing to look over society and see how questions of Sunday-keeping, card-playing, dancing, theatre-going, are frequently settled. Not, "it is right or wrong; then, I will go or stay"; "I will do it," or "I will not do it"; but, "somebody else goes or does it, and so I will"; or "I went to such a place, feeling a question as to whether or not I ought; but I found a minister there, and then I felt all right." A man gets drunk, and then pleads in excuse that a minister of his acquaintance sometimes drinks a glass of wine. As though the minister who didn't get drunk set him an example to get drunk! How many will do in Paris what they wouldn't do in Boston! As if moral distinctions varied with the turnings and twistings of the isothermal line! I heard last year of a clergyman in Paris who went to the Students' Ball on Saturday night, and stayed away over into Sunday, and excused himself by thinking that Sunday in Boston was four hours later than in Paris; and it was only the Boston Sunday he felt obliged to keep. But things are right or wrong without regard to locality. They are right or wrong without any regard to the habits of ministers, church members, or neighbors. It is for each man then to be fully persuaded in his own mind. For, remember, a man injures less his own moral nature by doing a wrong, thinking it is right, than he does by doing a right, when he thinks it is wrong.

And, then, what is right for a person in one set of circumstances, or for a person of one temperament or disposition, may be wrong for another. A personal habit that is not injurious to one person may be for another. If a man finds that a certain thing harms him, it is for him to let it alone. But he has no business to make his peculiar case a universal rule for the judgment of others. A hundred things may be right for a man or a woman that would not be well for a boy or a girl. And, when a man does a thing, he does not set an example which every boy may plead as an excuse for his

doing the same. Men need not creep because babies must. It might be wrong for an invalid to eat a beefsteak; but he has no right to dictate the bill of fare for the breakfast tables of well people.

So it follows that, in regard to a thousand things, a man has no right to take another for his conscience, nor to try to make others take him for their conscience. And, when one man does what is right for him, it is no sort of excuse for another's doing the same act, unless it is also right for him. And that he must decide for himself. For what have we brains, if not to think? And for what have we wills, if not to decide?

And the same principle applies to our beliefs and the actions that flow from them. Only a few persons have convictions. They drift with the crowd. One must think and study and choose, before he has the right to dignify his notions by the name of convictions; that is, convictions are things of which a person is convinced. A keen and witty writer has said, "Most people would have convictions, if they were only contagious."

In regard, then, to Bible, Sunday, church, home, society,—all great practical matters of belief and conduct,—first try to have an intelligent conscience, and then follow it. Only do not be so sure you are right that you cannot learn anything.

And, on the other hand, beware of judging others. Do not question the honesty or underrate the intelligence of those who differ from you, unless there is adequate cause. It is of much more consequence that each one should do what he thinks is right than that all should act alike. So long as your course is not a public or private injury to others, and you are doing what you think is right, resent the interference of any meddler; but, at the same time, be careful not to interfere with others. Many very conscientious people are conscientiously uncharitable and bitter toward those who differ from them. If it is wrong to follow Peter in his denials of Christ, it is no less wrong to keep company

with Peter, the intermeddler. "What is that to thee?" You say your brother or sister is wrong. Do not waste too much time in cobbling other people's botched work. Be careful not to botch your own. "Follow thou me."

And so, in regard to all these questions, each must stand alone. Have a reason in what you do, and then you can give a reason for what you do. The polar star does not change when ships veer and change at sea. Do not watch your neighbor's craft then; but keep your eyes fixed on your own compass.

And, now, I have a few things to suggest concerning the individuality of our work for men.

Here, in our church work, for example, what is it to you or me whether everybody else is awake or enthusiastic or not? Does any answer to that question free us from the obligation to do all we can to lift up, to guide, to cheer or help? Hear the personal challenge, "Follow thou me." Which way shall we follow? Straight on the pathway of any one who needs our teaching, our comfort, or our aid. The nearer you keep to that path, the straighter will be your upward road toward the highest things of life.

And this helping others must be a purely personal duty. It seems to me that we — and by we I mean the general spirit of the age — are getting altogether too fast and too far into the idea of renovating the world by machinery. If anything is to be done, we must start a society, get a long list of members, appoint officers and collect initiation fees, hold public meetings, and pass resolutions. And, when we have done this, we are apt to think the work is either accomplished or else will thereafter do itself. Here is a man who needs help or to be converted from a wrong life to a right one. Shall I go and help him or call a public meeting? The tendency of the age, as illustrated by popular church work, is: Hire a rink or a hippodrome or organize a Salvation Army: get up a tremendous excitement, and trust to his being swept into the kingdom to the accompaniment of hurrahs or a brass band. A society may be a fine thing; but

it generally follows a man in dead earnest, instead of producing such a man. The anti-slavery society did not make Garrison. He started out one lone man, and the society was the result.

Some special thing needs to be done. A place is to be taken in Sunday-school or some practical work of benevolence. Who will be brave enough to go to work quietly and alone, and not rest the question of duty on whether or not everybody else is doing theirs?

This work of making character is lone and personal work. We cannot get a machine strong and comprehensive enough to lift society up out of its age-long abuses and sins. You cannot legislate into existence the four-square city of God. You cannot teach the perfect life to a public class in six easy lessons. There is no patent nostrum to be taken by the community as a substitute for each individual's behaving himself. The grandest reformation of all the ages will begin on that day,— if it ever comes,— when each man stops fretting over the faults of his neighbors, and begins the quiet performance of his own daily duty.

In society and state, the same principle holds. A certain class of temperance men seem to think they can make the whole world sober by statute. But the world will be sober, when each man and woman, in lone battle, learns the divine art of self-control. Never one day sooner. Use all laws for help; but trust to none. Train children to self-government; and teach them the natural and necessary result of all excesses.

A certain class of labor reformers imagine they can make all men rich, contented and happy by tinkering the laws of political economy, or by upsetting the finances or social order of the country. Doubtless there are great wrongs existing in society, in the relations of capital to labor and in the unequal distribution of the results of labor. No doubt, wise legislation might lift off many burdens from the lives of the masses.

But it must come at last as the result of personal, indi-

vidual work and study. The problems must be studied and solved by individuals; for a few men always lead the thinking and the action of the world. Each capitalist and each laborer must learn to control himself, to do right in his own case, to plan justly, to execute honestly; and then the right will be done. When the rich learn to be kind and just, and the poor learn to think, to look ahead, to save, then it will be found that there is money enough — not to make everybody rich, and dispense with the necessity of work: there will never be enough for that, but — to provide comfort and opportunity for all. Help on schools then. Educate the children of the poor. Teach the conditions of right living. It cannot be done in a hurry. But this is the way, and the only way, by which the millennium of the working man can come.

> Star by star shine the lights of heaven,
> Blade by blade grows the grass of earth.

Alone, then, you must fight the battle of life. Think not that any one can do it for you or that you can shift the blame of failure on any one else. It is nothing to you what others do: only you do right.

Alone you must settle the practical questions of duty. Company will not make you better in doing right: company will not change the fact of your doing wrong. "He that is right is right for himself; and he that doeth wrong, he himself shall bear it."

Alone you must do your little part in helping on the slowly coming kingdom of man. The whole earth is green when each one of the uncounted millions of grass-blades has grown up into the light for itself. The flower is perfect, when each lone petal has unfolded its distinct and individual glory. The night sky is beautiful when each star swings freely in its own orbit, and illumines its own sphere with its own individual light. And the old world will echo back the harmony of heaven when each man and each woman hear and heed the voice of Duty's personal appeal: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

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